AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1979 $2.00*
3D
3D WORLD FIRST NUDE PICTORIAL
FREE
3D GLASSES
PAGE 182

Turn to page 182

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PLAYBILL

Three-dimensional photographs have mesmerised the publishing world for almost 100 years. And why not? What magazine wouldn't want its pictures to be life-like rather than two-dimensional? Some months ago Australian PLAYBOY heard about the work of two highly-respected Australian cinematographers, **Mike Browning** and **Volk Mol,** who have achieved a breakthrough in the 3D field by evolving a system in which the photos look like ordinary pictures – until the viewer puts on 3D glasses. At that point the photographs suddenly project depth and perspective. Browning and Mol agreed to demonstrate their 3D system to Australian PLAYBOY in a special photo session directed by Browning and shot by Mol. The result is very impressive. Accompanying the photographs is the fascinating history of the quest for the practical 3D photograph. Australian PLAYBOY is extremely proud to present, for the first time, classic nude photographs in 3D – and the 3D gatefold advertisement for Philip Morris at the start of this issue.

We are also proud to announce another "first" in this edition – the first of two excerpts from **Paul Wilson's** book *Intimacy: A Love or Sex Experience?* During his exhaustive research Dr Wilson, from the University of Queensland, received incredibly detailed and personal feedback from 1300 Australian men and women. His book gives the first in-depth account of Australian sexuality.

And while we're on the subject of sex, we provide an absorbing account, by writer **Lee Patterson,** of the sexual scene in Sydney. Patterson's report, in the finest traditions of explicit journalism, reveals the seamy and the steamy side of our sex-charged premier city and reviews all the available services. Patterson's powerful words have been enhanced by **Tony Pyrzakowski's** admirable artwork.

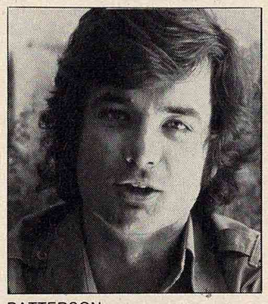
Leading Australian playwright **John Powers** *(Last of the Knucklemen)* is also one of the most knowledgeable sports writers in the country. For Australian PLAYBOY Powers writes about motivation in sport, how great coaches can turn talented but otherwise normal athletes and sportsmen and women into tough-minded winners, and how the same techniques can produce winners in the race of life itself.

The dirty weekend is an odd (for these times) euphemism describing a delightful experience: a few days' escape with your lover. Melbourne radio man **Derryn Hinch,** with additional advice from **Richard Beckett,** tells a stylish tale of how to embark on such a clandestine escapade.

Fortunately, there's nothing clandestine about October Playmate **Rosemary Paul,** surely one of the most beautiful and independent women to grace our Centrefold. The shots were taken by US PLAYBOY photographer **Denis Scott,** shown here with fellow American **Al De Bat,** our valued helper and adviser during our first six months. De Bat, who inspired many of our best pictorials, is now back in PLAYBOY'S Chicago headquarters. We hope they understand his Ocker accent.

For a touch of Teutonic exotica we are happy to introduce Fräulein **Ursula Buchfellner,** a beautiful Playmate from Bavaria. Ah, wunderschön! Also decidedly pictorial is an erotic retrospective on, ahem, shoes, and there are **Kate Stead's** fashions for summer leisure and pleasure.

What else? Plenty. On the eve of the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 at Bathurst, we talk to motor racing's béte noir, **Allan Moffat.** We examine **Ian "Molly" Meldrum,** perhaps the most influential man in the Australian pop industry. The drawing of Meldrum is by **Ward O'Neill.** There's a Mini Interview with the beautiful **Chantal Contouri** and the *Playboy Interview,* by **Russell Deiley,** is with the extraordinary **Bob Ansett,** son and rival of **Sir Reg.**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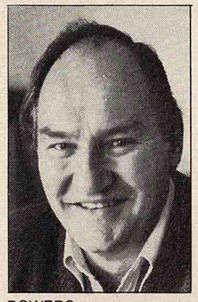
PYRZAKOWSKI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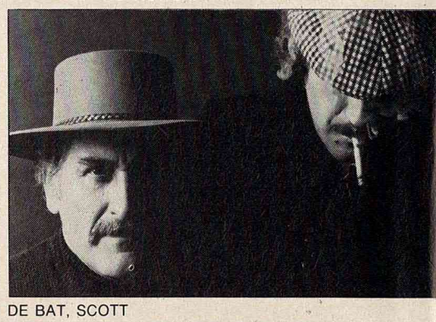
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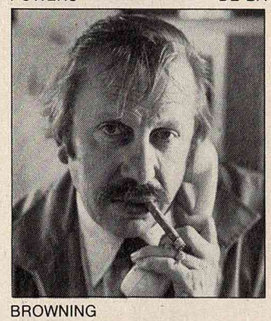
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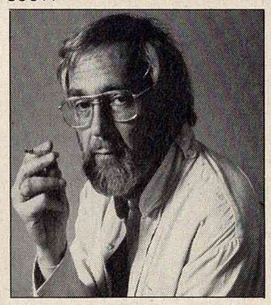
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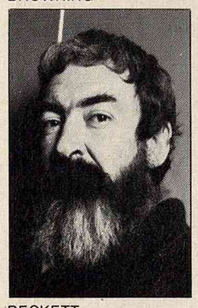
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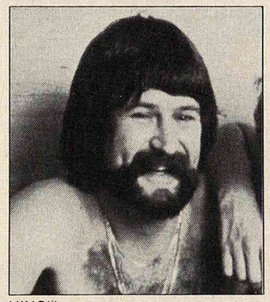
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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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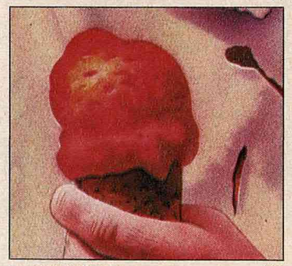

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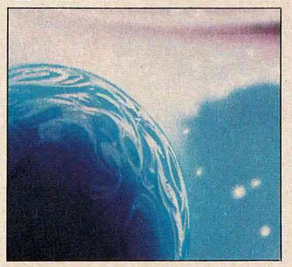
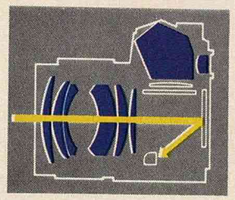


WONDERLUST 166

The ingenious new OM-10 lets you watch the action, not the camera.

Perhaps you're ready for a camera that thinks: The ingeniously easy, new OLYMPUS OM-10.

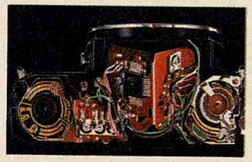
It's destined to be a leader in today's camera revolution for good reason. The OM-10 electronically captures perfectly exposed photographs. Simply and automatically.



All you do is focus and *click*. The OM-10 utilizes OLYMPUS's famous, professional TTL Direct Light Measuring System to read light *directly* off the film during the instantaneous moment of exposure truth. Only OLYMPUS has this lightning-fast system.

Inside the viewfinder, a glowing electronic light indicates the shutter speed the OM-10 has automatically selected.

And during flash photography, a red LED light flashes on to indicate your OLYMPUS flash unit (recommended model: T20) is charged and ready to take perfectly lighted pictures. After you've snapped the shutter, the LED blinks momentarily to signal that the flash exposure was exactly correct.



If you're a grab-and-go photographer, you'll also want to know that the OM-10 is the lightest camera in its class. And one of the most compact SLRs anywhere.

Note an exciting world's-first feature. A self-timer not only blinks on the outside, it beeps on the inside to doubly warn you of the approaching exposure. Your own audio-visual show.

A comprehensive system of superb lenses and accessories is available to explore other photography worlds. And there is even a power-driven winder to advance the film for quick-shot action photography.

The new OM-10 lets you concentrate on the picture instead of the camera.

Easy? Ingeniously so.

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OM10

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

FLIGHTS OF FANTASY

Trainee pilots at the Pearce RAAF base near Perth unintentionally have been providing a local lady with a jet-powered turn-on. Up to 400 times a day jets blast off the runway and roar loud and low over the rooftops of a nearby housing development. It might not sound the ideal site for the three-bedroom suburban dream but one female resident has shown how to make the most of it.

With the course of the trainee pilots' circuits-and-bumps exercises bringing the jets directly over her house, this imaginative lady had builders remove her opaque bathroom window and replace it with a full-length, transparent pane. Her bath times now are jet-propelled fantasy sessions as the F111s and Mirages come thundering up between her thighs and pass overhead. If one of our young warriors goes missing on active duty, we'll know just where to look.

SONG OF JOY

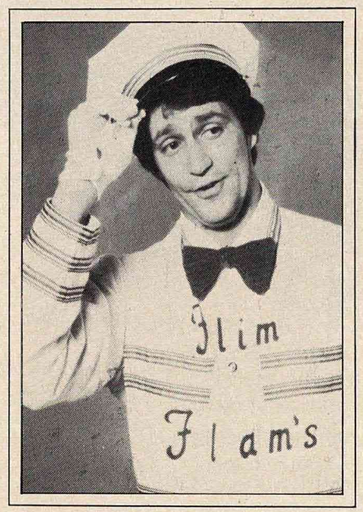
The staffers of PLAYBOY's Sydney office thought they were in for one of those singing telegram jokes when Rick Blakeley, in his guise of Mr Flim Flam, blew in and delivered a vocal version of a home-spun number entitled *Thanks From A Couple of Cranks*. Our thanks go to Ian Baird and Charles Caminada, the couple of cranks who sent Mr Flim Flam to our doorstep. We are not claiming the composition poses any great threat to Marvin Hamlisch or Paul Williams, but the lyrics went something like this:

PLAYBOY, *we thank you – your mag is first rate,*
And we love to ogle each month's Playmate,
The interviews are informative and entertaining,
Full of wit and plenty of zing.

From cover to cover you have such quality,
From the PLAYBOY *Adviser to the photography,*
So congratulations – never let your public down,
PLAYBOY, *you're the best magazine around.*

Blakeley and fellow Californian Len Austin head The Singing Telegram Company in the US, plus telegraphic centres in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide and Brisbane. More are planned for Perth, Canberra, Newcastle and Wollongong by February next year. For $20 they offer a metropolitan service which includes penning the lyric to fit the message and the tune (?). Mr Flim Flam, pictured below, makes his appearance in an eye-catching white uniform with red piping and announces his arrival with a pitch pipe of dubious value.

Politicians Gerry Ford and John Warner (Liz you-know-who's husband) have been among the thousands of recipients, along with the trans-Atlantic balloonists, a Chinese gent on a Melbourne tram and a blushing lady who had just stepped out of the shower. But the anecdote we like best is the story of a Miss Flim Flam who sang a wife's "thank you" telegram at her husband's hospital bedside. He'd just had a vasectomy.



RENT-A-PIC

An original Australian oil painting on your office wall for two bucks a week? Or how about a bronze sculpture instead of the overflowing ashtray on your desk? Rent-some-cultcha is about to become big business, according to Sydney art dealer Ian McDonald. McDonald and merchant banker Geoff Lambert formed Fine Art Leasing (Australia) Limited in April this year in the hope that art rental – already booming in the US – would take off here. The company now has works of art by such major Australian artists as Brett Whiteley, Tim Storrier, Judy Cassab and Charles Blackman.

FAL's leasing plan, based on a minimum period of three months, costs $8.50 for every $1000 of the art's current market value. Ian McDonald says that most of the rentals so far have been valued between $500 and $2000. "Most of our clients are businessmen who want to furnish their offices and they tend to prefer the more conservative works," he says. "Of the 100 or so works we have out, only a dozen would be avant-garde."

Strangely, it has been the money merchants rather than the trendy professionals who have been the first to beat on Mr McDonald's door. An insurance company rented nine paintings and several US investment offices have topped off the shag pile with an original or two. And, says McDonald, there is an increasing tendency for businessmen to rent a sedate landscape for the office and a bizarre abstract for the living room at home.

PETAL POWER

"The most significant change in people's smoking habits since Sir Walter Raleigh introduced tobacco," says Mike Rudny, managing director of Herbalchemy Pty Ltd and importer of Honeyrose herbal cigarettes. "Ugh", "They must be joking" and "Get me a glass of water", says the PLAYBOY tasting panel.

But Honeyrose herbals, on the Australian market only a few months,

are doing quite nicely, thanks, with or without the endorsement of PLAYBOY's hardbitten, 40 Camel Plain a day tobacco freaks. According to Mike Rudny, Honeyrose are succeeding where other tobacco substitutes have failed because the blend of seven herbs simply doesn't taste and smell as bad as its predecessors. Which doesn't say much for its predecessors.

Honeyrose come in ginseng and natural flavors, menthol and plain, filtered and unfiltered. Still in the test market stage, the herbal fags are available from pharmacies and health food shops for the somewhat hefty price of $1.25. But, says Mr Rudny in a long-winded press release: "On our calculations a middle-aged smoker who invests in three or four cartons of Honeyrose stands to save, at today's prices, about $30,000. And that's allowing for his shortened life expectancy." Mr Rudny doesn't reveal just how these unlikely calculations were arrived at.

Honeyrose, which have been on sale for some time in Britain and the US, are aimed at the intending non-smoker who needs to be let down easily. With no nicotine and therefore no addiction, the product has built-in obsolescence, although the *Wall Street Journal* recently predicted that herbal cigarettes could reach two percent of the US smoking market. For the record, there are other herbals on sale in Australia. PLAYBOY found Taunton the most palatable – and, at $1.65, also the most expensive.

FOAMING CLEANSER

While we are touching on the subject of smoking, a lecture anecdote from relentless anti-cancer nicotine-puffing medico Dr Nigel Gray could be the cue to send the Gillette company advertising types into a foamy lather.

The good doctor's offering to a heavyweight scientific seminar in Perth recounted the plight of a female patient who reported that, while fumbling in the dark in a moment of impromptu pleasure, she grabbed what she thought was the spermicidal cream. A squirt from the aerosol can produced instead an instant lather of shaving cream. At last reports she had suffered no ill effects – not even a shaving rash.

HAMMING IT UP

There are indications that the mating habits of pigs might provide some benefits for humans. British scientists are hinting that Boar Mate, a commercial spray used by farmers to turn on sows sexually, could have a similar effect on human females. When researchers sprayed chairs in the waiting room of a London hospital, women patients opted to sit in the chairs doused with Boar Mate.

We are told that meat from an uncastrated pig carries the scent, so the tip is that the smell of sizzling bacon might become a popular odor in the dens of many of our local male chauvinist grunters.

NAKED TRUTH

Robert Opel, 40, hit a losing streak when thieves broke into his sex shop and demanded money and drugs before shooting him. The killing ended the career of one of the world's first streakers, who gained international recognition when he ran naked across the stage during the 1974 Academy Awards ceremony.

LAST LEAF

Australia also lost one of its great pioneers with the recent death of Dr Allan Maruff. The good doctor began the Australian tea-growing industry when he founded the Nerada tea business near Innisfail in 1956. He also invented the world's first mechanical tea picker. But he will be remembered best for his Rolls-Royce plastered with "Vote Labor" stickers in which he used to drive around visiting his patients.

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Each NAD deck has a bias and equalizer selector for chrome, ferri-chrome and normal tape so you can get the most out of any tape you use. And, of course, each deck has a Dolby* noise reduction circuit.

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Fluorescent graphic display panels indicate record and playback levels instantly and accurately. And in addition to separate record level controls for right and left channels, the deck even has a playback level control.

The most amazing feature of our decks, Leonardo is the price. They're surprisingly inexpensive. "Ah," you're going to ask, "how can performance like this cost so little?"

Well if we told you, our competition would know. So we'll keep that a secret. After all, everyone has secrets. Even the Mona Lisa.

Model No.	Wow and flutter (WRMS)	SNR (with Dolby*)	Recommended retail
6020	0.06%	60dB	$229.00
6000 MkII	0.06%	63dB	$279.00
6100	0.05%	66dB	$429.00

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories Inc.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

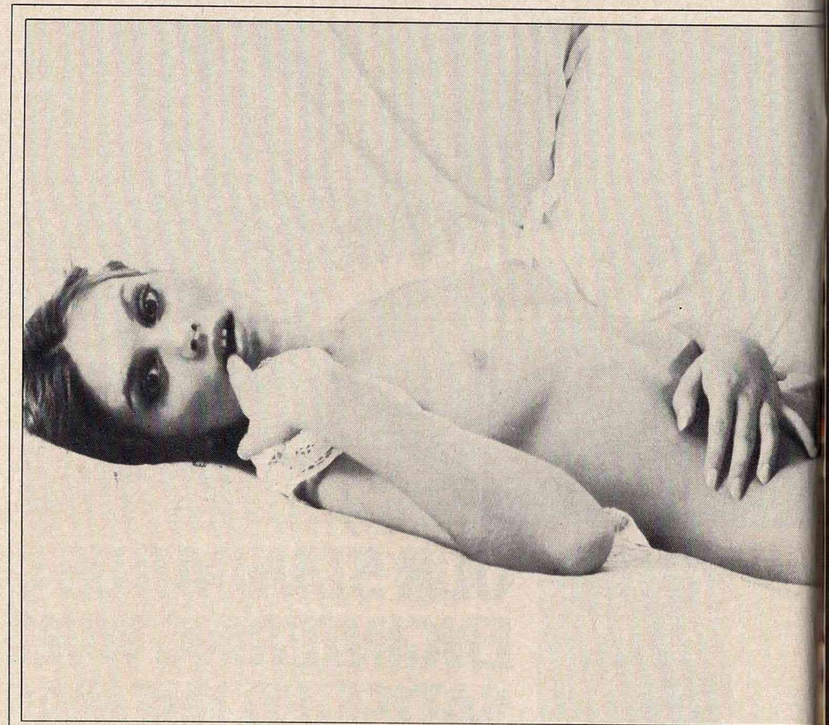
SWEET MUSIC

So Australian PLAYBOY has copped some criticism for being too much like its US big brother. I must say that some of the sniping has been warranted but your publishing of the Music Poll (PLAYBOY, August) won't draw any criticism from me. We've been led around by the nose by the record companies, radio stations and music magazines for too long. It is great to see an independent stand up and offer something which might provide a fairly accurate guide to what really is happening in the music game.

The question is: will the people in the trade take note of such polls and realise that you can fool some of the people with promotional drivel and the hype machine, but that there are some serious-minded souls who just cannot be conned?

N. R. Miller
Launceston, Tasmania

We'll be keeping our anti-hype pipe open on the music poll situation and the annual results will become a feature of the PLAYBOY *service.*



August PLAYBOY had a nice musical feel about it almost from cover to cover but it left me with one question: where did you get that Bunny guitar Sarah Grant is holding on the cover?

J. Marcus
Norwood, SA

That rock and roll rabbit piece was commissioned for our cover from Chris Turner, late of Rose Tattoo. He now backs ex-Dragon front man Marc Hunter. We cannot claim that it will be okay for a rock and roll symphony in its photographed form, but with the addition of a few electrical odds and ends it should be all right for a brisk 12-bar bash. Just right for bunny-pluckers, in fact.

Great to see that Crossfire got a mention in your music poll. *Direct To Disc* is an album worth buying for all those who haven't caught Crossfire in concert. They're one of the bands in the jazz-rock field which are contributing greatly to the advancement of quality entertainment around the city traps and night spots.

A. Turnbull
Surry Hills, NSW

FLIGHTY BIRD

As a fellow Kiwi it did my heart good to see a homegrown product, namely Julie Lambert, featured in your August issue. Kiwis are laughed at by Australians but at last I'm able to produce something to stop my mates in their tracks when they make wisecracks about New Zealand birds.

R. Louis
Port Augusta, SA

And to boost your argument, here's Julie in an encore performance.

LOVE IS LANE

"Uneasy rests the head," so they say. But it's nice to hear that Don Lane (PLAYBOY, August) has no claims on King Kennedy's crown as the number one man on Australian TV. As Lane put it in his *Interview:* "No one will ever be able to dethrone him because Kennedy was the first real television star and television tradition in this country."

That is something the Don Lane we knew 10 years ago would not have said, so it can be drawn that he has learned a lot during his years in this country. Perhaps it explains why the man has been able to put his setbacks behind him and emerge as a winner.

There's only one thing that bothers me; he should have picked Collingwood as his VFL club rather than Melbourne. In spite of that flaw, Don Lane comes across as an extremely interesting guy.

R. Parr
Collingwood, Victoria

As a Sydneysider I'm glad to note that Don Lane has done residents of this fair city a great favor by moving his act to Melbourne. It was almost impossible to escape the lanky Yank while he lived in Sydney, with magazines, newspapers, radio and TV giving far too much time and space to someone who hardly deserved it.

Ms A. Kelly
Northbridge, NSW

The Don Lane interview is the first time someone has attempted seriously to lift the wraps off that "loudmouth Yank". It was refreshing to find that beneath all the tan and teeth dwells just another human with his particular strengths and weaknesses, regrets and aspirations. From now on I'll view Mr Lane in a completely different light.

A. Jackson
Carlton, Victoria

OZ THE BEST

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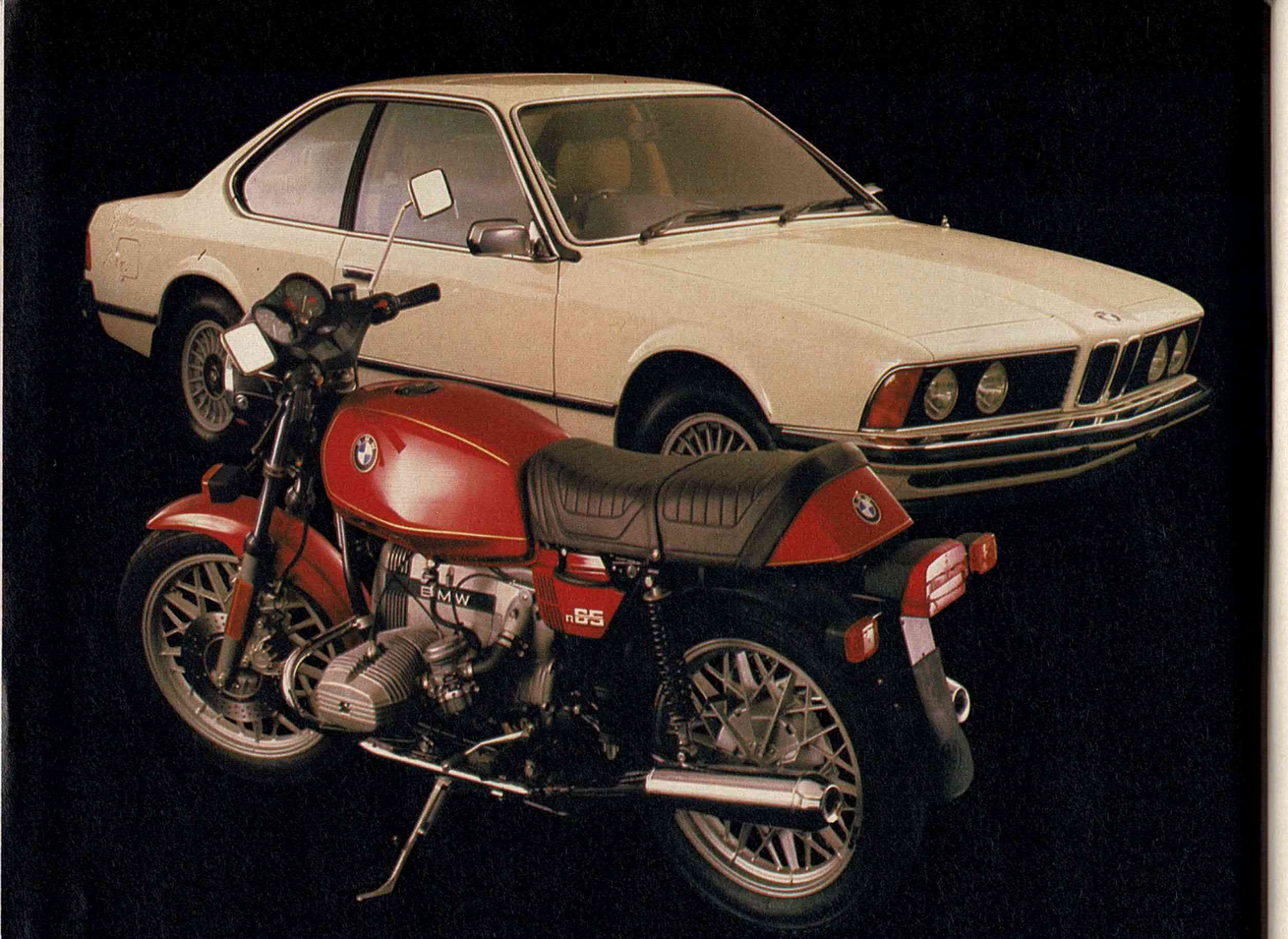

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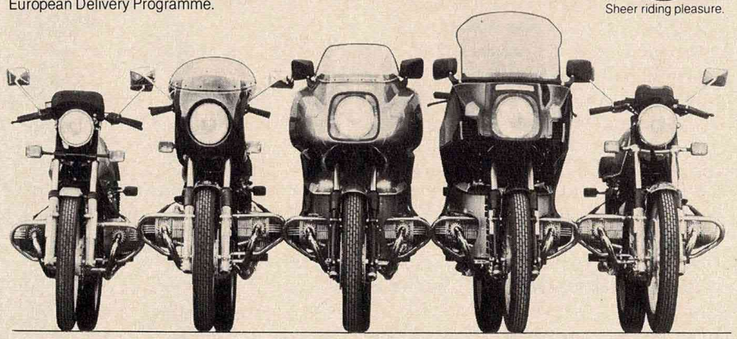

CCBMW1331

Australian girls I must agree that we are lucky to live in a country where the girls rank among the world's best. But I'm quite happy for PLAYBOY to feature girls from overseas because it is easy enough for Australian males to go to the beach to view as many beautiful women as they like.

Chris Peters
Strathpine, Queensland

CHAIN MALES

The Aussie male's lot is becoming a sorry one indeed with the latest moves to chain him down coming from the Family Law Court. I read recently that the court says men are now more inclined to see themselves in a child-rearing role and that fathers are likely to be as good at the game as mothers. What's more, the court says that more and more men are being awarded custody of their daughters.

Does this all mean that the old mateship ethic will be washed down the drain by a bunch of well-meaning legal bods? Who is going to be left to prop up the bar at night if the "mads" (mums-dads) have to rush home to look after the kids?

Surely this is taking equality too far. It seems we're headed towards a neuter state in which the old catch-cry "mates is mates" will be as much a part of the past as six o'clock closing.

N.B.
Armidale, NSW

JET JUICE

Wouldn't everybody like to join the jet set with that zany Pierre Cardin six-seater plane pictured in your July *Potpourri!* However, while the $2.5 million price tag is prohibitive to most, isn't it time to discourage all such lavish excesses in view of our chronic energy crisis? Gas-guzzling private jets belong in 20th century realms of fantasy, alas. Surely the reality is that tycoons should Think Big and travel by jumbo.

C. Sullivan
Glen Waverley, Victoria

RULES RULES

This year's two Victorian Football League forays into NSW in the form of premiership matches in Sydney are just small samples of what is going to happen in the near future. Australian football – or Aussie Rules if you like – is taking over. I'm going to stick out my neck and predict that it will be well on the road to tipping Rugby League off the top of the ladder in Sydney within the next 10 years.

For all those New South Welshmen who haven't yet sampled footie fever, I suggest you ram appropriately colored beanies on your heads and take off for the Sydney Cricket Ground or where the VFL sides happen to be playing. For those with a bit more cash to spare, grab a fast jet to Melbourne.

K. Marriott
Prahran, Victoria

COME QUICK

The observation by Dr Max Clarke in Sex in Perth (PLAYBOY, August) that "most Australian men ejaculate within two-and-a-half minutes of penetration and only about 20 percent of women experience orgasm" suggests that the contents of the coitus package do not justify the elaborate wrapping. We spend so much time in pursuit of sexual fulfilment that when we finally get down to the act there is much more whimper than bang. If most men climax so quickly and 80 percent of women do not climax at all, it seems that happy heterosexuality is a myth.

T. Maunder
Glenelg, SA

TWO LOVE

Your feature on Patti McGuire (PLAYBOY, August) made me regret that I didn't pay more attention during my tennis coaching classes. Bjorn Borg might have the edge on Jimmy Connors around the courts but it appears that the American is an outstanding winner in the love match business. If Jimbo decides to play in any Australian tournaments in the near future, I hope he is accompanied by Patti. She would make a great doubles partner.

G. Boughton
Rose Bay, NSW

IN A BIND

I have bought each copy of Australian PLAYBOY since the magazine hit the streets earlier this year. Now I'm looking for something in which to file and protect them. Do you have any plans for a binder release?

Stephen Rentel
Campsie, NSW

Yes, and soon. Keep reading.

SOME HUMOR

Ron Saw's article, Adultery Comes of Age (PLAYBOY, August) was a fascinating read as it provided some humor about a subject which has for too long been a source of horror. I would say that many married Australian males would identify with some of the experiences recounted in Saw's tale and all would give thanks privately that our society, while restrictive compared with some, does not practise such punishments as those familiar to the Cheyenne Indians or the Tallensi tribe of Ghana.

Name and address withheld by request

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by

Peter Clyne LL.M.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

My father used to say "Baldness is a beacon of virility" and never worried about his thinning pate. But at 28 I'm losing hair daily and, while I wouldn't mind the virility status, I don't want to look like an acorn just yet. Are there any ways to prevent hair thinning? – C.R., Victoria.

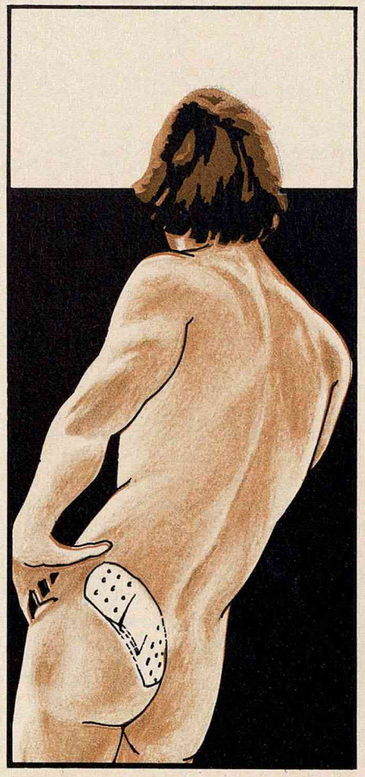
Bald is beautiful, but a myth is as good as a mile. Any link between baldness and virility is tenuous, according to Dr Max Nicholls, a specialist in human genetics. The principal cause of baldness is indeed an accumulation of androgen, the male sex hormone. "But," says Dr Nicholls, "androgen alone won't precipitate baldness. Rather, it is the high level of androgen combined with genetic determination. The simplest hypothesis is that there is a 50 percent chance of a son becoming as bald as his father." Sad to say, there are no sure-fire ways of keeping your hair on. But you may not be fighting a losing battle yet, as Charles Hix explains in his book Good Looking – A Guide For Men: *"Each scalp hair grows for two to six years (the average is four), then rests for about three months before being pushed out by a new hair growing from the same root. It is normal to shed between 40 and 60 hairs a day, although more than this is not necessarily alarming, since more than 100,000 hair follicles are found on the average head."*

A friend reckons that Spanish Fly is harmless. I've heard otherwise. Could you please help me to settle a bet? – J.V., Victoria.

You win. Also known as cantharides, Spanish Fly is the most notorious of all so-called aphrodisiacs. It is, in fact, a dangerous irritant. The "fly" is a beetle found in Spain and France, from which a chemical is extracted. When swallowed, it passes through the kidneys and stimulates the bladder, which arouses the sexual organs intensely. Wise to this knowledge, the Marquis de Sade is reputed to have hosted a ball in 1758 at which he offered guests a chocolate pudding containing grains of cantharides. A night of such carnal debauchery followed that "even the most modest woman could not do enough to satisfy her priapism", according to Philippa Pullar's book Consuming Passions. *An even more outlandish story dates back to 16th-century France when a doctor was called to a man suffering from gross lustfulness. The sick man's wife recounted how a sorceress had brewed a love potion containing cantharides to cure his impotency. Her husband became so virile, she claimed, that he was astride her for two nights, ejaculating 87 times. Spanish Fly can induce a continuous erection that often requires surgery and, worse still, it can cause kidney failure and death from convulsions. A definite no-no for the species homo sapiens.*

I think my girlfriend would make a great *Playmate of the Month,* but she's never had any modelling experience. What are the qualifications for becoming a centrefold? – L.N., NSW.

First, no modelling or acting experience is necessary. What is required is that almost intangible "something special". The selection of a Playmate is essentially a four-step process. Step one: Although Playmate candidates often are nominated by photographers, anyone (including the girl herself) can submit pictures of a potential Playmate to our Art Director, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. The snapshots need not be professional. While a number of Playmate applicants have had their entry photos taken by professional photographers, just as many have asked friends to take them. Photos should include both full-length and close-up shots, plus a few in the nude. Step two: Our Art Director selects possible Playmates, then PLAYBOY *photographers take a series of test shots of the candidates in our studios. Step three: After the photo selection is screened by our Editor, the girls who have the most potential are again brought into our studios and photographed as centrefolds. Step four: The editor makes the final decision on which of the likely candidates will appear as Playmates. Each Playmate of the Month receives $5000. Aside from the obvious physical attributes, we like girls who have strong interests and who are able to express themselves about those interests. Above all, we look for girls who project an intelligent, vibrant sexuality. If you think your girlfriend suits our requirements, send us her pictures or call (02) 20666, extension 2417. You might find it's well worth your while. We also pay a $500 spotter's fee for each centrefold.*



My fiancée has come up with a pretty weird notion for a wedding present. She wants to pay for me to be tattooed with her name. She says that a tattoo, like marriage, lasts for ever. I like to think she's right, but I'm not convinced. What if we split up? Can a tattoo be removed? – W.R., NSW.

Sounds like some possessive lady you're marrying. But a tattoo can be removed. It is no more permanent than the pain involved, the possible allergy to the ink used or the hepatitis you could pick up from a contaminated needle. The butt of the problem, however, is likely to be your butt. That's where plastic surgeons often take the skin for the replacement graft. Alternatively, tattoos can be burned off using a technique pioneered in America for the removal of birthmarks. While the patient is under anaesthetic, a laser beam is used to burn off the top layer of skin, exposing the tattoo pigment underneath, which is then removed. This two-stage operation (a second hospital visit is necessary for the burned tissue to be cleaned) costs $300 at the Rosslyn Private Hospital at Arncliffe, Sydney. Complete healing of scar tissue usually takes between a year and 18 months.

Sick and tired of taunts that I'm a sloppy dresser, I've decided to spring-clean my wardrobe and buy some new gear. Can you advise me what clothes turn a girl on nowadays? – C.J., SA.

One PLAYBOY *survey revealed recently that most women are turned on by seeing two parts of a man's anatomy. One is an exposed chest. The other cannot be exposed in public*

without the risk of prosecution. An open-necked shirt does the first trick and, naturally, single ladies like a man with no ties. Other than that, women like to admire the lines of a man's body – provided, of course, the lines are in good shape. A tight behind in jeans is a turn-on; a flabby belly isn't. Turn to Page 119 for Kate Stead's summer selection of eye-catching suits and separates. Properly tailored and worn with a silk shirt that feels good to the touch, suits are a turn-on. But not to all women. Some ladies prefer the rugged look of creased leather motorbike jackets, others like the conservative distinction of cavalry twill trousers and tweed jackets. Different strokes suit different folks, so ask the lady in your life what turns her on. We reckon the best dressed turn-on is a towel over a suntan.

She's probably old enough to be my grandmother but I'm in love with Mae West. Can you please tell me about her, what age she is, how many movies she has made, where she is living and where I can write to her? – A.C., Queensland.

Mae West probably is old enough to be your great-grandmother. She admits to being "seventy-sex" but this vamp of high camp was in fact born on August 17, 1892. That means she was, incredibly, 40 by the time she made her first movie, Night After Night, *a gangster talkie starring George Raft. She has since made only 11 films yet has become a legend in her lifetime.* She Done Him Wrong, *in which she launched Cary Grant, and* I'm No Angel *brought her fame and fortune. By 1935 she was the second highest earner in the United States, her $480,833 salary being exceeded only by that of William Randolph Hearst. At the time of going to press, this 87-year-old was alive and well and living in Los Angeles where, it is rumored, football teams still come up and see her some time. As she is wont to say: "Men are my hobby; if I ever got married I'd have to give it up." She gave it up once in 1911 to marry jazz singer Frank Wallace but they parted after a few weeks. Your best chance of getting word to the witty Ms West is by writing to her c/o the William Morris Agency, 151 El Camino Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90212, US.*

My problem is split hairs – everywhere. Everyone says getting a trim gets rid of them. But can you imagine walking into a barber and asking for a trim all over? I use a good soap but they're still there. – I.A., NSW.

Yours seems to be an isolated case. We couldn't find an expert who had encountered your problem. But don't despair. Split hair has four main causes, three of which could be applicable to you. (Unless, that is, you brush your wet body hair with a synthetic brush.) The first cause is exposure to strong sunlight, the second is leaving salt water on your body after swimming, instead of showering it off with fresh water, and the third is shampooing or washing with harsh shampoos or soaps. To get to the root of the problem, tricoanalysts at Tower Hair Research, 388 George street, Sydney, will examine your hair under a microscope, prescribe treatment if necessary and recommend methods of home maintenance. The condition of hair, skin and nails indicates our state of health and, should they diagnose a medical problem, you will be referred to a doctor. Having said that, the only effective way to eliminate split hair is to cut it off. Clip the hairs you can reach yourself and ask your girlfriend to snip off the rest. Make sure first that she has a steady hand.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

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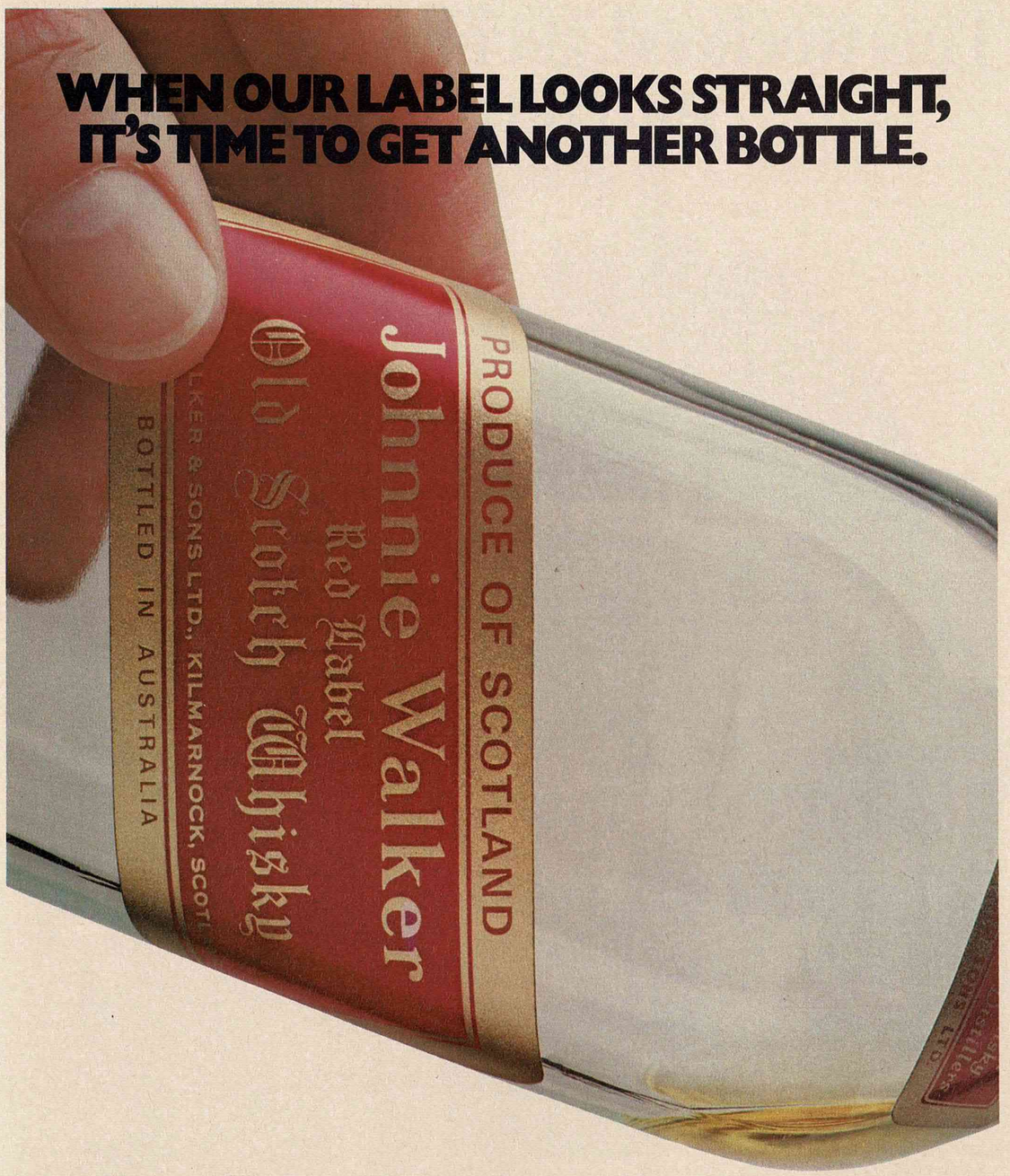

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

CANE CROP

Much has been said lately about the use of the cane in Australian schools. The Queensland Education Minister has come out in favor of the cane to control students – but only boys. I cannot understand this discrimination because, in a lot of cases, girls need discipline just as much. We keep a one-metre cane on the kitchen cupboard for our three children – a boy and two girls. If the girls misbehave, they can expect the cane just the same as their brother.

We recently had some trouble with our eldest daughter, aged 15, which ended when the police brought her home from Noosa Heads, where she had been keeping company with some scruffy-looking boys. My wife decided that our daughter should have her bottom caned for her own good.

While I made sure she lay face down on the bed with her skirt tucked up out of the way, my wife pulled down our daughter's panties and applied eight solid cuts with the cane. I watched in awe each time the cane struck and can honestly say it hurt me more than it hurt her. However, I realised it was for her own good and we have had little trouble since.

T.S.
Gympie, Queensland

COPOUT

I fail to see Rennie Ellis' reasoning in his article Sex in Melbourne (PLAYBOY, July) when he states: "There is no evidence to suggest pay-offs by (massage parlor) owners to police in return for non-harassment, as is commonly alleged in Sydney." He also states that corruption is commonplace. Yet Ellis' own figures indicate that in 1977 the goody-goody Melbourne Vice Squad managed to make only 790 prostitution-related arrests, whereas the nasties in Sydney made successfully 7500 arrests, even though, according to Ellis, they were allegedly bought off.

It would appear to us lay people that if the Sydney police were being "paid off" in return for non-harassment, then their arrest figures would be substantially less than 7500 and perhaps more like those of Melbourne. If the Melbourne vice cops . aren't receiving some form of gratuity from the parlor owners, what then is the real reason for the difference in the figures? It is a difference which, surely, cannot be explained on a population difference basis. Nor is the difference in the respective statutes covering the offences enough to warrant the discrepancy in the two figures.

Ellis states that the police in Melbourne have no special powers of entry to a massage parlor and are thus hindered in their efforts. A quick perusal of the NSW Summary Offences Act, which was the relevant Act at the time the figures were compiled, shows that the Sydney police also have no special powers of entry. Ellis goes on to say that "undercover policemen posing as parlor clients can be embarrassingly compromised in their efforts to obtain evidence". One can only assume that the pitfalls of entrapment are the same for police all over the country and not reserved for the Melbourne Vice Squad.

Interestingly, Ellis says the Melbourne boys "with few exceptions prefer to turn a blind eye". I get the impression that such action by Sydney police would be described by him as corrupt and perhaps as "non-harassment". So how can the astronomical difference in the arrest figures be explained? As the owner of one of Melbourne's parlors is quoted as saying: "We have no problems with police, the Vice Squad are beaut . . ." It seems that in Melbourne the massage parlor owners, the girls and the Vice Squad are just one big happy family.

Perhaps it is this familial love that keeps the figures down or perhaps Rennie Ellis just can't bring himself to admit that the Melbourne boys in blue are either corrupt and/or inefficient while the Sydney gendarmes are doing what appears to be a reasonable job.

Brian Wilson
Gore Hill, NSW

IDEAS OF MARCH

I must take issue with A.J. Edson's "Street Marches" letter *(Playboy Forum,* July). It shows the sort of arrogance and ignorance of Queensland politics that makes residents north of the Brisbane line seriously consider joining Western Australia's regular threats to secede. Strangely, the street march question is the one issue which unites Queenslanders irrespective of their political loyalties. Dr Llew Edwards, the Queensland Liberal leader, cannot initiate action to repeal the laws because he finds himself in an impossible position. The only difference between Queensland and southern law is the reference of appeal to rejection of an application for a street march permit. Dr Edwards, like all Liberals, is committed to changing the situation to a return of the right to appeal to a magistrate.

In spite of the destruction of the Upper House in Queensland by socialist initiative some 40-odd years ago, the Westminster system of government still exists in the State, and Dr Llew and his Libs are loyal supporters of this truly democratic system. Since the Westminster system obliges coalition ministers to maintain solidarity in the house on a Cabinet decision, and Bjelke-Petersen has the numbers in cabinet, it is obvious that any Liberal initiative Joh dislikes just gets lost. The resignation of a portfolio would simply give the Premier the opportunity to replace a Liberal minister with his own appointee.

To suggest that the Liberals unite with the socialist Labor Party to bring down the government without an adequate and just redistribution is just too innocent for words. With due respect, may I suggest that A.J. Edson do his homework.

John R. Heaps
Bundaberg, Queensland

HYMEN TO THAT

The circumcision debate is one that has constantly intrigued me and raises the old questions about what parts of the human anatomy are superfluous. I've yet to meet a circumcised male who is also minus a kidney, a lung, tonsils, appendix and has had a

"all the better to see you with."

His, Playboy Model 4513 Hers, Playboy Model 4515 Playboy Sunglasses optyl
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vasectomy to boot but, in these days of surgical madness, the old adage "leave well enough alone" seems a handy enough standby.

One item that might warrant removal at an early stage is that bloody little female membrane, the hymen. As there is so much stigma and heartache attached to the spilling of the blood – or even worse, failure to show – perhaps it might make more sense if doctors deflowered girls at an early age. The hymen appears a truly superfluous item and its removal could wipe out the almost religious importance so many place on virginity.

M. Frith
Fremantle, WA

A sound idea in theory, but we're sure the medical schools could not cope with the influx of budding practitioners cum hymen poppers.

BRIDGE OF SIZE

I'm not sure whether R.W. of Annerley was pulling our legs when he complained that his penis was too big *(Playboy Forum,* July). He said that his oversize member had been responsible for the break-up of his marriage and had scared off other girls. It should be pointed out that there are far more ways of achieving a level of satisfaction than straight-out penetration.

It is an accepted sexual belief that many women are aroused by the thought of an immense penis and if R.W. were to shop around a bit more I'm sure he'd find someone not only physically compatible but also proud of a mate with such machinery.

E. West
Wollongong, NSW

After 15 years of nursing in which I've observed men of all ages in states of arousal, I find it hard to believe that R.W. lost the ability to win female friends because his penis was too big.

My experience tells me that the vagina is a wondrous piece of the female anatomy and capable of stretching to accommodate objects which appear quite large. I've been confronted by some vaginas in my working experience which can only be described as huge. For R.W. to despair because his girl left the State is ridiculous. There are plenty of fish in the sea, and not all of them are minnows.

M.S.
Ermington, NSW

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FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

BRASSY

GLASGOW – A Scottish biologist has developed a bra that tells the wearer when she is most likely to conceive. The ultimate in contraceptive lingerie is equipped with sensors that register temperature changes caused by sex hormones during the menstrual cycle. When the temperature goes up, ovulation is occurring.

CUTTING IT OUT

PARIS – Heads might stop rolling in France if opponents of the national form of execution – beheading by guillotine – meet success. That the guillotine could be headed for the chop has become evident following decisions this year by juries to impose life imprisonment, rather than the death sentence, as the maximum penalty. The last victim to lose his head was a North African immigrant worker executed in September, 1977, for killing a child. Although opinion polls show that most Frenchmen are in favor of capital punishment, opponents of the guillotine claim that the figures do not portray an accurate test of public attitude. As one spokesman said: "The juries' decisions prove how the public really feels because they show how people react when faced with the responsibility of imposing sentence."

CHILD ABUSE

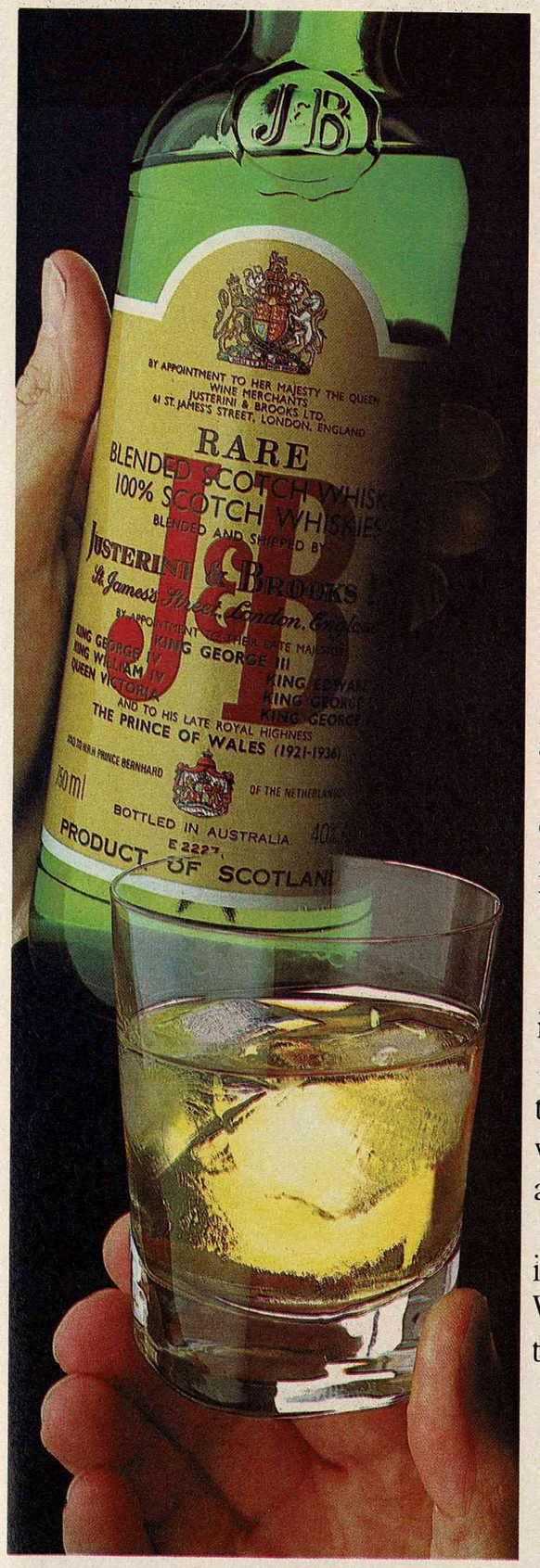
PERTH – The normally publicity-shy Department of Community Welfare in Western Australia has been prompted by research figures to declare that incest is a popular activity with some locals. The department's report reveals that in this Year of the Child, some families have been paying rather undue attention to their children, who are more at risk sexually from relatives and adults they know than they are from strangers. The department wants to form a sexual abuse team to handle the reported cases and has called for more community discussion.

FOURTH REICH?

BONN – According to a West German government report on political extremism, the United States, that homeland of liberty, is the source of much of the pro-Nazi literature which has been appearing in German cities in rapidly increasing quantities. The authorities traced the stickers, posters and pamphlets, all carrying the swastika symbol of the Nazi Party, to Garry Lauck, 25, of Lincoln, Nebraska. He also was responsible for distributing the *National Socialist War Cry* in West Germany, where all propaganda supporting the ideals of the Hitler regime is banned. Lauck's activities have been reported to the US government but it says it is powerless to act.

PSSST!

LONDON – A Yorkshire magistrate has brought the super-lush career of Sam Husband to an end by banning him for three years from every pub and club in England. The court ordered the off-limits edict after hearing of Husband's amazing drinking exploits. These produced 20 court appearances this year for being drunk and disorderly, including five arrests in one day. The 42-year-old miner says that he won't touch another drop.



The year Scotch Whisky came out of The Dark Ages.

Perhaps the most noteworthy time in the long history of Scotch Whisky was in the 1890's.

For then, one of London's most distinguished wine merchants, Justerini & Brooks, had an inspired idea.

It was this: To use their one hundred and forty years of experience and skill blending wine for noble tastes, to blend a Scotch Whisky to please the palates of the most discerning and aristocratic of their clientele.

The resulting blend of over 50 different whiskies was, and still is, an inspiration for lovers of fine Scotch Whisky everywhere.

J & B Rare Scotch Whisky.

To the eye it is discernibly lighter in colour.

To the taste a blend that draws the best from all its components, whilst imparting a delicacy, lightness and finesse of its own.

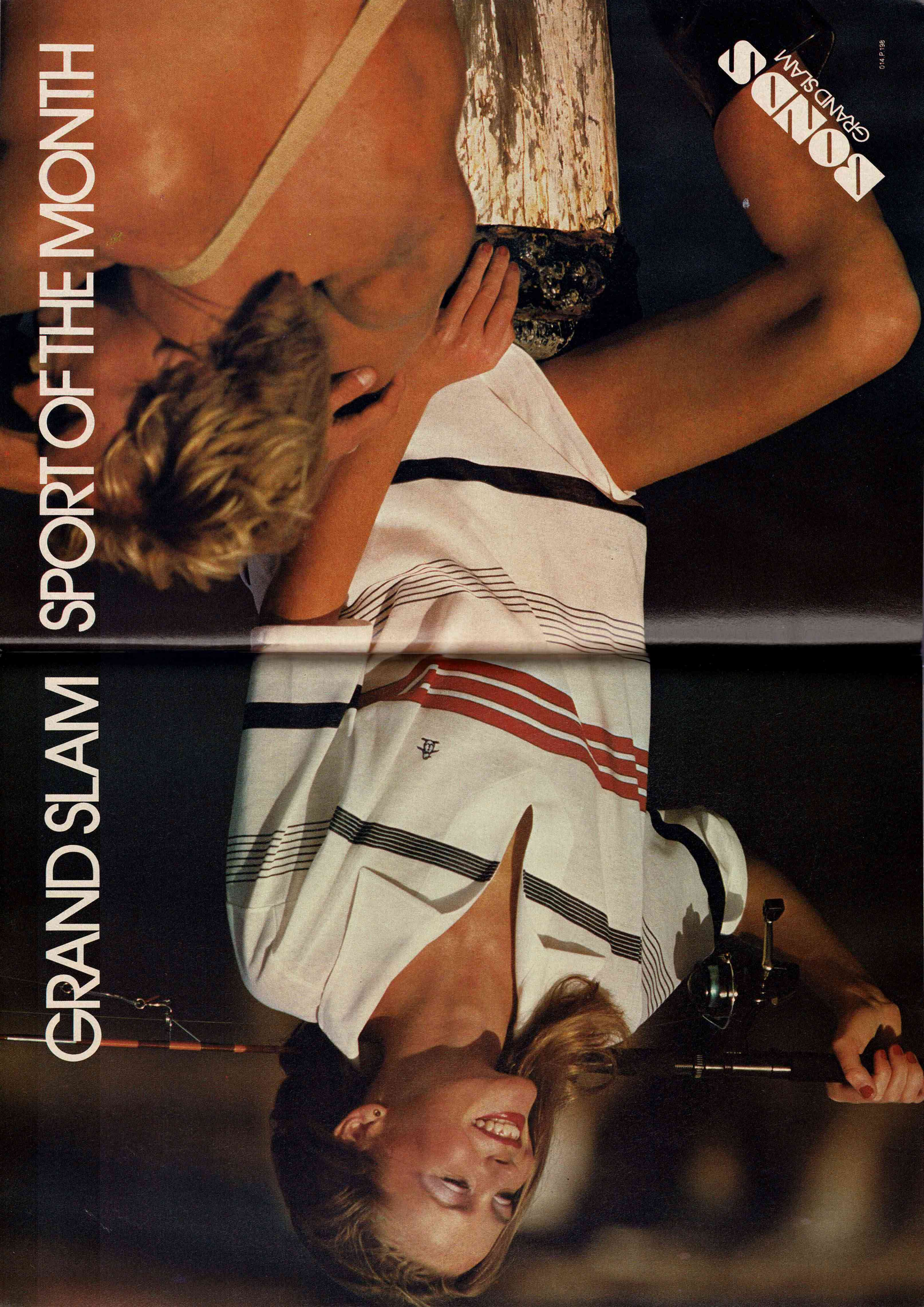
A blend so rare in its qualities it is insisted on and enjoyed by Scotch Whisky connoisseurs in 156 countries throughout the world.

J&B Rare Scotch Whisky. See the light.

9546

GRAND SLAM

SPORT OF THE MONTH



BONDS GRAND SLAM

014 P.196

WINE

knockers are down for the count after facing the grapes of rothbury

WINE is essentially a happy medium. But in arriving at happiness you are bound to experience a host of ups and downs – not necessarily in the aphrodisiacal sense. *In vino veritas* may well be the case. However, perfidy punctuates the rocky path to truth and eternal wisdom.

Take my mate Eric: solid citizen, salt of the earth, all-round good egg. Or so, at the impressionable age of 21, I thought. His true colors were revealed only when temptation, in the form of three dozen bottles of choice red, chanced to come his way.

It happened like this. In the winter of 1965, I arranged to visit Hunter Valley vigneron Murray Tyrrell in the company of Len Evans, the well-known Len Evans (name and occupation in this instance being synonymous). Mr Tyrrell, being not only a first-class winemaker but also a top-line fellow, went to great pains to show us his best reds by clambering over stacks of oak casks with his thief (a pipette used for pinching samples) and passing the delicious drops down to Mr Evans and me. A day of this, combined with a delicious steak and an ambrosial bottle of red made by Mr Tyrrell's father, put me in an expansive frame of mind. I bought three dozen at the astronomical (for me) price of about 15 quid a case, with a view to posterity.

Members in the Great Cask Hall for a Rothbury Estate Society dinner.

There is no doubt that I would be savoring them now had it not been for the depredations of the said Eric. I decided, at the end of 1965, to try my hand at journalism in Fleet street and asked my trusted friend to look after my oenological treasures. "But of course," he concurred fulsomely with what, given hindsight, was a treacherous gleam in his eye. When I got back seven years later, there wasn't even the smell of a newly-pulled cork. The rat had knocked off the lot.

I am happy to say that this experience did not dampen my enthusiasm for the demon drink. On the contrary, it made me perhaps even more conscious of the need to ensure my future supplies. Much the same thoughts must have been in the minds of Messrs Tyrrell and Evans for, three years later, they launched the concept of The Rothbury Estate, one of the most laudable, yet controversial, wine ventures in Australia.

The idea, on a single estate in the Lower Hunter, was to grow grapes and make top-class wines which would be sold directly to the public, by-passing the traditional wholesaler/retailer set-up. The wine-producing company would be complemented by a society of members dedicated to studying the ideals of wine, food and good living.

Well, the screams of Rothbury's detractors echoed as far as London. The liquor store boys, all riding the ridiculously profitable crest of the red wine boom, averred that direct marketing was a perversion that would send them to the wall, and set about bad-mouthing Rothbury all over the place. Self-appointed sages, buffs and bores pontificated that, by aiming to educate wine lovers to higher levels of appreciation, Rothbury would lose its own captive market. Hard-line pragmatists stated, displaying all the foresight of an ostrich with its head in the sand, that Australia wasn't ready for such a concept.

They were all right – and wrong. Rothbury lives. Like several of the Hunter's newer wineries, it has had its problems – mainly financial. And the public switch from reds to whites in the early '70s didn't help: like most wine producers, Rothbury had more red grapes than white. However, with the injection of some new capital, a marketing agreement with Colgate Palmolive, and minor concessions to some of its more constructive critics, Rothbury has survived with its ideals more or less intact.

One measure of its success is the burgeoning of The Rothbury Estate Society, under the unrelenting and often inspired stewardship of its secretary, Peter Meier, who is also Rothbury's sales manager. More than 30,000 wine lovers now belong to it. And you don't have to be an expert, or one of the "in" group, to join – the sole prerequisite for membership is the purchase of a dozen bottles of Rothbury wine. For your "fee", which will provide a few hours of pleasant drinking, you get an entree to the biggest, least pretentious and arguably best wine-food club in Australia.

Rothbury dinners, now in their seventh year, are already a legend. They all offer magnificent food and good wines and fulfilling entertainment in the estate's Great Cask Hall, surrounded by nearly 300,000 litres of wine in huge oak casks. There's more to them, though, than a thundering good time and a guaranteed hangover on Sunday morning. In keeping with its pledge to spread the gospel according to Bacchus, the society sneaks in the odd education session. Dinners are graded according to knowledge (or desire for knowledge).

Take the White-to-Green dinners. When you join the society, you're given a white ribbon attached to a tasting cup which looks like a small silver bell. This entitles you to attend a White-to-Green test at which, if you identify correctly the grape variety used in five different, unlabelled Hunter whites, you qualify for the next highest ribbon, green.

Once you have your green ribbon you can go on to red. To pass, you have to get 60 percent in a test involving the age, maker and variety of five Hunter reds. For purple, you have to pass a complicated written examination,

The French Evolution.

How's this for a winning streak? 1978. The Renault A442B Turbo won Le Mans by five laps from Porsche.

1979. The new Renault 20TS upstages all luxury touring sportscars with features other makers will be copying for a decade.

The 20's too macho to be a luxury saloon, too luxurious to be a sports car. Has a lot of the Turbo's features. For example:–

- A new high performance engine – obviously not the same but with the same capacity and characteristic touches – like belt driven overhead cam and hemi-crossflow head. It's also all-alloy – a feature rare outside competition cars.
- Four wheel independent suspension.
- Ventilated front discs.
- Rack and pinion steering.
- Sealed cooling system.
- Michelin radials.
- Small padded steering wheel.
- Short, sharp, brilliant gear shift.
- Long wheelbase, wide-track. Low, wind-cheating, stable stance.

Of course, we've modified the body a little so your fellow Company Directors won't be shocked. Add...

- Power steering that phases out at speed to give you positive road feel when touring.
- Tinted windows – power operated in front. And laminated windscreen.
- Intermittent wiper control.
- Plush seats that fully recline.
- Stereo AM/FM radio cassette player.
- Courtesy lights everywhere – even in the ash-tray.

For your amusement – there are remote controls that adjust the headlight beams and external mirror. Most usual options are standard. And, astonishingly, those thick, contoured rear seats go through several configurations – may even be removed to leave you with a 1550 dm^3 (54.5 cubic foot) luggage area. Something of a switch for a prestige saloon. And brilliantly practical.

Renault 20TS. A large, substantial, ultra-sophisticated road machine with a quietly obtrusive demeanour, magnificent handling – and all the luxury you expect. Get full details from your Renault Dealer now.

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From Renault, the world's largest manufacturer of front-wheel drive vehicles.

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Tabac original is composed of 19 rare and expensive ingredients.

You are the 20th.

Tabac. A genuine original, like the man who wears it.

The entire range including after shave lotion; luxury soap; shaving foam; deodorants; body talc; now available at better chemists and department stores.

Australian Distributors: Wilfrid Owen (Sales) Pty. Ltd. Box 72 Newtown, NSW 2042. Phone 699 5046

WO 021/2R

based on the identification and description of eight local and foreign wines. I wouldn't like to discourage anyone, but there are only 48 purples.

The society also offers its members an excellent range of no-nonsense literature about wine, including explanations of wine terms, how to taste wines, the faults to look for, vintage charts and so on. Special-purpose packs are also available for tastings, summer drinking or cellaring.

But what of the wines themselves? Is Rothbury living up to its promise to provide top Hunter wines to its members at reasonable prices? Well, yes and no. No matter how high you pitch your ideals, you're still subject to the vagaries of nature. The Hunter Valley is particularly susceptible, with a history of little rain when it's needed, and too much when it's not. Which means that no winemaker can guarantee an endless string of classic wines. He'll make a few great ones, a lot of good ones and a few mediocre ones. That's how it's been with Rothbury, guided with great skill through its formative years by winemaker Gerry Sissingh, who left this year.

The mainstays of the Rothbury operation are shiraz (hermitage in the Hunter) for reds, and semillon (Hunter River riesling) for the whites. Other varieties include cabernet sauvignon and pinot noir (reds), and rhine riesling, chardonnay, traminer and sauvignon blanc (whites). They are grown on the estate's four subdivisions: Rothbury, Brokenback, Homestead Hill and Herlstone. These appellations usually appear on the labels. Wines of outstanding quality are given an Individual Paddock suffix.

Early IP wines I have tried have shown that Rothbury is more than capable of producing top Hunter styles. The semillons probably have the edge, and some already have developed the inimitable "honeyed" style that only age can bring. The currently available 1977 IP White ($39.50 a dozen plus freight) will go the same way if left to age for two or three years. For long-term cellaring, best bet among the reds is 1975 IP Red from the Rothbury Vineyard ($37.50). There are, however, wines to suit most palates in the Vineyard range and, for everyday drinking, Quaffing Dry Red and Quaffing Dry White.

Like many projects launched on ideals, Rothbury has had its share of misses. But the hits demonstrably have overcome them. If you want to share in the goodies, and get stuck into the fun, write to Peter Meier, The Rothbury Estate Society, Broke Road, Pokolbin, NSW 2321. – TONY REES

VYI's Sportsmans. All flair. No glare.

VYI's Sportsmans are not ordinary sunglasses.

They have the latest technology Cruvaira Lenses, which eliminate glare without colour distortion.

New VYI's Sportsmans are available at most chemists and department stores.

Sportsmans make an ideal Father's Day gift idea.

vyi

VYS5443

Mexico. Land of the legendary Olmec, Toltec, Aztec, Black Russian, Brown Cow and Bandit.

While Mexico is probably better known for its ponchos, its siestas and its jumping beans, some of its finer achievements are either lost in time or shrouded in mystery.

Discover them, from left to right.

An Olmec Ceremonial Axehead

From as far back as 1200 B.C. Olmec tribesmen carved images of a God that was half man and half jaguar. The symbol of strength and power, this god was their only recourse against the fearful spirits of the jungle.

A Black Russian.

When one part Kahlua is mixed with two parts of Vodka another super-natural union is made. Pour it over chipped ice, and sip it slowly with the reverence it deserves.

The Toltec God of Spring.

The Toltecs had four major Gods, one for each point on the compass. Xipe Toltec was formerly a lowly, insignificant God, until he sacrificed himself in fire, so that the sun would continue to shine. He became known as the God of Sunrise, the God of the East.

The Brown Cow.

A lowly bottle of milk may not by itself be very inspiring, but you'll find it too is capable of greatness. One part of Kahlua mixed with two parts of ice cold milk served on the rocks is undoubtedly a divine concoction.

An Aztec Goddess.

While the Gods of War and Death were the powers most revered by the fierce, war-loving Aztecs, they still had to eat. Fortunately, Xilonen, the Goddess of young corn, was on their side.

The Bandit.

Long after the proud and inventive Mexican indians were overthrown by the Spaniards, their spirit continued in the Banditos. The most famous of these was made with half Kahlua and half Brandy poured over chipped ice.

Kahlua Coffee Liqueur has been made in Mexico for so long that its origins are a mystery.

But if legend suggested that Kahlua was made by the Gods, it wouldn't be hard to believe.

Kahlua. Liqueur of the Gods.

10838

Playboy Interview

BOB ANSETT

sir reginald's little boy isn't about to bow to anybody – least of all his father

WHEN Bob Ansett returned to Australia in 1965 after 23 years of American conditioning, it was natural that he should settle in Melbourne, his spiritual home. Melbourne is his fountainhead – the place where he was born of solid Victorian stock, where he learned to walk and talk and where he spent a couple of forgettable years as a boarder at Wesley College. But as the Yank in the court of king-makers, he scarcely had time to adjust to driving on the left-hand side of the road before he learned there was room for only one Ansett in his old home town.

His welcome home message was broadcast throughout Victoria in a Melbourne Herald *headline: No Job for Bob. The smaller print made it even clearer – if Bob Ansett expected the fatted calf treatment and a lofty managerial appointment from his father, Reg Ansett, absolute monarch of the Ansett transport empire, then he was under the misapprehension that blood was thicker than water. The younger Ansett professes to this day that he returned to Australia neither in hope nor expectation of paternal gratuities. But it was sobering to learn that he couldn't even borrow a car from his father's fleet of Cadillacs. Instead the father, from whom he had lived apart since the early days of World War Two, following his parents' divorce, advised him to hire a car from the Avis organisation.*

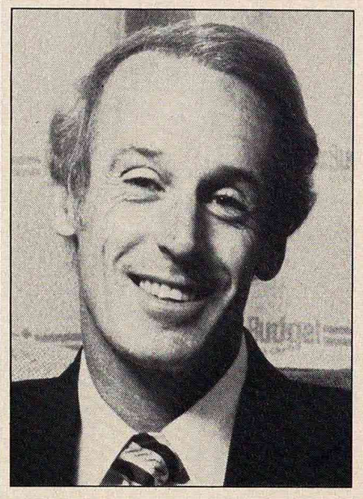
In offering that advice, the industrial captain who was destined for knighthood inadvertently drew the first tentative line in a business battle that was to echo around Australia in the '70s. From that day in 1965 when he hired a car he admits he couldn't afford, Bob Ansett's life has been meshed in the rental car industry.

His first job in Australia was with the firm to which he was financially indebted, Avis, whose then boss, Eric McIllree, later commissioned him to launch the company subsidiary, Budget, to head off the down-market raiders, Hertz and Kay. Measure for measure, Budget and Ansett grew – the company until it was nudging its parent and the man until the finance giant, the Australian Guarantee Corporation, chose him as its partner in the Budget takeover following Eric McIllree's death.

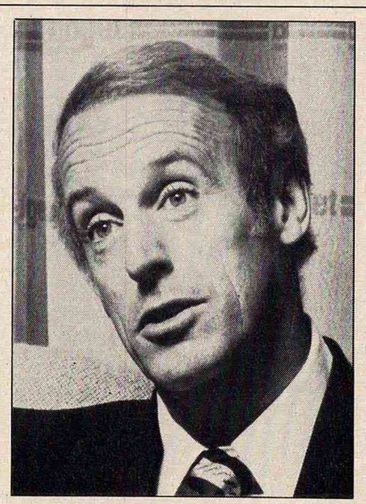
McIllree's death also opened the way for Sir Reginald and Ansett Transport Industries to move in on Avis, and suddenly the two Ansetts faced one another across the competitive trenches of industrial war. And what a war it has been. The media has had a feast, and scant wonder. The story had all the essential ingredients for editors to promote it from the finance section to the front page. Corporate campaigns normally are waged behind boardroom doors, but not when the brash young cub took on the lion of the Australian transport industry. Bob Ansett admits unashamedly that he chose to fight in the full glare of the public spotlight. He did so because he knew he was no match for his father in the shadowy corridors of the political lobbies.

Playing on Sir Reginald's monastic distaste for publicity, Ansett made frankness and approachability his twin weapons in his dealings with the Press. His tactics were inspired. While his father sat in his den, disdainful of the controversy and confident that his influence and political muscle would brush aside the son's attacks, Bob Ansett kept on winning publicity points and mustering public support.

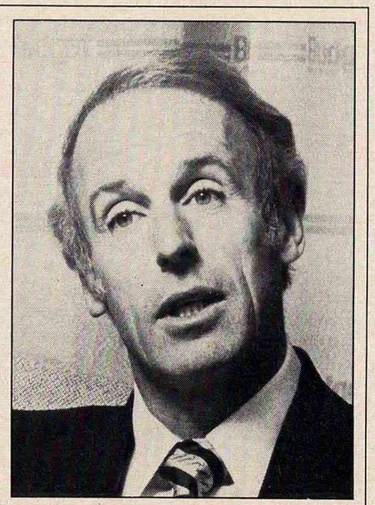
He was baulked temporarily when a judicial inquiry found that ATI's proposed acquisition of Avis did not contravene the Trade Practices Act. But the ultimate victory was his when eventually he succeeded not only in breaking Avis' monopoly on the airports, but also in relegating ATI's rental car arm to third place behind Budget and Hertz in the lucrative airport rent-a-car stakes. In the aftermath, ATI proved itself to be a very



"I had a very romantic idea about Australia. I saw it as perhaps the last frontier for free enterprise. I thought there would be considerable opportunities in Australia."



"I probably had a closer family life with my friend's parents than I ever had with my own. But living with the Wards didn't make me feel I had missed out on anything."



"I don't know how you assess who has won or lost in this thing. But on the surface, I seem to have come out on top. Maybe it is not as hard for me as it is for dad."

churlish loser by refusing Budget permission to set up offices in Ansett-owned terminals at Sydney, Brisbane, Cairns and Wynyard in Tasmania. Bob Ansett took the annoying but petty setback in his stride by deciding that if ATI maintained its lockout, he would build his own offices.

Today Budget is away and running neck-and-neck with the TAA-controlled Hertz organisation in the race to take over from Avis as the market leader in the Australian car rental industry. And Bob Ansett, former dutiful son of Sir Reginald, former gridiron star, former US Army paratrooper and former US citizen, is confident that Budget, the company he built from scratch, will be No 1 within two years.

To find out what makes Bob Ansett run against the odds, PLAYBOY *sent staff writer* ***Russell Deiley*** *to Melbourne to spend a couple of days with the squire who tilts at knights. Says Deiley: "I went into this interview expecting to meet a gum-chewing, phone-slamming powerhouse. Instead I found an incredibly relaxed, young 45-year-old who gave the impression he had just emerged from an hour's meditation but who had been at his paperless desk since 7am.*

"His zeal and single-mindedness leave no doubt that when he says Budget will be the market leader by 1981 he means to make the forecast come true. But through all the business pledges he is so disarmingly candid and sincere that you feel instinctively that success will never spoil Bob Ansett. Through it all, you also sense the undercurrent of sadness, even regret, that he was forced to fight a man he would prefer as a father rather than a bitter business rival."

PLAYBOY: Did you return to Australia in 1965 to curry favor with your father or did you feel he could be a powerful ally in fulfilling your ambitions?

ANSETT: To be candid, I didn't know what I was going to do when I came back to Australia or what was here for me. I knew this was home and I'd had a sense of uneasiness about California, in spite of the great lifestyle. I felt I wanted to make a complete break so I sold my house and all my belongings. If things didn't go well here, I suppose I knew I could return to America, but I also knew that would be very difficult because I had liquidated everything. And, in my usual style, I had managed to spend most of my money on the family's very luxurious and expensive trip to Australia. I arrived here with very little money.

I would be dishonest if I said that I wasn't aware that my father was eminently successful. I knew he'd built a large enterprise. But at no stage, although we had corresponded, had he suggested there would be an opportunity for me with his company. Nor had he ever helped me financially. So I had no real reason to expect there would be any monetary help from my father when I got back. But I'd have to say that I knew there would be obvious advantages in having such a well-known name if I had to start afresh in Australia. I didn't realise just how large my father's business empire was until I arrived. That came as a bit of a shock to me.

PLAYBOY: Did you get the prodigal son treatment when you came back?

ANSETT: My father did not encourage me to return. He thought I was coming back for the wrong reasons. I was complaining about the high taxes and charges in the US and I'd spoken of Australia as the last bastion of free enterprise. My father had made it clear in letters that similar factors applied in Australia and had said that in some areas – certainly taxes – they would be even greater. I was also an unknown quantity to him. I had not seen him for four or five years, and I suppose he was a bit apprehensive about my returning. Nor did my penchant for publicity

WHEN THE GOLD RAN DRY THEY TURNED TO CHAMPAGNE.

Avoca in Western Victoria used to be a roaring gold mining town. Then the gold ran out.

Then somebody discovered that the climate and the soil together produced a first class champagne grape.

So today they mine a different kind of gold.

A champagne fermented and retained in the original bottle, produced only by the traditional French Champenoise Method.

Chateau Remy Champagne has an outstanding flavour, bouquet, and natural effervescence.

Chateau Remy Champagne. Another kind of gold from the Pyrenees soils of Avoca.

Chateau Remy

NAT770

The Porsche 911SC.

It's not just that Porsche is the only true sport car . . . nor is it the unique power unit and transmission . . . nor even the basic design of the car. Its 'Carisma' is really the result of the select few people who drive Porsche – who, when pressed, tell the truth about the vehicle.

And you can forgive them, perhaps, for not being able to say exactly why Porsche is so good.

They'll say Porsche has total response, that Porsche leads in the design of motor cars – and keep the best ideas to themselves, or that Porsche wins all the races, or that Porsche designs cars for other companies.

But what they're really saying is that Porsche is out-of-this-world.

We call it – Porsche 'Carisma'.

And remember, Porsche is an investment, Porsche holds its price. Most Porsche owners change into a new Porsche at very little cost.

Porsche design minimises service, and service costs.

Porsche 911SC . . . the car for today – and for the future. A legend in its own time, Porsche 911SC has reached a new peak of practicability and power.

This 'Carisma' surrounds every Porsche vehicle, and it's something you get at no extra cost. Drive into the future in Porsche 911SC, or any of the Porsche range of sport cars, 930 Turbo, 924, 928.

Porsche *only* build sport cars – so there is no compromise

PORSCHE

CARISMA

PC 15/79

The real test of a good scotch.

The real test of a good scotch is to taste it, not knowing which brand it is, mixed 50-50 with water. And then to compare it with some others, similarly unidentified.

Every popular scotch whisky is made by blending pure malt whiskies with other less expensive grain whiskies. The malt whisky moulds the character and the personality of the blend. The more there is, the smoother and more distinctive the taste.

Malt whisky, however, is expensive; at least twice the price of grain whiskies. Perhaps because of this, most other brands tend to be more than a little sparing with it.

But not so Teachers.

Teachers has an unusually high proportion of pure malt whiskies in its blend. We believe that this is the only way to blend a great whisky.

So it's not surprising that Teachers is Britain's favourite scotch* and that enthusiasts consider 'there's more to be said for a bottle of Teachers than a case of ordinary Scotch.'

Teacher's.
In a class of its own.
Established 1830.

*National Opinion Poll, January 1978.

Dailey/TW91

help. When I left California, most of the US newspapers carried the story of the guy migrating to Australia with his family because Barry Goldwater had lost the presidential election. During my trip home some reporter discovered I was the son of Reg Ansett, the Australian aviation tycoon, and I reached Hawaii to read a banner newspaper headline: Barry Backer Migrates to Poppa's Millions.

There was another front-page story waiting for me in the *Herald* when I got to Melbourne. There was a picture of my father on one side of the story and a photograph of me wearing a cowboy hat on the other. It was a copy of a photograph which had been taken when I was leaving Los Angeles. The headline announced: No Job for Bob. So I knew where I stood before I even spoke to my father. I remember going to see him in his office. We had a general discussion. There was nothing mentioned about what I was going to do, but I made it very clear I had to do something very quickly because I was short of cash. He had a fleet of Cadillacs at the time and I asked him if I could borrow one of his cars. He suggested I try Avis.

PLAYBOY: Was your father associated with Avis in 1965?

ANSETT: No, although he knew the company's managing director, Eric McIllree, very well.

PLAYBOY: Did you hire an Avis car?

ANSETT: Yes, I took a car which I had for three or four weeks. I applied for a number of jobs, mainly with American companies. Hertz offered me a job as Queensland manager, but the last thing I wanted to do at that point was leave Melbourne. My maternal grandmother was still alive and my mother's seven brothers and sisters lived in Melbourne. Many of them have children my age and I developed an affinity with them. It was nice to have a family for the first time.

There was no way I could return the Avis car because I did not have the several hundred dollars to pay for its hire. I kept the car in the hope that something would turn up. Then one day I received a message to call Avis and I thought: the game's up; they want their money. As it turned out, McIllree was visiting Melbourne and he'd remembered reading the "No Job for Bob" story. He asked me if I was interested in working for Avis. I agreed to work for him on terms that included Avis waiving the cost of the car. I got to keep the car as part of the whole job package.

PLAYBOY: How long did you stay with the Avis organisation?

ANSETT: I had only the one job with Avis – Victorian sales manager. About that time McIllree was most concerned about the down-market penetration of the car rental market by Kays and Hertz. He felt he could best combat this threat by setting up a parallel company to Avis, similar to the Myer and Target concept. He asked me if I would like to take on the task of establishing Budget Rent a Car on a national basis. It was exactly right for me and I accepted immediately. My salary was $70 a week and a car and it didn't change for three years while we established the company throughout Australia. But, looking back, I should have been paying him for the opportunity he gave me. I couldn't have bought that kind of education. I had to go into a new area, open an office, employ people, secure the cars and make arrangements for their repair and maintenance. Then I would go on to the next city and start again.

Within a few years Budget had a very strong foundation and, in some areas, was giving Avis a harder push than Kays or Hertz. This concerned a lot of the Avis executives, but McIllree continued to give me complete autonomy. The company was structured in such a way that it was not a subsidiary of Avis, but a subsidiary of McIllree's own parent company which owned both Avis and Budget. He was the only Avis director on the Budget board. There were great conflicts in management but, to give him credit, McIllree continued to allow Budget to grow and to compete. I took great pride in hearing Avis executives describe Budget as their greatest competitor. McIllree discovered he had cancer in the early 1970s and he died in 1973. The next year, in partnership with the Australian Guarantee Corporation, I bought Budget from his estate.

"I put a whole package together and went to show it to my dad. I'd hoped that he would fund me in the company."

PLAYBOY: You are reported to have borrowed $500,000 from AGC. If your name had not been Ansett would you have been able to borrow that kind of money with so little collateral?

ANSETT: Three years earlier, certainly not. But by 1974 I had the score on the board in terms of management ability and marketing skill. Budget was a successful company which had been trading at a reasonable profit for four years and I had built up the best team in the country. As it turned out, AGC came to me, and I don't think they came to me because my name was Ansett. Budget was certainly the fastest growing company in the industry and had a good image. AGC obviously had heard that I was looking for a partner to acquire the company from the McIllree estate. The fact that they came to me, rather than me having to hawk myself to them, made it a lot easier. The AGC directors are realists, very strong and efficient financial people. They looked at the company, they looked at its performance and they looked at Budget's management team – that is when they approached me.

PLAYBOY: Had you ever considered setting up your own company before Budget came on the market?

ANSETT: In 1968 I did a feasibility study on setting up an Ansett rental car company to launch in competition with Avis, Budget, Kays and Hertz. I put a whole package together and went to show it to my dad. I'd hoped that he would fund me in the company or, alternatively, that Ansett Transport Industries would take it on and let me head it up. My father turned it over to Ralph Cooper, the financial wizard of Ansett. A couple of months went by before they decided that they weren't interested in setting up a rental car business. Nor were they interested in financing me.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that your father was interested, but somebody down the line wasn't?

ANSETT: I don't know. I'm not sure. But six weeks later I found out something which really annoyed me. I still thought I could do it on my own and I was talking to other financiers. Then I found out that someone from ATI had registered the name Ansett Rent a Car. So I was pre-empted, even had I been able to raise the money. That disappointed me because they didn't even tell me. I can understand that a big company like Ansett must protect its name and would be sensitive to possible confusion, but I wasn't happy with the way it was done. Needless to say, Eric McIllree found out and we had some very terse negotiations. But we were able to resolve the matter. Budget ended up with greater autonomy, greater market opportunities and, for the first time, I was put on a percentage of profit.

Things were back to normal, but I'd had the taste of wanting to do something on my own. My timing might not have been right in 1968, but it certainly was in 1974. Even had AGC not come to the party, other talks I'd had with bankers and oil companies made me confident I would have been able to put the thing together. In fact I

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had talked with the trustees of the McIllree estate. They were prepared to back me, but they wanted more than $1 million for the company and there was no way I could have swung that. It took a year before I was able to get them to agree to come down to the acceptable price of $500,000.

PLAYBOY: What was your equity in the Budget organisation when you and AGC bought the company?

ANSETT: I had 45 percent and AGC held 55 percent. Two years later, after an enormous period of expansion, it became necessary to increase the capital of the company. I was still stretched from my initial investment and it was not possible for me to contribute my share of the additional capital and still maintain my 45 percent. I had no choice but to reduce my share to 30 percent.

PLAYBOY: Your 30 percent is now unencumbered?

ANSETT: It's mine, yes.

PLAYBOY: Does that holding make you a wealthy man?

ANSETT: Well, it's all on paper. We are going through another period of expansion but, fortunately, we're able to fund it from our own resources this time so my shareholding won't dissipate any further. I think the company is worth about $8 million as a result of our winning the right to operate on the airports. I live comfortably, I have a good lifestyle, but I wouldn't call myself wealthy.

PLAYBOY: One reason you gave for leaving America was frustration with the high taxes and the lack of competition. Is that still valid?

ANSETT: I assumed things would be different here before I left the US. In reality, the levels of personal income tax are higher in Australia. I had a very romantic view about Australia. I saw it as perhaps the last frontier for free enterprise. I thought there would be considerable opportunities in Australia and I still think the opportunity is here. If a person going into business here is prepared to persevere and work hard, he probably has a better chance of success than in America.

You might say that Australia has been good to me, but you have to get the thing in perspective. I bought the goodwill of a company which I created and had to pay a premium for it. Because my motivation has never been one of acquiring great wealth, I wasn't reluctant to go into hock. Whatever profits I have earned have gone mainly toward repaying the interest and principal on the money I borrowed. If anyone here has his priorities right and works toward the long term view of building an enterprise, there is no reason why he can't make it. But people, to succeed, have to be prepared to make considerable personal and monetary sacrifices.

PLAYBOY: Is business in Australia more competitive than it is in the US?

ANSETT: It depends largely on the type of industry. In the car rental industry it is probably more competitive here. We have a tendency in Australia, however, toward greater regulation, whereas the US has gone the full cycle and is now heading toward deregulation of the industry.

PLAYBOY: Are Australians as lazy and as non-productive as their critics claim?

ANSETT: The Australian will work as hard as anyone else providing he has the appropriate motivation and recognition of his achievements. I would not swap any of the 350 people I have working for me. They are highly-skilled, loyal, hard-working employees and I am not sure that I could gather the same group of highly motivated people in America.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe that profit sharing among the staff will provide the right kind of motivation for greater productivity?

"If anyone here has his priorities right and works toward the long term view of building an enterprise, there is no reason he can't make it."

ANSETT: Profit sharing can be helpful if it is practical. My managers share in the profits and this works very effectively. But motivation goes a lot deeper than money. Job satisfaction can be derived from other means. Job satisfaction can be reflected in a man going home at night and looking back with some pride at what he has achieved during the day. We try to be sensitive in satisfying the needs of our many employees.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to your first recollections of Australia.

ANSETT: My first and most vivid memory was being driven in the Studebaker car my father used to operate as a passenger service between Melbourne and the country areas of Hamilton, Maryborough and Ballarat. I recall that even in those days he was a very fast driver. I always have had a very strong memory of that trip and my first ride in a plane. I think it was in a Fokker Universal. It was probably dad's first plane – the one that now hangs in the Sydney Airport terminal. I also remember Wesley College.

PLAYBOY: Did you already regard your father as a businessman first and a father second?

ANSETT: I'm sure I didn't think of him as a businessman then. I felt he was in an interesting business, particularly on the aviation side. I do remember a big fire at Essendon just before I went to the US. A number of his aircraft were burnt. It was a great disaster and I think that was the first time it dawned on me that he must have had a pretty big business.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy those first nine years you spent in Australia?

ANSETT: Yeah. I wasn't particularly happy at boarding school. That was the time my parents' marriage was breaking up. My dad had bought a very old house on about 40 hectares of land at Mt Eliza. It's the same property on which he lives today but, of course, he has since built a new home there. I used to spend the weekends and holidays down there. I have very fond memories of those times and I guess I couldn't quite reconcile them to living in a boarding school. Up until the time I started boarding school I had what would be considered a conventional father-son relationship with dad. We used to go rabbit hunting together at Mt Eliza. The house was right on the beach, and we used to go out fishing.

PLAYBOY: What took you to America?

ANSETT: After the divorce, my mother married an American engineer with the Lockheed Company. He returned to the US just before World War Two and, of course, my mother, my younger brother, John, and I went with him.

PLAYBOY: Did your brother also return to Australia?

ANSETT: He came back before I did. He was about 13 or 14 when he returned because he wasn't doing too well in school in the US. He was quite a brilliant kid, and I guess he was uptight emotionally about a number of things. He came back and lived at Mt Eliza with our father and his second wife. John went to Brighton Grammar, then to the University of Melbourne, and became a lawyer.

PLAYBOY: Growing up in California, did you try consciously to keep alive your Australian roots?

ANSETT: No. I do remember, though, that a couple of years after we'd moved to California my dad came over to visit an aircraft manufacturer. It was when we had adopted my stepfather's name. I was enrolled in school as Bob Campbell. Dad learned of that. He took me to lunch and said: "Look, your name is Ansett. You ought to remember that." It made an impression on me and, ultimately, I changed back to Ansett. Right through my teens I never really thought of anywhere but Australia as being home.

PLAYBOY: Looking back now on that

incident, what do you think your father was trying to tell you?

ANSETT: It happened in 1943 or 1944 and his business was in a state of flux. The airline had virtually been closed down during the war and he'd got involved in the assembly of aircraft and other equipment for the armed services. He was still young, and no doubt he wanted to register on me that he was still my father and that Australia was my home. He was telling me that my name was Ansett and that I ought to keep things in context. It was just a natural expression between a father and his son.

PLAYBOY: You didn't feel that he was afraid of losing touch with you?

ANSETT: No. And there was no suggestion from him that I should come back to Australia.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that you were the prime reason for his frequent visits to the US?

ANSETT: I think I was an adjunct to his business interests. He was expanding his fleet of aircraft and I'm sure he was finding various forms of finance for the purchase of those planes. He would have been in the States every 18 months or so, and I would see him. His visits were fairly short because he had a growing business to look after. Having gone through that experience myself, I know you can't afford to be away too long.

PLAYBOY: You had a surrogate father. When Sir Reginald made his visits, did you regard him as a father or more of a visiting uncle?

ANSETT: I always regarded him as my father. I never really established a good relationship with my stepfather – it was very apathetic. I don't think he took much interest in me and I didn't take much interest in him. It was not an unpleasant environment. We used to acknowledge one another. We would say "Good morning," or "Good evening", and that was about the extent of our relationship.

PLAYBOY: In your attitude toward your stepfather, were you indirectly trying to punish your mother?

ANSETT: Oh, no, definitely not. Her second marriage broke down several years later, but not as a consequence of my or my brother's attitude toward her husband. As an engineer he travelled a great deal and spent one of the five years he and mother were married in South America. He did, however, give up his job and bought an avocado ranch in Vista, about 100km north of San Diego. I was about 14 or 15.

PLAYBOY: Did you resent the fact that your stepfather was unable to make a go of the farm?

ANSETT: Certainly. The rest of us were able to adapt to what was a difficult situation. There was a half-finished house on the property, with tar paper on the inside walls and the toilet out back. My stepfather just couldn't adapt, and he left. My mother tried to run the place herself for another two or three years, but with me at high school it became impossible.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with your mother?

ANSETT: Very good. She still lives in the US and I stay with her whenever I get over there. She has a nice house in San Diego and she enjoys her friends. I've been trying to persuade her to come to live in Australia and I thought I had succeeded last year. I put a deposit on a place in Surfers Paradise for her. But having made the commitment she got cold feet. Now I'm stuck with a unit in Surfers and she's still in San Diego.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever felt cheated by your parents or bitter toward them?

ANSETT: I've never consciously felt cheated. In all honesty, I've never really been close to either my father or my mother. I do enjoy my mother's company and I know and appreciate that she had to work very hard to keep herself and me. She had to leave Vista half way through my final year at high school to take a job in San Diego, and I moved in with the family of a school friend. I became very attached to that family and, in some respects, I probably had a closer family life with my friend's parents than I ever had with my own. But living with the Ward family didn't make me feel I had missed out on anything. I just knew that I was in an environment different from what I had encountered previously. I didn't feel cheated, because I have always tended to take things as they come. And I have never felt bitter.

"I've never consciously felt cheated. In all honesty, I've never really been close to either my father or my mother."

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that you always have been a loner?

ANSETT: Yes, but I am not a loner in the sense that I like doing things on my own or closeting myself away. I like being with people. Certainly I am alone and always have been, but not at the sacrifice of other human beings or my relatives.

PLAYBOY: When decisions have to be made, do you like to make them by yourself?

ANSETT: Yes. In the business context that probably is still so, though as the company gets larger I'm finding I take more advice.

PLAYBOY: Did you or your mother ever want for anything?

ANSETT: I don't think we ever wanted, but we did go through some very tough times. We scarcely lived in the lap of luxury. My mother didn't have much of an income and I worked after school and in the holidays. I had my own car when I was 15 and I needed money to keep it running and to buy clothes. After the avocado farm and after I'd finished school, we lived in a house in San Diego. I didn't realise how small that house was until I went back to San Diego years later. I remember looking at it and saying: "My God, did we live in that tiny little house?"

PLAYBOY: Did your father give you a good time when he came to visit?

ANSETT: I always used to see him in glamorous surroundings – the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood or at the Coconut Grove in Beverly Hills. I guess I realised then, maybe subconsciously, that he was successful. But I never really thought about it in any depth. I suppose I was proud of him because I used to like to show him off to my close friends. I would try to arrange it so that my friends would meet him when he came across. I took a great deal of pride in introducing him as my father. I knew that he was doing well and I liked him. He was a nice, dynamic guy.

PLAYBOY: How did your father react to being shown off?

ANSETT: I think he rather liked it. It probably would have been a new experience for him.

PLAYBOY: You have the reputation of having been a football star. Were you a football-playing student or a serious student who happened to have a talent for football?

ANSETT: Before going to high school, I had just played around with football. The sport really opened up for me in high school and I found I had some talent. I also played basketball, baseball, tennis and ran track. I was into all sports, but football had a special appeal. I was only an average student.

PLAYBOY: So the football thing was all accidental?

ANSETT: It started out that way, but it had a great impact on me in several ways. I found that I could excel in it; it was the first time I'd been confronted with any sort of leadership opportunity. As I went through my years as a football player I took on leadership responsibilities and I found that became very satisfying.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever feel you were trying to prove something on the football field to your distant father?

ANSETT: I don't think so.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever tempted to try

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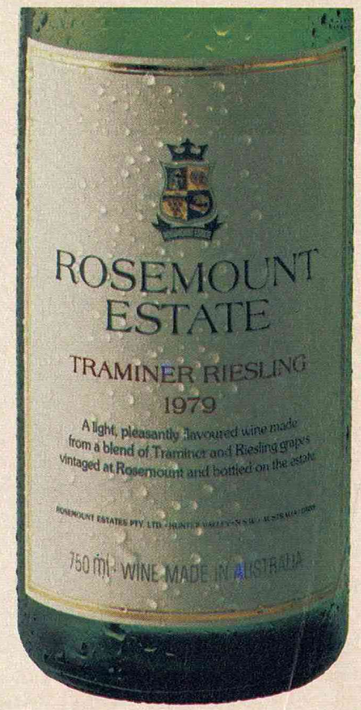

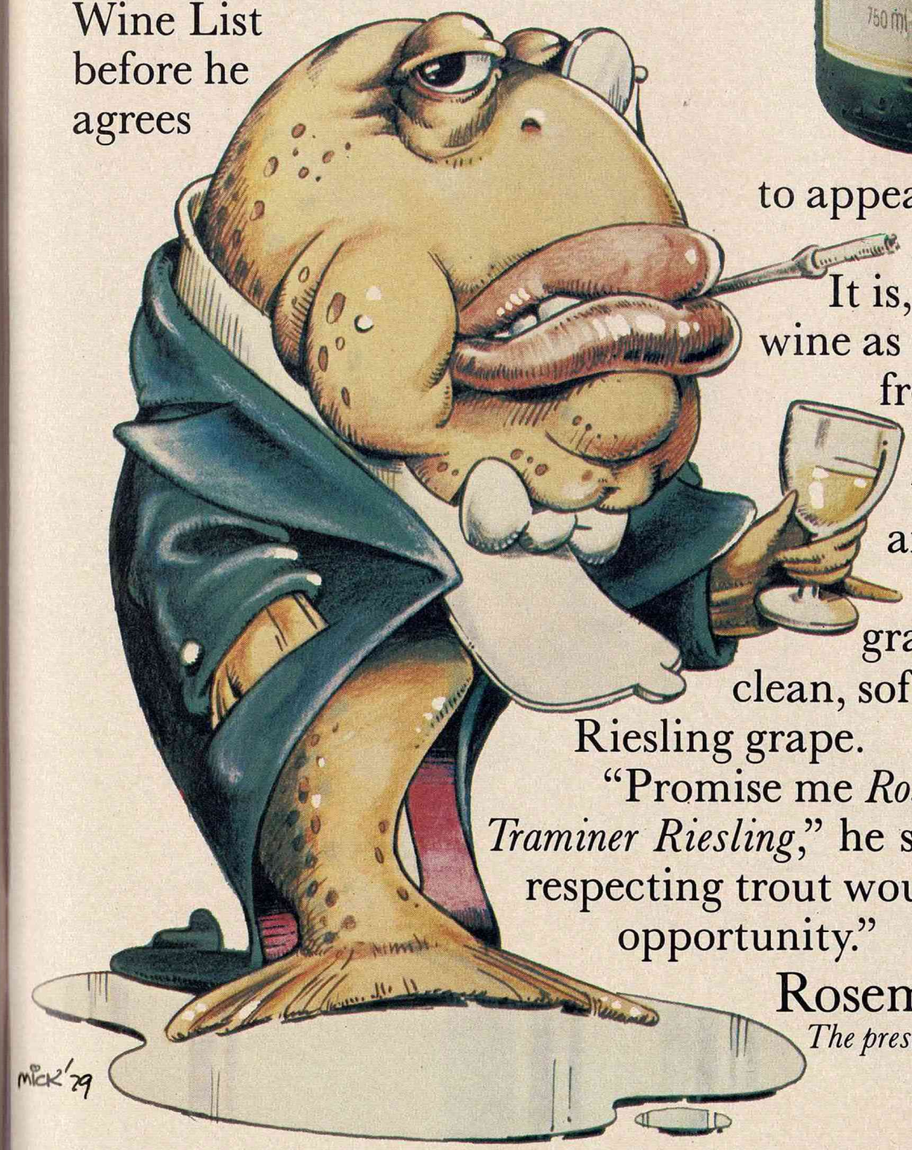

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to make it to the top as a full-time professional footballer?

ANSETT: Yes, very seriously. But at my peak weight of 90kg I was too light in a game in which it was rare for a pro player to be less than 100kg.

PLAYBOY: What took you to Alaska?

ANSETT: I'd always planned on going to college after high school, but I wanted to have a year or so doing something a little different – to earn some money and build up a bankroll. They were paying inordinately high wages in Alaska in 1952. Unskilled laborers were getting $6 an hour and free room and board. A friend and I drove up there and took jobs as tunnellers on a big hydro project just outside Anchorage. We worked in the bull gang at the tunnel face. It was very hard work but a great experience for an 18-year-old just out of school.

PLAYBOY: What kept you in Alaska for two years?

ANSETT: In the winter, when the job closed down, there was good money to be made driving taxis. Everything froze in the winter and they were the only form of transport. It was so cold you couldn't turn off a car engine, so the cabs ran 24 hours a day. My friend and I used to drive the night shift. It was illegal for anyone under 21 to have a taxi driver's licence but it was a wide open, wild town. The chief of police was an ex-convict from Seattle. Gambling and prostitution were rife and in the taxi business we were exposed to everything that was going on.

PLAYBOY: So you found Eskimo Nell alive and living in Anchorage?

ANSETT: Not quite, but I can tell you that a lot of very attractive American girls used to go up there to make their fortunes. After six months in Anchorage they could return to the States with a bundle of money. What with the big army and air force bases, the miners, the prospectors and the construction workers, they had plenty of customers. It was a terrific education.

PLAYBOY: Sexually?

ANSETT: That, certainly, but it was a very broad education. In that environment you have to be totally self-sufficient. I was exposed to situations very few kids face. I was robbed, beaten up and, on one occasion, robbed at knifepoint when I thought a passenger who demanded my money was drunker than he was.

PLAYBOY: What kind of American girls sold their favors in Anchorage?

ANSETT: You saw the whole spectrum. I can recall one very attractive girl of about 22 from Seattle. She'd had an abortion and a broken love affair and apparently decided to go to Alaska for the hell of it. She was very clever. She bought a little caravan and arranged with a bunch of us cab drivers to ferry her customers. I got to know her well. She was a very soft person and a most unlikely candidate for prostitution. She spent six months in Anchorage and returned to Seattle with $20,000 tax free in the bank. Years later I received a Christmas card from her telling me she had married and was a mother.

PLAYBOY: Anchorage men have a reputation as being tough, brawling, hard on their liquor and their women. Was it a very rough school?

ANSETT: Oh yes, but I was always pretty good at looking after myself. Many of the roughest brawls were of a racial origin. There were a great number of Negroes up there for the same reason I was – to make money. I found it quite frightening and perplexing because I had no previous experience of racial prejudice. But I also found that I had as much affinity with a Negro as I did with a Caucasian.

PLAYBOY: Did you return to the States with your planned bankroll?

ANSETT: We thought we did, but we went home via Las Vegas and Palm Springs to let off a bit of steam after two years in the wilderness. By the time we got back to California we had nothing left.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any inkling that Uncle Sam would be waiting for you with a draft card in his hand?

ANSETT: I knew it was coming. The Korean War was still going on. As an Australian citizen I could have returned to Australia, but that would have meant forfeiting my permanent American residency. I never really gave any thought to doing anything other than going into the army – probably because all my friends had to go into the service.

PLAYBOY: Why did you volunteer as a paratrooper?

ANSETT: Well, I had two options. I could enlist as an infantryman and probably go straight to Korea or I could go into a specialised section of the army. All the others looked dull, so I joined the paratroopers. They paid you an extra $50 a month to jump out of planes and that meant a lot when a private got $90 a month. Besides, I'd always had an affinity with aeroplanes and there was a sense of excitement associated with jumping out of them. Because my name began with "A", I was the first to jump in my section. I felt cooped up and nervous inside the C11 waiting to make my first jump, but once I went through the door I felt great. There is no experience in the world to compare with being out there with your parachute open above you.

PLAYBOY: Did you see any action?

ANSETT: No. En route to Korea we landed in Tokyo. Someone obviously had gone through my history card. The general at that time in Japan was a

fellow called Maxwell Taylor, who later became Chief of Staff. He was then Armed Forces Far-East Commander based at Camp Zama, near Yokohama, and he was determined to build the greatest football team the US Army had ever had. General Taylor discovered that I was a football player and I was taken off the aircraft and sent to Zama, where I proceeded to play football for the next two years. That was my active duty. There were 33 generals, about 7000 officers and 150 enlisted men at Camp Zama. Although I was only a private, as a footballer I used to be saluted by the lieutenants.

PLAYBOY: Football also gained you invitations to three universities after your discharge. Why did you choose to go to Utah?

ANSETT: I had the opportunity of scholarships at UCLA, San Jose State and Utah. The Utah scholarship was more attractive because it offered free board, books and tuition and $15 a week spending money. Utah also played a style of football that suited me the best.

PLAYBOY: Did you take a degree?

ANSETT: No. But then I was going on 24 and I found it very hard to re-adjust to the rigidity of university life. I enjoyed the football, but I just couldn't motivate myself to the academic discipline. So I dropped out and took a job with Carnation Milk in Los Angeles, negotiating supermarket shelf space. A couple of years later I moved to San Diego and joined the Oralwheat bread company. That company, which was the first to produce quality bread in competition to the artificial white bread, has become very successful. There were very good opportunities for me there. But I felt I was stagnating and I was looking for something new.

PLAYBOY: During your last few years in the US you became an active campaigner for the election of Barry Goldwater, perhaps the most conservative presidential candidate since Hoover. What did you find so attractive about Goldwater?

ANSETT: When I got out of the army and was granted automatic American citizenship, I became a Republican. Americans take their responsibilities as citizens seriously in terms of voting and identifying with one party. Because I'd always been an advocate of free enterprise it was only natural that I should lean toward the Republican Party. And I still believe today that Goldwater is one of the most misrepresented people ever to have stood for the presidency. He was partly responsible for that himself because he wasn't able to develop the right relationship with the media. You know, many of the things he stood for ultimately were picked up by Lyndon Johnson. He was a westerner, from Arizona. He was the John Wayne type – very handsome, a former air force general. He was the first serious presidential candidate from the west – the kind of a guy you'd expect to ride up in a white hat with two pearl-handled revolvers strapped on his hips. I still think he would have made an excellent president.

PLAYBOY: You had no qualms about a man prepared to use such drastic measures to shorten the Vietnam war?

ANSETT: He was going to end the war.

PLAYBOY: By using nuclear weapons?

ANSETT: I don't think Goldwater ever said he would drop atomic bombs on Vietnam. As I recollect, he said he wouldn't be opposed to using them to end the war. I think he said he would use chemicals to defoliate the jungle. He took the attitude that used to exist in America – you go into a war, you go in to win. He wanted to minimise the loss of American lives. It was still an era not so advanced from when atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and

"I have a fair measure of ambition and drive and determination – maybe as much as he has. But I wouldn't want to live my father's lifestyle."

Nagasaki. People didn't regard atomic weapons with the degree of horror that they do today.

PLAYBOY: He obviously struck a sympathetic chord with you.

ANSETT: I had a real empathy with him because he stood up front. Maybe his willingness to speak his mind was his weakness, but I wouldn't have called his position reactionary. With the possible exception of Ted Kennedy, he is still the most respected senator in the US.

PLAYBOY: His defeat coincided with your decision to return to Australia. Was there a connection between the two events?

ANSETT: Yeah. I'd said publicly to all my friends that if Goldwater lost, it would be a sign that America was going to swing too far to the left for me and I would go back to Australia. But obviously my reasons for leaving America went a lot deeper. The American lifestyle can be like an anaesthetic – you fall into a kind of slumberland. I could see that if I stayed another five years in that environment, it would take an earthquake to move me.

PLAYBOY: Were there ever suggestions that you were also concerned about the militant black movement?

ANSETT: Never. I have a great empathy for black Americans. I'm delighted at the progress they have made. Apart from that period in Alaska, I have never really been exposed to any sort of racial violence or animosity.

PLAYBOY: You came back to Australia looking for a challenge. Wasn't your marriage one of the first challenges you had to face?

ANSETT: My first wife is American. She didn't like Australia that much. But that wasn't the cause of the marriage breakdown. It is very limiting for a woman to be a suburban housewife with three children. I was exposed to a whole new world. I was travelling a great deal. My interests were obviously growing in a different direction. We just drifted apart. One day we found that we had little in common. It's sad.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any irony in the fact that both your private and public lives closely parallel your father's?

ANSETT: I guess you must say that. Not that for a moment I consider myself to be like him. I have a fair measure of ambition and drive and determination – maybe as much as he has. But I wouldn't want to live my father's lifestyle. As the head of an enormous enterprise he has, to a degree, become a prisoner of his creation. I think he is very lonely and isolated. I would never want that. My style of management is totally different. I have closed my office door during this interview because we don't want to be disturbed, but it is the first time that door has been closed in seven years. The keystone of this company is the open style of management.

PLAYBOY: But, at your age, wasn't Sir Reginald about at the same stage you are now?

ANSETT: I don't think so, but this is merely hearsay. I believe that he's always been a fairly authoritarian leader in his company. I see myself as part of a team. Maybe I am the catalyst, but I'm not setting myself above or away from the team. It is difficult to make comparisons because I have seen him operate only during the past 15 years, in which time his environment hasn't altered much. By his choice of lifestyle, living at Mt Eliza and travelling to and from work in a helicopter, he is not really exposed to the community. On the contrary, he has removed himself from the community. I can never see myself in a similar situation.

PLAYBOY: What is your relationship with your children?

ANSETT: When I remarried in 1975, the three children came to live with me. Two of them still do. The eldest, Ronald, who is 21, is working for

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Budget in Surfers. My daughter, Sherrie, is 18. She works for Singapore Airlines in Melbourne and lives at home. So, too, does Timothy Reginald, who will matriculate from Camberwell Grammar this year.

PLAYBOY: Are you very close to your children?

ANSETT: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you remarry on the rebound?

ANSETT: I don't think you would call four years between the end of my first marriage and my second marriage "on the rebound".

PLAYBOY: How did you meet your second wife?

ANSETT: She was a hostess with MMA, the Ansett Airlines subsidiary in Western Australia. I met her when an American friend and I were flying up through the Pilbara. He had not met any attractive Australian girls and I suggested he take the hostess out to dinner when we got to Darwin. She ended up dining with both of us. She didn't click with my friend, but she did with me and we were married a couple of years later.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever feel that, as the hard-headed son of a hard-headed father, your life has been pre-ordained?

ANSETT: Fate seems to be moving me in a certain direction. I think the most significant factor in any businessman's career is timing. In 1968 the timing might have been totally wrong for me to go out to buy a rental car company. I could have failed abysmally. But I am a fatalist – it didn't happen and I didn't lose any sleep over it. I guess I learned patience and persistence from that lesson. Although Eric McIllree had told me that I would never own Budget or even any equity in the company, his death set a whole new series of permutations. Pre-ordained or not, I believe my management style and my ambitions have grown at a similar pace. For the first two years after starting with Budget I never dreamed of owning the company. Suddenly I had the ambition to own it and, once I had acquired it, my goal was to be market leader.

PLAYBOY: Australia is sprinkled with sons who have taken over where their fathers have left off. Do you feel different from them?

ANSETT: Yes. In possibly every example you have in mind, the son has come into the family business. Maybe the sons gained outside experience working overseas or what have you, but through it all they were destined to carry on the family business. That, certainly, has never been my situation.

PLAYBOY: What about genetic factors?

ANSETT: I have often wondered about them. Behavioral scientists often talk about the factors which influence a person's characteristics, and whether they are environmental or genetic. If my father has had any influence on me it has to be genetic. I wouldn't argue against the proposition that I have a number of his characteristics.

PLAYBOY: Your father or his company seem to have placed hurdles in your way. Do you ever say to yourself: "I'll show the bastard"?

ANSETT: No. When you grow up the way I have, you never take anything for granted and you never expect anything for nothing.

PLAYBOY: It must be satisfying to make ripples in your father's pond.

ANSETT: I get immense satisfaction from achieving a personal objective. But I can say honestly that I have never set out to achieve anything with the object of making trouble or ripples for my father.

PLAYBOY: Can the son of a tycoon ever be seen to succeed in his own light?

ANSETT: Two or three years ago people might have said that I have got where I am because my old man helped me. Quite frankly it wouldn't have worried me if people had said that. But I think the events of the past year or so have pretty well dispelled that idea.

"Two or three years ago people might have said that I have got where I am because my old man helped me. It wouldn't have worried me."

PLAYBOY: Did it ever occur to you to take a business name other than that of Ansett?

ANSETT: Never. But, funnily enough, my brother has used other names from time to time. The emotional impact of being the son of Sir Reginald Ansett has had a real effect on my brother's personality. Unlike me, he has lived all his life in Melbourne, except for four years in America. He practises law, but every now and again opts out. He is a director of Budget and handles a lot of our legal work, but every four years or so he takes a sabbatical. He might take a job with the railways unloading lumber cars or something. He might do that for a year and then come back to the law.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you are your brother's keeper?

ANSETT: The first time he dropped out I guess I did. I tried very hard to help him through what was obviously a difficult time. Now it has become almost a routine, but I am still very disappointed when he decides to go on his walkabouts.

PLAYBOY: Were you and your father ever close when you first came back to Australia?

ANSETT: We had an adult relationship. I was interested in talking to him, getting to know him and learning about his career and getting his advice. Maybe once a month I would hop up there and have a drink with him and maybe we'd have lunch every two or three months.

PLAYBOY: Has he ever put any pressure on you to join him?

ANSETT: Only once, a hint. Just before I went to university. He had gone into the trucking business in a big way and he suggested that I get a job with a US trucking firm to learn the business, as there could be some opportunity for me with his company in Australia. But I wanted to go to Utah. We talked it out. I don't think he felt slighted. In the end we agreed I should take up the football scholarship.

PLAYBOY: Talking of friendly persuasion, is it true that, when you became the head of Budget, you tried to persuade your father not to become a competitor?

ANSETT: Yeah. I argued that Avis were at their peak and the only way the company could go was down. And I pointed out that once Ansett bought Avis they were going to lose half their airport business because TAA were going to quit passing their business on to Avis. The Avis success was due to the independence of both airlines and about 30 percent of their business came from TAA. That was about 18 months before the airport contract expired and, no matter how optimistic ATI might have been then, there was no way Avis would retain the monopoly. It seemed to me that a lot of money was being paid for a company which had peaked and whose business would reduce much more rapidly if Ansett bought it. And, of course, from a very selfish but meaningful point of view, I didn't want to be in competition with my father. I was a significant shareholder in Budget and for five years I had worked toward the single objective of getting on to the airports. If Avis, Hertz and Budget were on the airports, we could expect to share in that business. ATI's acquisition of Avis put this at risk.

I was angry. I didn't think it right that an airline should be able to buy a car rental company. We have trade practices legislation which I thought should have prevented the takeover. Anyway, I thought I had succeeded in swaying my father. About six weeks before the announcement, I asked him what had happened with Avis and he said: "Oh, we've put it to bed." I

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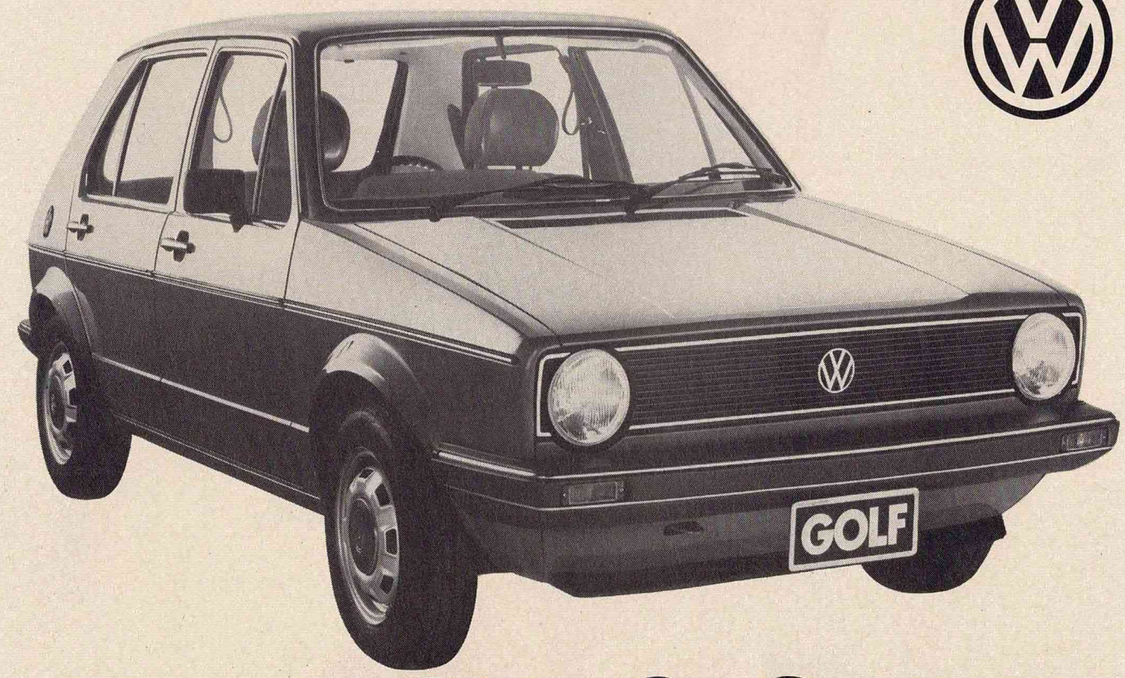

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assumed from that that the thing had been forgotten. Then he rang me five minutes before the public announcement to tell me he had taken over Avis. I told him I was very disappointed that he had decided to go ahead and that really was the end of it.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel at any time that you were getting through to him?

ANSETT: I honestly thought I was succeeding in my argument that it wasn't in anyone's interest for ATI to buy Avis. I kept him informed about the sort of progress we were making, about the frustrations of the business, the cost escalations — all the things you would talk about to a confidant. I suppose I was at fault in being so frank. But I gathered from some of the comments he made that I really had succeeded. It could well be that one of his finance guys had convinced him that Avis was too good a deal to turn down. But, in the end, it is my father who makes the decisions. ATI is structured so that, in many respects, it is still a one-man show.

PLAYBOY: Was that a turning point in your relationship with your father?

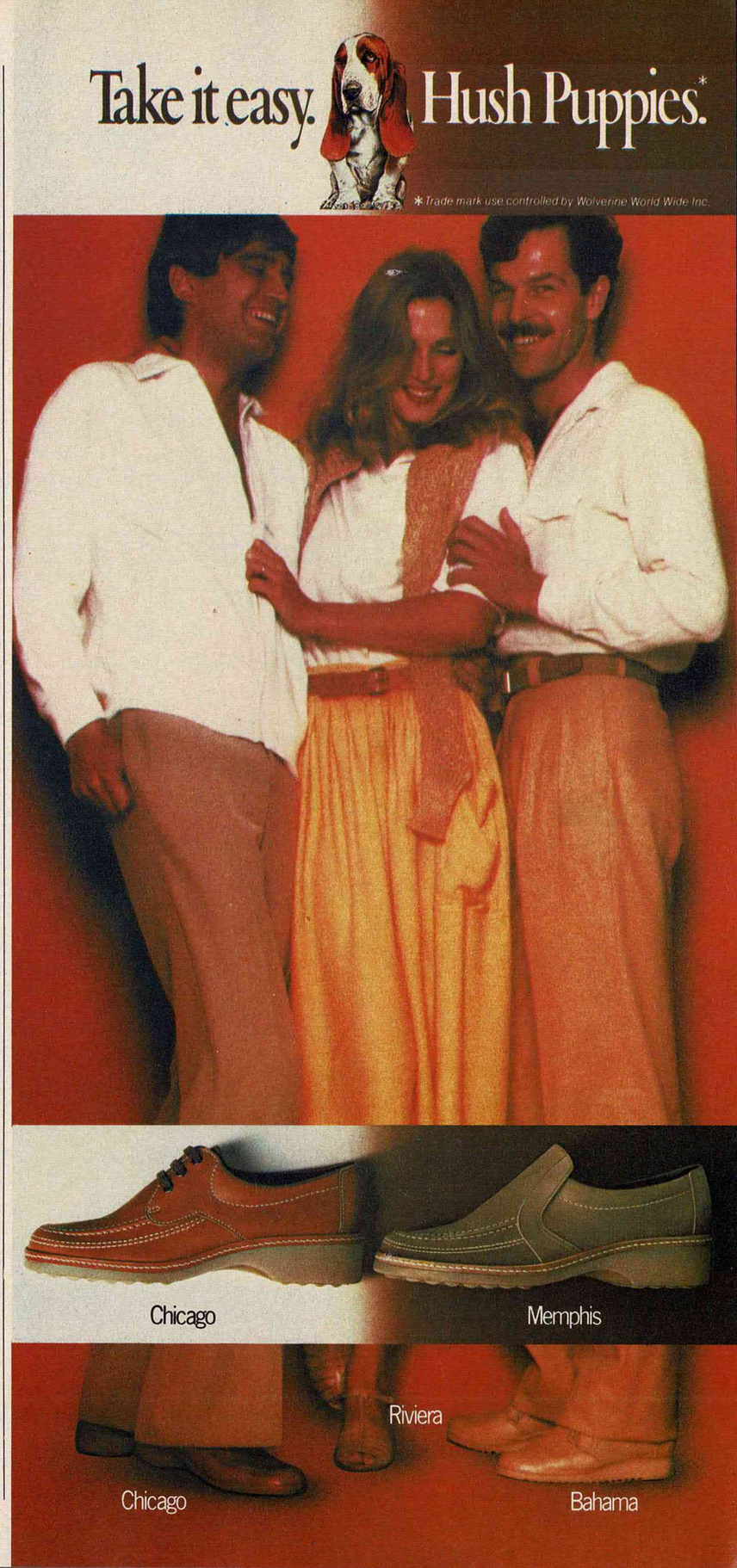
ANSETT: Oh, sure, but more so on his side than on mine. I never expected anything more than the on-going, casual relationship that we had. I don't hold any grudges against anyone. I'm fairly easy-going and I don't take myself too seriously. One thing I like about Australia is that if you do take yourself too seriously someone will knock you down. But a fairly bitter battle developed between us. I necessarily had to use the media. As a very private person, very little of my father's private life previously had been exposed to the media.

PLAYBOY: In spite of your good intentions, do you feel now that he was spoiling for a boots-and-all fight?

ANSETT: I don't think so, and I think he totally underestimated my response. I don't think, for example, that he thought I would challenge him through the Trade Practices Commission, or that a long and expensive court battle would ensue with all its resultant publicity. I don't really think he took into account the dramatic father-son aspect that the media would jump on. I think he expected me to say, Well, okay, that's fine, and try to work it out so that Budget would still get a slice of the action.

PLAYBOY: Are you still your father's son, or a fierce business rival?

ANSETT: I never intended to make it a bitter fight. I have never made a personal attack on him. I certainly have attacked his company, and will continue to do so. He hasn't attacked me personally, either. He has said very little about the whole thing. His only public statement was in a letter to a



number of newspapers: "There is no feud between me and Mr Ansett." From his side, that gave the game away. Suddenly I'd become Mr Ansett, and that started to worry me.

PLAYBOY: Even the most competitive businessmen get together occasionally over a dinner and a bottle of port. Do you and Sir Reginald?

ANSETT: No. As a matter of fact, we haven't spoken since that day in November, 1977, when he rang me. I've sent him a couple of telegrams when it was his birthday.

PLAYBOY: Don't you regard as churlish his failure to acknowledge congratulatory telegrams?

ANSETT: I have always sent him a card or a telegram on his birthday and he has never acknowledged them – even when the relationship was on an even keel. I guess I hoped the last telegram would open the door for a dialogue after the rather tense circumstances that have existed for the past 18 months, but it didn't. And I can't say I was too surprised.

PLAYBOY: Do your children, his grandchildren, have any access to him?

ANSETT: No, but, then again, it is probably difficult for the average guy in the street to understand the relationship. My kids have been up to Mt Eliza and met him, but they were born in the US and the normal grandchild-grandfather relationship does not exist. My children read the newspapers and they see that there is a feud going on, but I don't think they are too sensitive about it.

PLAYBOY: Do they regret that they have a grandfather who is out of reach?

ANSETT: When they were younger they expressed an interest in going to see him and in learning a little more about what he does, but as they have grown up they have accepted the situation.

PLAYBOY: You are painting a picture of a very cold, unfeeling, unforgiving man. Is that how you see him?

ANSETT: I don't intend to do that. Your line of questioning focuses on that point and probably is making it appear more significant than it really is. I think that a person who builds an empire in his own lifetime is a very special sort of person. I don't think it is true to say that he's a very cold, aloof person. I suppose he is a bit like an ageing football player. He musters his resources and doesn't expend energy in areas that may not appear to be necessary. In his line of priorities, I think that he is most interested in ensuring that the future of the company, his empire, is assured.

PLAYBOY: Is it pride that divides you?

ANSETT: It is not pride on my side. Because of the way this battle evolved, there has been a lot of publicity and no one can control what is said in the press. I imagine some very hurtful things have appeared in the newspapers – things he wouldn't have been happy to read. I'm more than happy to see him at any time, but perhaps I am in a different position. I don't know how you assess who has won or lost in this thing. But, on the surface, I seem to have come out on top. Maybe it is not as hard for me as it is for him.

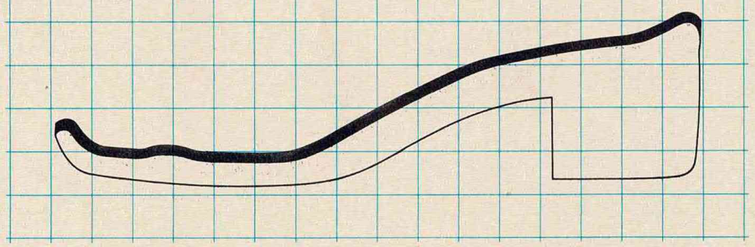
PLAYBOY: If you picked up the phone now, rang his office and asked to be put through to Sir Reginald, do you think you would get through?

ANSETT: No, I doubt it. I have been trying unsuccessfully to set up an appointment for days.

PLAYBOY: When the battle began, you must have known that your father had much more political clout than you. Did you plan your tactics accordingly, or did you pin your faith on the Trade Practices Act?

ANSETT: I was reasonably confident that the Act would see justice done, but during the dispute the legislation was changed. Originally the legislation laid down that if a firm was in a position to acquire shares in another company and was, therefore, in a

The forecast is for more comfortable times.



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position to lessen competition, the takeover was in contravention of the Act. The wording was changed from "lessen competition" to "dominate or control". We discovered during the hearing in which we opposed ATI's takeover of Avis that it is much more difficult to prove domination or control. The judge ultimately ruled that ATI's acquisition should proceed. I couldn't argue with that decision because there was no way that Ansett were going to dominate the market through Avis.

After that point we had to use a totally different strategy. Through the hearing we'd been talking with Transport and various other Government departments, arguing unequivocally that there had to be competition on the airports and expressing concern that if Ansett bought Avis then TAA would probably buy another rental car company. By August or September last year we thought our message had been accepted but then, for some unbelievable reason, the department announced there would be one operator at all airports and a second rental car position would be called by tender. They were perpetuating the Avis monopoly. As far as we were concerned, that was just not on.

We went back through the whole lobbying process again, but this time I took a different tack and attempted to see the Prime Minister. He had just gone overseas, but I got a very good hearing from the transport people within his department, who recommended to the PM that there ought to be more meaningful competition for car rentals at airports. It then became a Cabinet matter and the PM referred the matter back to the Transport Department, asking them why there could not be competition on the airports. The department decided subsequently that there would be two national car rental operators through the airports, and a third would be called on an airport to airport basis. That was an acceptable compromise, because I was confident Budget would be somewhere on those airports. And we were. When the tenders were sorted out, we and TAA's Hertz were the two national operators.

PLAYBOY: Were there times when you suspected your father was pulling strings behind the scenes?

ANSETT: I'd be naive not to acknowledge that he has very strong political influence. His business has evolved in such a way that it is critical for him to have political connections. He is a political man himself. I don't know how much was going on behind the scenes, but when ATI bought Avis that was one of my great concerns. One of his executives underlined the political clout involved when he bragged that Ansett always had a couple of runs on the board before the game started.

PLAYBOY: The person in the street probably thinks it was a hell of a fight over a small piece of cake. How much was at stake in the airport battle?

ANSETT: I believe that in the next 12 months $30 million worth of business will flow from the airports. So it is a big piece of cake. And the competition will ensure that it will grow substantially. In the first three months of the new financial year, the three car rental companies on the airports will spend about $1.5 million in advertising. Whenever competition is introduced in this industry, the total market expands. We estimate that there probably will be more than $150 million involved in the airport contract over the next five years.

PLAYBOY: How will you contrive to get Budget's name mentioned by Ansett and TAA airline hostesses?

ANSETT: That is a problem. From a legal point of view, I think the airlines are contravening the law by offering one rental car service. I don't think that either airline is going to be able to continue doing that.

"My plans at the moment are to become the leader in the car rental industry. I think I can achieve that by 1981."

PLAYBOY: What do the airport concessions mean to your company?

ANSETT: The contract that we won gives us full operating rights on all Commonwealth airports for five years. At present we have about 20 percent of the car rental market in Australia.

PLAYBOY: Where, then, does losing the airport concession leave Avis?

ANSETT: It means that Avis has forfeited its market leadership. I imagine it is going to be a very difficult time for Avis and it is going to get harder.

PLAYBOY: What was the value of the Avis company when Ansett Transport Industries took it over?

ANSETT: It was never announced publicly but I believe the figure was around $10 million. Its market value today, as a consequence of the emasculation of its airport operation, would be about half that.

PLAYBOY: As a staunch advocate of free enterprise, what is your attitude toward Australia's two-airline policy?

ANSETT: It's a relic. There may have been justification for the policy in the '50s, but we are moving into the '80s and it is antiquated. There is no justification for its continuance. It is anti-competitive and we are living in an era in which the trade practices laws dictate that there has to be competition. You can't have a two-airline cartel. They're shielded by an Act of Parliament and a Minister must give five years' notice to alter, cancel or terminate the agreement. That notice should be given immediately.

PLAYBOY: So you are in there pitching with Gordon Barton?

ANSETT: I don't care who becomes the new airline competitor. Just recently we saw an example of what competition can achieve for the airline passenger. The two major airlines applied for a 10 percent increase in fares on every route but one – the Devonport spur on which a small company, Bizjets, has opened a service in competition. All of a sudden Ansett and TAA find it is not necessary to increase their fares on that particular Tasmanian run. In fact they have reduced their Devonport fares.

PLAYBOY: Have you any plans to get into the airline business?

ANSETT: My plans at the moment are to become the leader in the car rental industry. I think I can achieve that by 1981. By then I'll be about 47 or 48 and I'll be looking for new challenges. I think deregulation of the aviation industry will evolve naturally in the next couple of years. I believe independent operators will be flying wide-bodied commuter jets on the heavy density routes, offering vastly reduced fares. Budget Airlines would interest me greatly.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Sir Reginald would have preferred a son who was subservient rather than competitive, someone he could have moulded as his heir and successor?

ANSETT: He is only one of, let's say, 14,000 shareholders in ATI. I think his personal shareholding is less than 2 percent. And while obviously he is enormously influential in the management of that company and in directing its future, I don't know that he is in a position to dictate who will succeed him – even if he wanted to.

PLAYBOY: Is your father your yardstick, a man whose wealth and accomplishments you have to top?

ANSETT: He is someone for whom I have a great deal of respect and admiration. His achievement is unique and I'm not sure that these days anyone could duplicate what he has done. If I set myself the task of equalling or bettering what he has done, I'd be living in a fantasy land.

Sin City of the South Pacific

the latest instalment in our survey of the sexual climates of our major cities finds sydney hot and horny, with the outlook sultry and the forecast self-indulgent

article **By Lee Patterson**

SIZE, someone once said in a sexual context, isn't everything. But neither is it irrelevant. Especially when you are casting around for explanations of why some cities are sexier than others. It is no coincidence that Sydney, our biggest, oldest, most populous and certainly most cosmopolitan city, is also regarded as our raciest, most accessible and least hung-up metropolis. The city of sun, surf and smiles is also the city of sex and a not unimpressive amount of

Illustration by Tony Pyrzakowski

unadulterated sin. Apart from size, there are many physical and environmental reasons why Sydney has become one of the sexiest cities in the world. It is not only a big, thriving industrial city which supports a large, young and growing population, but also it is situated in a perfect climate close to some of the best beaches in the world. Sydneysiders therefore tend to be very physical, outdoors people. They are not hung up about showing off their bodies, flaunting their own sexuality – for whatever it is worth – and generally spending as much time as possible on the beach under the sun.

There is also the subjective but supportable fact that most Australians, but especially Sydney people, tend to be good looking rather than unattractive. People who travel the world, and who have a practised eye for a pretty figure, a well-structured face, good skin and that indefinable but confident air of people who know what they want and where they are going, will tell you that you are more likely to have your head turned walking down a Sydney street than you are anywhere else.

But to understand why sex appears to be so plentiful, so accessible and so free in Sydney you have to understand the people, where they come from and what has influenced the city's sexual character. Unlike any other city in Australia, Sydney is shameless and daring about her sexuality. She doesn't give a damn what anyone thinks. Where other Australian cities suppress their feelings, desires and their sexual identity behind doors, in closets and below stairs, Sydney flaunts herself brazenly. While a substantial part of other cities' sex lives is negotiated in Victorian secrecy and acted out safely in massage parlors, Sydney people are out doing it in the streets, on nude beaches, on rooftops – in fact, almost anywhere you care to name.

Since its cold and cruel convict genesis, Sydney has been a hard mother and a soft and understanding lover to the generations who came to build Australia. Millions of overseas visitors now come here every year to have a bite at our big apple. And the flesh never tasted sweeter. Sydney is a sexual magnet, not only to those who live within its limits but also to the rest of Australia, to the people of the South Pacific and the world – boatloads of sailors on leave, red-necked, sex-starved cow cockies from the bush, button-down business executives from interstate with wallets full of cash and eyes full of lust, miners with dirty fingernails and possibly dirtier minds, randy servicemen on leave, international travellers and main movers from the suburbs. They don't all come here just to buy koala bears and gawk at the Opera House.

Like everyone else, they are searching for something a little more responsive than a stuffed bear to hug and to hold. They are seekers of thrills, fun, friendship, gratification, release and straight-out, old-fashioned sex. They are people who want to lose themselves in Sydney's skirts, perhaps find a new friend but, at least, taste the exotic forbidden fruit.

From its bawdy convict beginnings, through two world wars, a depression, hardship and the violent Kings Cross gang wars of the '20s, Sydney has acquired a rollicking, cheeky flavor and attitude distinctively its own. Sydney doesn't need reminding about its early days, whorehouses, depravity, violence and drunkenness – those roots make Sydney what it is today. The evidence is everywhere.

Sydneysiders tend to label themselves geographically by suburbs but there is still a strong and overriding emotional identity with Sydney when any threat or imputation to the city's honor is posed by an outsider – especially one from Melbourne.

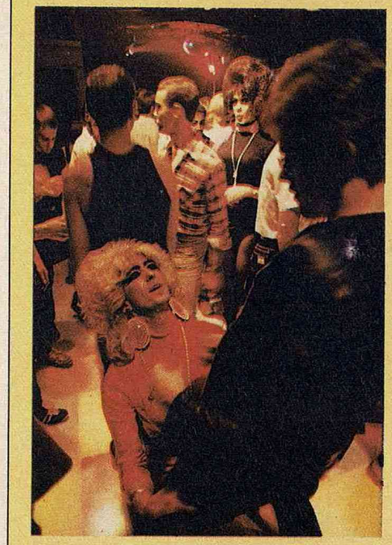
Another factor which affects the sexual flavor and make-up of the population is the enormous tourist trade which passes through the city each year, both from interstate and overseas. Sydney will be host to a staggering 3,247,000 visitors during 1979. They will spend a nice, round $300 million for the privilege. David Worland, director of the Sydney Visitors and Conventions Bureau, estimates that of that $300 million, about $40 million will be spent on "having a good time". Mr Worland could not provide a more detailed breakdown but did say: "Sydney has a reputation for being to Australia what New York is to the US. It's a big, exciting, sexy, stimulating city, but not so big that it is too daunting or too frightening to most people.

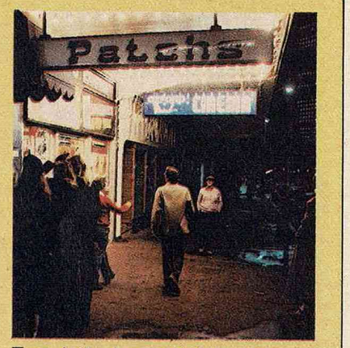
"Sydney people have a fantastic lifestyle – sun, sand, the best beaches only minutes from the city centre, sensational weather and beautiful people. The city has all the advantages of a beach resort town along with those of a large commercial, cosmopolitan centre with big theatres, festivals, arts attractions and all the sights. Life here is a little loose and relaxed. You can get anything you want in Sydney. And I mean anything. It's a magic town."

•

Apart from its celebrated beaches, sun, lack of formality and friendliness, Sydney also has the best nightlife in Australia – all of which adds up to a sexy singles scene. The latest 1978 population statistics for metropolitan Sydney show there were 3,155,200 people calling it home. There were 150,827 single males aged 20 to 39 and 93,428 females aged 20 to 39 who had never been married. In addition there were 21,150 males and 31,573 females aged 20 to 39 who had been divorced or were separated permanently.

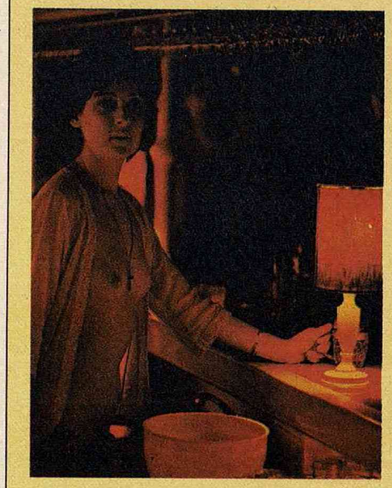
If industry and commerce in Sydney are moving increasingly to the major suburban centres it is still to the city centre that some of the most beautiful and available secretaries, waitresses, airline hostesses, university students and office workers flood each day. The places where they meet after work are spread the length and breadth of the city and across the harbor to North Sydney, the hub of the advertising industry and a growing commercial centre in its own right. In summer, in parks, at beaches from Cronulla to Pittwater and in the streets, there is always plenty of skin on show. The dress is casual and dictated totally by the climate and prevailing fashion



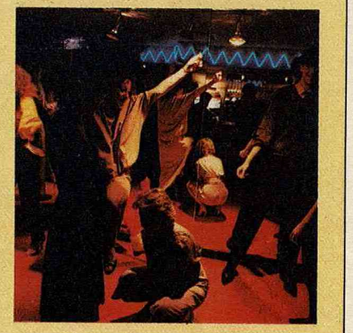


Top, left, above: Patch's gay bar really throbs at night.

Below: Arthur's top hot spot.



Above: Martin's Bar, where lonely singles can meet one another.



THE BEST OF SEXUAL EDUCATIONS

IN A well-furnished, modern flat overlooking Garden Island Dockyard a Sydney woman of easy charm and easier virtue operates in her chosen profession of French mother. Pauline is 34 and does not sell herself to just anyone. She specialises in the sexual initiation and instruction of young boys at the request of their parents. Pauline's unusual career is itself testimony to the growing sexual maturity of Australians.

In France, such surrogates are quite common. When an adolescent boy, anywhere from 15 to 18, is thought to be ready he is taken by his father or elder brother to a brothel and placed in the hands of a woman experienced in introducing virgin boys to the wide and wonderful world of sexual relations.

Pauline, who trained as a language mistress but never taught, not only teaches boys to touch, please and make love to a woman but also counsels on the necessary biological facts. The boy, after two or three meetings with Pauline, will have knowledge, experience and confidence. In effect she teaches him to be a good lover, aware and proud of himself as a functioning man.

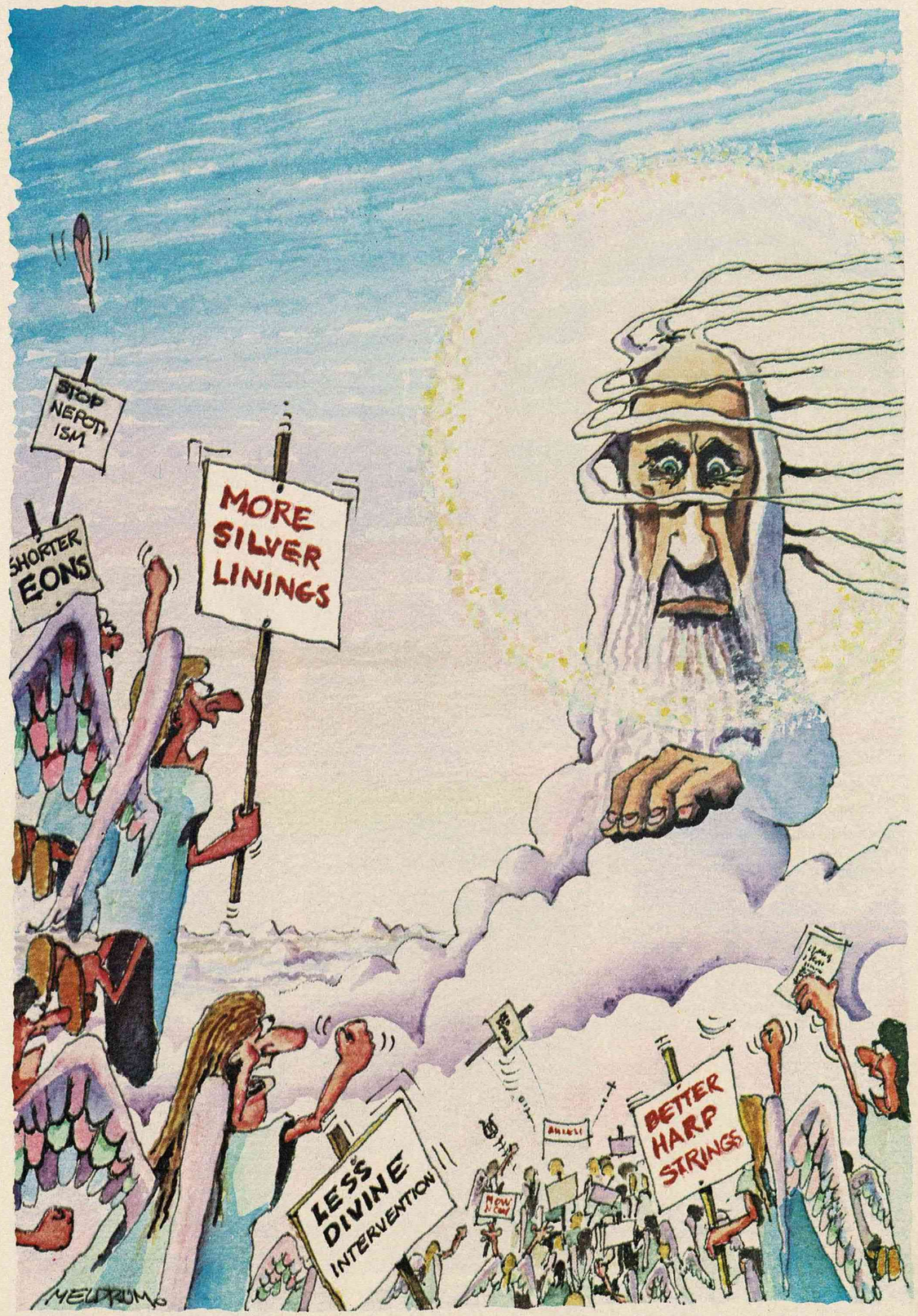
"A few boys with sexual problems or neuroses are sent direct to me by psychiatrists or counsellors. A few of the kids have problems and are withdrawn, shy or backward with females. A lot of the boys I take are Jewish and from rich families," she says. "Frequently it is the mothers who suggest and arrange it. They learn about me from friends and make the initial contact. It is hard to tell whether the parents' motivation is always entirely good. Some fathers and mothers want to keep total control over their sons, even as they become adults, by having a say in everything they do. I don't agree that it's a good idea for a person's sex life to be pre-determined but there is definitely a place for practical sex counselling of youngsters who might otherwise find the experience to be needlessly traumatic.

"There wouldn't be so many wrecked, unhappy people sexually if we all learned how to do it properly at the beginning and not feel guilty. Some guys of 18 and 19 are more experienced and adventurous sexually than a lot of men of 30 and 40 I have slept with socially. Not all my boys are virgins. A lot are afraid. But no one pushes them into anything."

How did Pauline embark on such an extraordinary career? "I have never been to France but people told me how they do things there," she said. "Hungarians, French and Swiss are all good clients of mine. They tend to be from the well-off areas of Sydney. The boys are nearly always terribly embarrassed and self-conscious at first but afterwards they display amazing confidence and pride in themselves. It builds a very close relationship with their parents, even if they don't talk about it."

How do parents find her? "The network," she smiles. "I got into this slowly. I do only three or four days a week even now. I was on the game and one day one of my clients asked me if I would take his son. It just built from there."

What does it cost? "It depends. Some kids I just talk to the first time and then we might have two sessions finishing in full intercourse. The course costs between $200 and $300. Some boys are all right after a couple of hours and that will cost less. I make some of them have dinner when they come up to see me so they feel more relaxed." Has she ever been rejected by one of her young charges? "No," she says, smiling. Do any of them come back? "Occasionally," she says. "You have to know what you are doing when they are at that tender age."



trend — bikinis, sandals or thongs, tight, showy shorts and tops, or light, revealing cotton dresses displaying ample leg are the norm.

But at night the scene slips into another gear and the singles congregate in a dazzling variety of bars, discos, restaurants, clubs, theatres and cinema complexes. The action is an easy mixture of public occasions and private parties, outdoor frolics (depending on the season) and indoor disco, striptease, boozing, wall-propping, perving or just plain cruising.

Nothing has transformed Sydney's nightlife more than the awesome growth of registered clubs in NSW over the past 15 years. Ostensibly football, sports, RSL or working men's clubs, they have served to drag Sydneysiders away from the hearth to give them occasionally brilliant, but often second rate, entertainment in suburban citadels of sequin, tat and pretence, along with cheap meals, cheap booze, the ubiquitous pokies and, above all, company. Nightclubs as such have been dead in Sydney since Chequers closed in Goulburn street and packed away all the feathers, the big-name imported stars, the leggy showgirls and the impossibly small tables. But the generations which have hurdled their way through the sexual revolution and come out intact have in many ways a richer, more diverse choice of places to go. Sydney is now a young people's town. Discotheques have mushroomed throughout the city — mysterious, dark, the ideal stalking ground for girls after boys and boys after girls.

An interesting example of the variety of entertainment available is the monster New Year's Eve party for which 250,000 people cram into the forecourt of the Sydney Opera House. Amid the fireworks, music, booze and food is an extraordinary festive and community spirit which you don't see much elsewhere in Australia. The ravers come from all over the city to rock and sway to the music until 2am; to drink, mingle and clamber into the adjoining Royal Botanic Gardens to initiate the New Year in a manner not foreseen by the city fathers as part of the Festival of Sydney.

Throughout the rest of the high summer there are beachside hotels such as the Coogee Bay, a suburban beer palace with a huge garden fronting the ocean, which provides the best and cruisiest summer night's sideshow in Sydney, if you like bikinis and salty, brown bodies refusing to accept that the sun has actually gone down. The Newport Arms, overlooking Pittwater at Newport, and the RSL at Palm Beach (known locally as the Rissole) can be added to the voyeurs' list. The Watson's Bay Hotel is another good meeting and drinking spot with restaurants nearby and a promenade for romantic walks. Live music and a livelier crowd of all ages flocks to the Rose, Shamrock and Thistle at Rozelle, just west of the city. This pub pulls some of the trendy crowd who refer to it somewhat disrespectfully as the Three Weeds.

Back in town the singles scene revs up in scores of bars, discos and restaurants. In Sydney proper, Johnnie Walker's wine bar above the Bistro in Angel place is regarded by many regulars as the spot to wind down after work with constantly-replenished female company. The darkened first-floor Piano Bar at the Boulevard Hotel in William street has the leggiest and best-looking waitresses, the three Charley Brown restaurant bars in Hosking place, Pitt and York streets attract a good cross section of young Sydney, and the Hilton Hotel's Marble Bar provides more than a touch of old Sydney. The plusher America's Cup Bar on the reception level in the same hotel is usually seething by 7pm. Soup Plus in George street, a jazz room-soup cellar, is great for a look at the late crowd, while The Basement in Reiby place near Circular Quay is good for a sexual riff mixed with some jazz.

The raunchy, rocking Bondi Lifesaver in Spring street, Bondi Junction (known to cynical regulars as the Bondi Wifeswapper), seldom disappoints if you are into loud music and luscious women. A big, hungry singles push hangs out at the Lifesaver, along with many local and itinerant musos who drop in for a gig. It is also a beacon for hopefuls such as the all-girl combo called the Vaginamites.

One place you won't catch their act is the top of the disco pile, Juliana's at the Hilton, which can set you back at least $80 for two but stays open until 3am and imports some big name acts. Also at the classier end of the singles bar market is the Caprice at Rose Bay, very eastern suburbs and chic. Rogues, a new bar/restaurant tucked into the back of the Oxford Medical Centre and entered off Riley street, is another likely spot. Pips International, back down Riley street on the corner of Cathedral street, East Sydney, also attracts a fairly upper crust membership. Martin's Bar in Oxford street, Darlinghurst, and the Cauldron, in Darlinghurst road, both house bars and varied foxy female company. Across the expressway in Kings Cross is Arthur's, outside which you can often see queues even at 1am. Arthur's is unpredictable, curious, high camp and somewhat freaky. Some very unusual people go to Arthur's to be loud, lewd and noticed in every way. The Royal Hotel at Fiveways, in Paddington, and Bibi's Garden Restaurant at the Woollahra Hotel in Moncur street are two excellent places in the near eastern suburbs where you can digest a good meal and contemplate the passing parade. The singles scene for the 18 to 25 group meets at French's Tavern in Oxford street while on the north side of the harbor there is a growing selection of bars and restaurants pulling good local crowds.

The Rocks, under the southern end of the Harbor Bridge, has numerous pubs which attract strong singles crowds, especially on Thursday and Friday nights. Try the Orient and Hero of Waterloo if you like tight squeezes. There are also numerous bars in the business heart of the city which are patronised heavily (especially on pay nights) by secretaries and single girls.

One man who has a unique vantage spot in the thick of the Sydney singles scene is Martin de Berry, the portly and wise proprietor of the very trendy Martin's Bar. Martin has been major domo for years and has seen a lot of the action as the crowds knock for admittance each night. "Women," suggests Martin, "have become the predators. While Sydney men have become considerably less hung up about sex generally, I think the Pill has liberated women to an extent where they are initiating a lot of sexual relationships, if not the majority. I am not sure that men have become more passive. I think it's more a case of women becoming more and more active and assertive about getting what they want sexually. The main motivating force behind most social behavior in this society is sexual. The boys want to be where the girls are and vice versa."

Providing an agreeable environment where such encounters can and do take place each night is what Martin lives and works for. "You can tell, very early on, the ones who are going to succeed and those who will not," he says, casting his somnolent, middle distance stare over the two beautiful waitresses in filmy Indian open shirts at the bar, bathed in soft red light and appreciative glances. "It's still a question of confidence. Not much else. I know, by people's past performance and by the way they look as they come in, whether they are going to go out alone or with someone they've met here. The successful guys are the ones who have some style, directness and approach; who see a woman they like the look of, know how to read whatever vibes are coming back from her and who simply know that they are going to sleep with her."

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Sydney and prostitution have been bedmates since the days of first settlement. There was then, as there is

now, an enormous trade in sexual favors for money. Sydney has its fair share of prostitutes, from the sad and pitifully-exploited Aboriginal girls working around Redfern Station and charging $10 to $20, to the top drawer callgirls who leave little change, sexual or loose, from $500.

The massage parlors, love motels and escort services whose ads clog the classified columns of the *Daily Telegraph,* and sex papers such as *Ribald* and *Searchlight,* are nearly all fronts for prostitution. The medium-sized, established and allegedly protected brothels around East Sydney and Darlinghurst, like the high-price callgirls, don't have to advertise, so large and loyal are their clienteles. For visiting businessmen, tourists and better-off locals there are several introduction-only high-class brothels, almost all in the eastern suburbs, although there are at least two in city apartment blocks. Like the girls in the massage parlors who will provide some momentary magic for around $50, these girls usually are organised, set up and managed by interests with good connections and shady backgrounds. The Janes, Rhondas and Denises who work the streets in Kings Cross for around $25 (no nonsense, no mucking around, at it) sometimes work for a boss. Others are independent.

Gerri is a handsome, 32-year-old woman who runs probably the city's most exclusive brothel. The place looks just like your average $250,000 apartment with heart-catching views of the harbor. She has an adequate and very appreciative clientele, ready to pay from $100 to $200 for some very special sex. Gerri, who has been a prostitute since she was 24, says Australians are only now getting the sort of love they are prepared to pay for. "There always has been a market for places like this but really good houses were restricted to a chosen few. Now there are a lot of millionaires and rich tourists here and the best girls are prepared to stay in Australia instead of going to the States, Hong Kong or Japan. Money talks any time."

The drinks come not by the glass but by the bottle, all included in the price of an evening's entertainment. Fresh flowers add a homely touch but the rest of the seemingly-endless penthouse is furnished expensively in very nouveau riche bad taste. Gerri and two of the girls who work here also live on the premises. The bedrooms are arranged so the clients can come and go without being seen. Gerri introduces three girls – Viv, Patti and Lisa. Lisa wears black pantaloons and a black silk top out of which bulge two large, creamy breasts. Lisa is a very sexy, very clever girl. Each is a good listener, an important trait for a prostitute. Many of the men who come here just want to unwind. They pay up to $200 for an hour or two of company, French champagne, a superb view and sex they're not likely to forget in a hurry.

In East Sydney, the traditional red light district, Jenny runs a big, well-patronised massage parlor in a double-fronted terrace house. The place is well furnished, has low lighting and a refrigerator from which you can grab a bottle of bubbly as you come in. The atmosphere is relaxed. Jenny, once a psychiatric nurse, moved to part-time prostitution because she found her former job too hard for little reward. She began working one night a week to "earn some extra money". Now she runs the place. Jenny regards herself more as a sex counsellor than a prostitute. She likes to help her clients "talk things out". She says only about 80 percent of her clients are seeking sexual gratification; the rest just want female company. A basic massage costs $25, oral sex or extras $10 more and full intercourse, including the standard massage, $50.

Most of Sydney's 90 massage parlors occupy terrace houses in low rent areas. Some also operate escort services using the same telephone numbers and often the same girls. But the street parade is still the most obvious form of prostitution in Sydney. The parade begins in Kings Cross around 10am and continues until dawn the next day. Most of the girls work from rented rooms in motels or private hotels where they can take customers straight up from the street. They are hard-bitten but friendly when they get to know your face. According to social workers, half of them are heroin addicts and they range in age from a "biggish" 15 to 45 or more. They operate more openly since the recent amendments to the NSW Summary Offences Act decriminalised some aspects of prostitution, including soliciting on the streets.

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After Los Angeles, San Francisco, Amsterdam, Rio and Hamburg, Sydney is one of the gayest cities on earth. There is no doubt that Sydney's gay sub-culture, estimated at between 150,000 and 200,000, is flexing its muscles and busting out all over in bars, pubs, steam baths, newspapers and streets. While Sydney's gay life has tended in the past couple of years to concentrate its commercial heart in Oxford street, Darlinghurst, particularly in the strip between Taylor square and College street, the homosexual community extends far and wide into the city and suburbs. It is particularly strong in the eastern suburbs, probably because of the proximity to the beaches and the city.

Friday and Saturday night couples parade openly up and down Oxford street from bar to club to bar to club. One of their chosen spots is Patch's at the College street end of Oxford street. Owner Rod Stringer, who also runs the national gay newspaper, *Campaign,* claims that up to 10,000 gays and camp followers flood the area on good nights. Stringer has spent $100,000 in the past few years on improvements to Patch's and says most of his clients "just want to meet people and have a nice time". He says about half his crowd is from out of town or interstate.

Other gays check out the action at Capriccio's (or Caps as the initiated call it), a big two-decker bar and cabaret and probably the oldest gay establishment in Oxford street, which features a very professional flesh and feathers drag show on Sundays. The Barracks is a macho men's bar in Flinders street near Taylor square where leather, jeans and cowboy shirts are the uniform. Almost everyone drinks beer out of cans, Newk moustaches bristle in the close, charged atmosphere, music pounds down relentlessly from speakers perched in the rafters and gay blue movies beam dimly on one wall. La Tropicana, Palms and Floes are all gay disco bars, with Floes the quietest of the three; the Traffic Light, opposite Paddington Town Hall, the Bottoms Up bar in the old Kings Cross Rex – now re-named the Fountain at the Cross – and the Barrel Inn, just down the road, are all favorite meeting places with the gay crowd. Further out there is Charlie's Place at Earlwood, Yolantas at Manly and the Cricketer's Arms at Surry Hills, which also has an exclusively lesbian bar. Ruby Reds over in Crown street, Darlinghurst, is yet another favored lesbian bar.

The top S and M gay bar in Sydney is at Signal, up a dingy concrete stairway behind Jools in Crown street. It's a dark, funky world of leather, brash music, beer and jeans. In this fantasy atmosphere the odd "slave" is strung up on a harness to be gloated over and tormented by the assembled macho men who posture and prowl menacingly round the bar. There is probably more obvious masculinity being flaunted than on a Saturday football field. People scowl as they swill their beer and tilt back their leather bikie or plastic construction worker hats. The place is an electrified fantasy of the oldest promise.

Most gay places in Sydney are late starters. The action doesn't even look like happening until 11pm and seldom seems to finish before 4am. When the gay crowd wants to wash out the haze it takes off for a string of saunas, steambaths and gymnasia around the town. The Roman Baths in Pitt street or the Kingsteam, in a narrow and otherwise anonymous building in King street opposite the Theatre Royal, are two favorites. Other gay steamies are at Bondi Junction, at Ken's Karate Club in Kensington and at the 253 in Oxford street, Darlinghurst.

There is also a growing gay massage parlor and prostitution enterprise in Sydney. In fact some of them have become so rapacious that 60-year-old Margaret Dee, a retired hooker and erstwhile leader of the hookers' trade union, wails that they are elbowing out the traditional habitués along Darlinghurst road in the Cross. "There are as many, if not more, homosexual prostitutes along the strip now than there are straights," she claims.

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The NSW Attorney-General, Frank Walker, see the areas where the sexual rights of the individual and the law interdict as being difficult and extremely sensitive. "Basically you could sum up my personal attitude as being in favor of more sexual freedom for the individual but less exploitation of women and children," he says.

"We have taken a strong stand as a Government to protect children from pornographers and exploiters, and we have retained, in the Acts dealing with prostitution, offences such as living off the earnings of prostitution and using premises for prostitution and offences against minors, while decriminalising soliciting for the purposes of prostitution. In implementing these reforms we have been very careful to gauge, we hope accurately, the way community attitudes and philosophies are changing towards the sexual rights of the individual and what are acceptable standards of behavior in the community," Mr Walker said.

While that sounds very commendable, there are associated problems. For instance, Sydney has probably the highest incidence of venereal disease among the major cities. Doctors at the NSW Health Commission's free VD clinic at Circular Quay (nicknamed The House that Jack Built) see about 30,000 cases a year, a rate which is going up by between 2000 and 3000 cases annually. Last year the clinic diagnosed 7000 cases of urinary tract infection, 4500 cases of gonorrhoea and 600 cases of syphilis.

Dr W. A. Lopez, retiring head of the Department of Epidemiology at the Health Commission, says that, in comparing the incidence of VD between capital cities, it should be remembered that Sydney is a major sea port, with many sailors on leave, and that it also has a large gay community. "Of the infectious syphilis cases reported, 50 to 70 percent will have been transmitted homosexually," he said. "VD is not something that only sailors get from pros in the Cross."

• The incidence of unwanted teenage pregnancies is also on the increase, according to Judy McLean, director of the Family Planning Association of NSW. "While there are no really reliable statistics on abortion, pregnancy or use of contraceptive devices, I wouldn't be at all surprised if one in every four teenage girls becomes pregnant at some time," she said.

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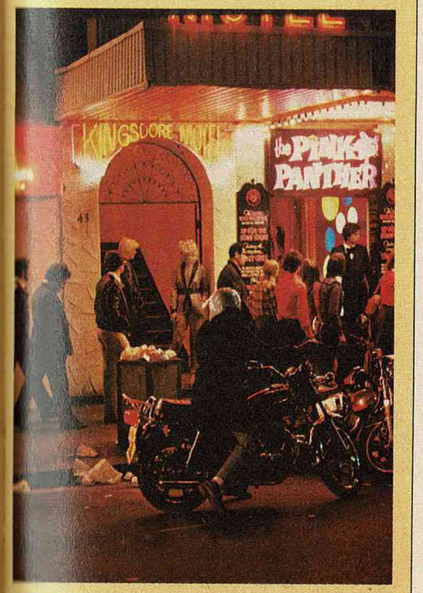
There is nothing terribly original about nudity and Sydney certainly can't claim to have invented nude

Left, below: Bondage at the House of Dominance.

Below: Touch of Class.

Above: Glitter at Capriccio's gay bar.

Above: Beneath a wall of grins the beautiful people have fun at Juliana's, in Sydney's Hilton.



Above: A typical night scene in Kings Cross, where the prostitutes and strip clubs vie for customers.

bathing, but it does have some of the best, most secluded and well-stocked nude beaches in the world, some of them even legal. The first and most famous is Lady Jane Beach on South Head past Watson's Bay, best approached by water.

On the north side, almost opposite, there is Obelisk Bay. Further round in Middle Harbor there are little sandy strips often used discreetly by nude bathers who come by boat. In fact, dotted all over Sydney are spots where gear off seems to have become the accepted thing. Deliciously tanned and nude bodies bob up all over the place, from Palm Beach and Reef Beach in the north to Bondi and Tamarama in the south.

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Theories abound on what next year's trend is going to be in the sexual arena as we surge along in the wake of the great sex revolution of the '60s and '70s. Psychiatrists and sex therapists speculate that while swinging is a popular pastime in the suburbs, threesomes are the current phenomenon engaging the fancy of couples feeling jaded or lacking in connubial ecstasy.

In most cases the male is the initiator and the therapists ponder whether the trend is a cleverly-constructed blind for the male to get into bed with another male and enjoy some secondary sexual pleasure, or whether it is a case of genuinely bisexual or heterosexual individuals expressing their usual inclinations on a wider scale. Meanwhile the swingers go on undaunted, with the good news being delivered each fortnight in their own newspaper, *Searchlight.*

If the growing personal ad lineage is any guide, the swingers' scene is in no danger of withering away just yet. The owner of *Searchlight,* a bearded, shy Continental who opened Australia's first fully-stocked sex shop and started a swingers' restaurant, says there is now less call in the bulging eight-page classified section for normal, hetero, one-to-one relationships such as a woman seeking a male lover.

"A third party always seems to be involved somewhere along the line," he said. "And few swinging scenes seem to last more than a couple of days. It's like the thrill of the chase. Once you've run the quarry to ground, you want to move on to fresh kills. Swinging has to be a mutual decision. Husband and wife have to sit down to talk about it."

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Behind the forbidding walls of the House of Dominance, a few blocks from the tawdry glitter of Kings Cross, Mistress Toni and Mistress Tiffany are pulling on their leathers, ready to lash out to fulfil the sadistic and masochistic fantasies of their clientele. For two years the couple have been dishing out the lash, mounting mistress and male slave shows. There are 10 known and available mistresses working on a regular basis from their own halls of horror in Sydney.

Asked how she explains the sudden surge of interest in her services, Mistress Toni says: "The need for fetishism, sadism and masochism is within each of us and the scene has been here all along. It just happens to be getting a bit more obvious. You must understand that fetishism is highly sexual for the slave. He experiences intense sexual release while we indulge him in whatever his particular fetish happens to be. Some of my slaves have only to ring me up. I speak to them sternly and they have an orgasm immediately."

Mistress Toni and Mistress Tiffany deal in all sorts of dominance, humiliation, bondage and torture. There are, says Mistress Tiffany with unbridled distain, some women working the same scene who provide sex, mixed with only a little pain. She charges $60 for the average session, during which you can suffer as long as you choose.

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For most Australians and tourists who have bothered to read the brochures, Kings Cross means dalliance, daring and the chance to drop everything in female company. Kings Cross is the epitome of sex. But the Cross is also a magnet for the demented, delirious and desperate.

At night the Cross is crammed with old Holdens full of nervous teenage boys from the suburbs, peering and leering and hoping for some five-minute fantasy in a grotty upstairs room. In the adults only bookshops the trench-coat brigade squint at endless blue movies at 40 cents to 60 cents a reel or cast an eye over the sexual hardware on display: El Perfecto, Titanic and other motorised monsters which squirt, flop or squirm.

New adult book and movie shops open and close each month and a rash has opened downtown in George street south in the past two years. Every second item sold is a vibrator, followed by ticklers, then quality sex books, magazines and movies. Ninety percent of the customers are male and the most popular item sold is a multi-speed, battery-powered latex dildo.

Competition between the sex shops in the Cross and elsewhere is fierce and only the chains, with several outlets, now survive.

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In a more secluded part of the Cross, four men sit in a private sex club called Swingles watching two nude blondes cover their voluptuous bodies with almond oil. They climb into a white wrestling ring, elevated so the men's noses are level with the mat on which they start to grapple.

At Tina's Disco five girls who could be anything between 13 and 28 stare vacantly into the noisy gloom, in various stages of withdrawal and emotional upheaval. They all have been made up from the same kit – whitened, thin lips, coal-blackened eyes, rouge high on their cheeks, taut, tough and tragic. All tricked up with the symbols of assembly line sexuality – and no takers.

Outside a prostitute named Pauline has found herself only the second trick of the night; $35 for her and a slice of bliss for him.

In the narrow little Venus Room, communication is down to a minimum, all faces pouting and staring at the stage with expressions like frozen fish. Up there a white, chubby little stripper grinds away at her routine to some forgettable music. Slumped on the floor at the end of the bar, a patron snores away in his own vomit.

Down Darlinghurst road, bouncers are jamming more gawkers into the Pink Panther Club, a sleazy, low-ceilinged strip club. Crowds of men and boys have paid $4 a head to squat on plastic chairs and watch the Sensational And Sexy Denise and the Blonde Bombshell. The BB is a huge, gelatinous mountain of a woman with burned-out white hair, bruises on her leg, big directionless breasts and a very insecure g-string. To the whoops, wolf whistles and shouts of delight, she divests herself of the top half of her garments. For a few tense moments a youngster at the front has difficulty unclipping the g-string. She has to help but suddenly it's off.

BB begins to gyrate with ersatz eroticism, laying back so the desperates can get a real eyeful. Most roar with approval, but some sit silently, staring. Carried away with it all, a couple of 20-year-olds make a lunge. Out of nowhere a giant Maori bouncer appears with fists like hams, and picks up one of them bodily before carting him outside. People are standing, shouting and screaming for more. But BB has had enough. The show is over.

Outside, breakfast is being served by fresh-faced, first-shift waitresses in a dozen coffee bars and restaurants. The hard core ravers drift past. Most of the revellers are long gone; booked in, blocked out or blown out hours ago. The wave of sexual adventure has washed over the Big Smoke, leaving behind ripples of remembered excitements, conquests, fantasy and shallow pools of disenchantment and failure. Tomorrow is here already.

"Snow White withheld her favors this morning, so we all got up grumpy."

IMPORTANT
VIEW THROUGH THE SPECIAL GLASSES ON PAGE 182

3D

A NEW AGE IN NUDE PHOTOGRAPHY

an exclusive look at a new technique which is tipped to revolutionise the tv and magazine industries

IT'S ALMOST 150 years since old Charlie Wheatstone worked out how our eyes perceive depth and so set in motion the great quest for a perfect three-dimensional image. And in that time the wonder of 3D has been responsible for more headaches, eye-strain, bizarre adventures in cinema architecture, incredibly lousy Z-grade movies and overall scientific frustration than any other optical phenomenon. But we can't leave it alone. We're hooked on reality. We want the movie to jump out of the screen and we won't settle for a flat page. So every generation, since Wheatstone laid down the law in 1832, has experimented and been fascinated.

Now two Australian cinematographers have worked out a new way of pulling the magic 3D rabbit out of the hat. For the past three years Melbourne cameramen Volk Mol and Mike Browning have been developing a one-lens, 3D system which they believe will revolutionise the television and magazine publishing industries. The photographs accompanying this article were shot with a camera adapted specially for PLAYBOY by Mol and Browning. Seen through the 3D glasses, which you can detach from Page 182, they have a depth never before seen on the flat page of a magazine and yet, to the naked eye, they appear as normal, in-focus photographs. According to its inventors, this is why the new technique will succeed where all previous attempts have failed.

Just how the Mol-Browning system operates is difficult to explain without recourse to a dozen encyclopedias and the knowledge of 100 optical scientists. To simplify it brutally, it is an illusion of a third dimension created by the separation of the background and the foreground from the object at the centre of focus. Says Mike Browning: "If you can see depth in an image, then it has three dimensions."

The apparatus used to achieve this depth is a triangular optical module which is capable of moving the background and foreground from left to right or vice versa, a process known to photographers as "fringing". Mol and Browning have controlled fringing to the point where they can use it to achieve the desired effect without

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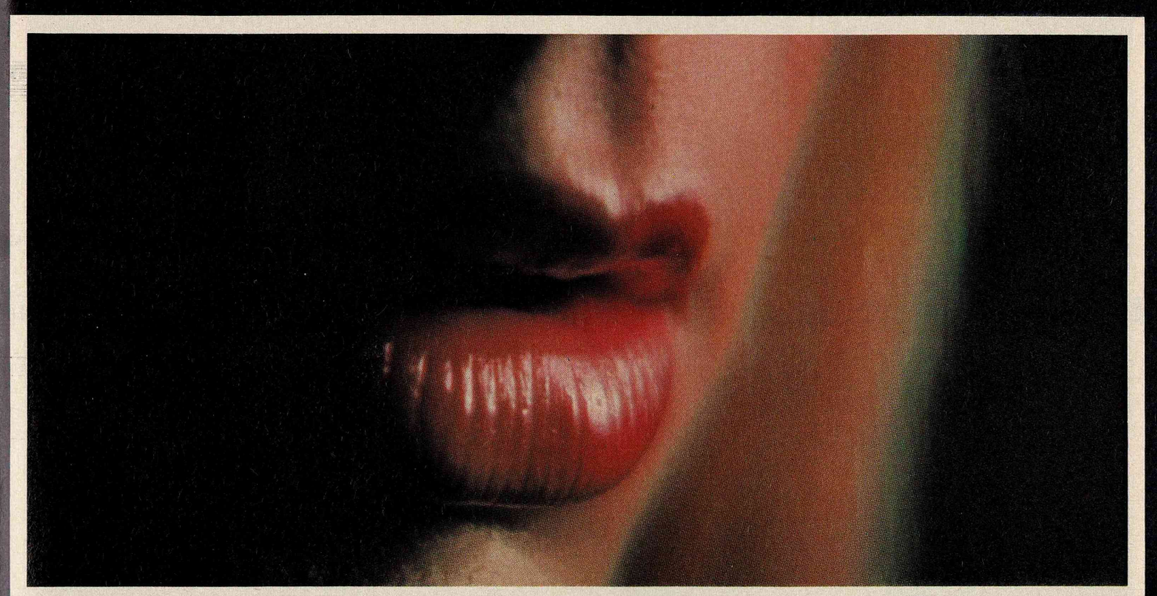

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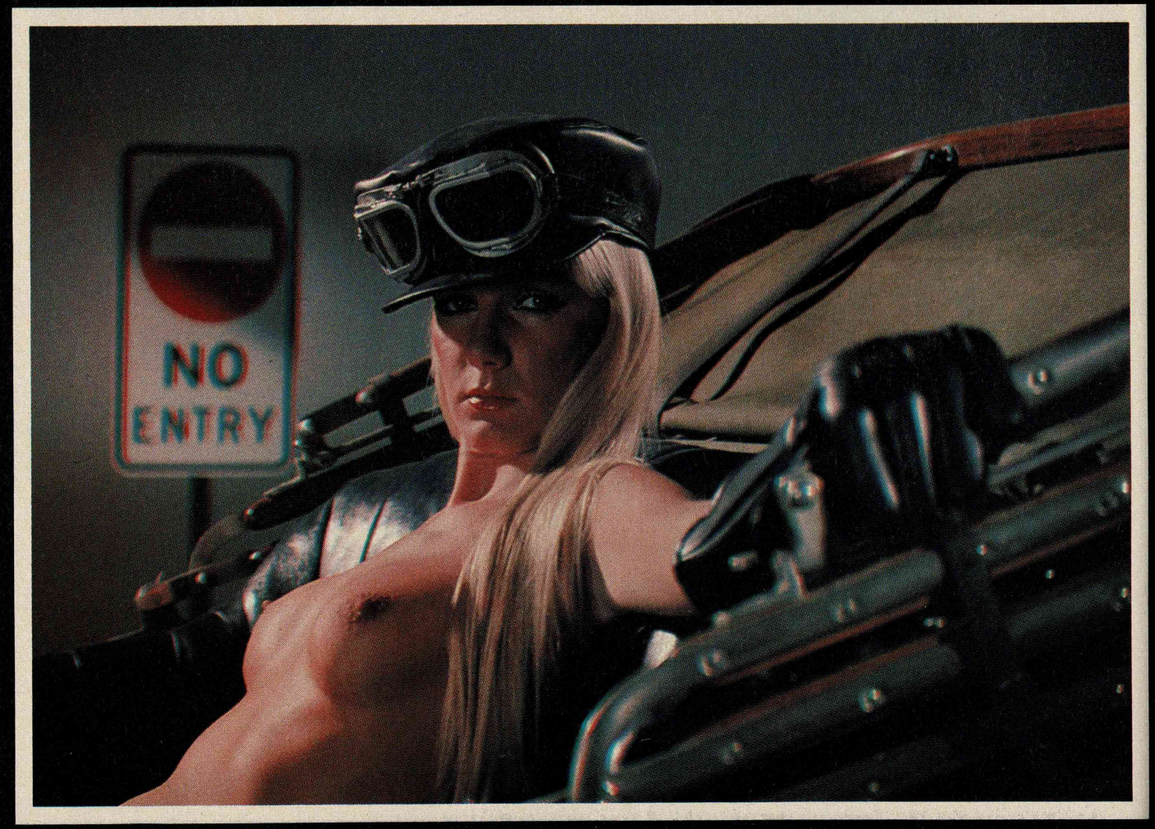
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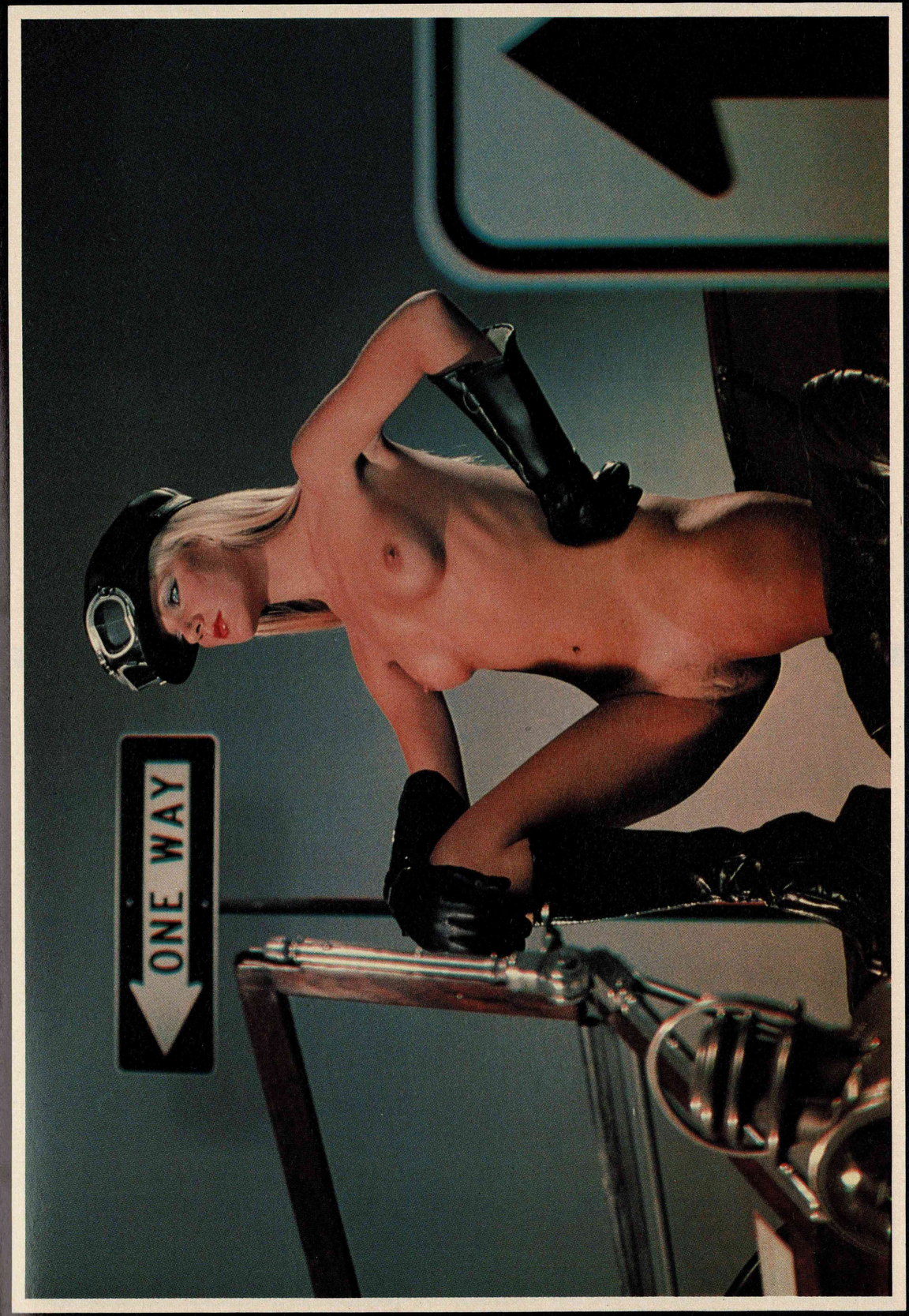
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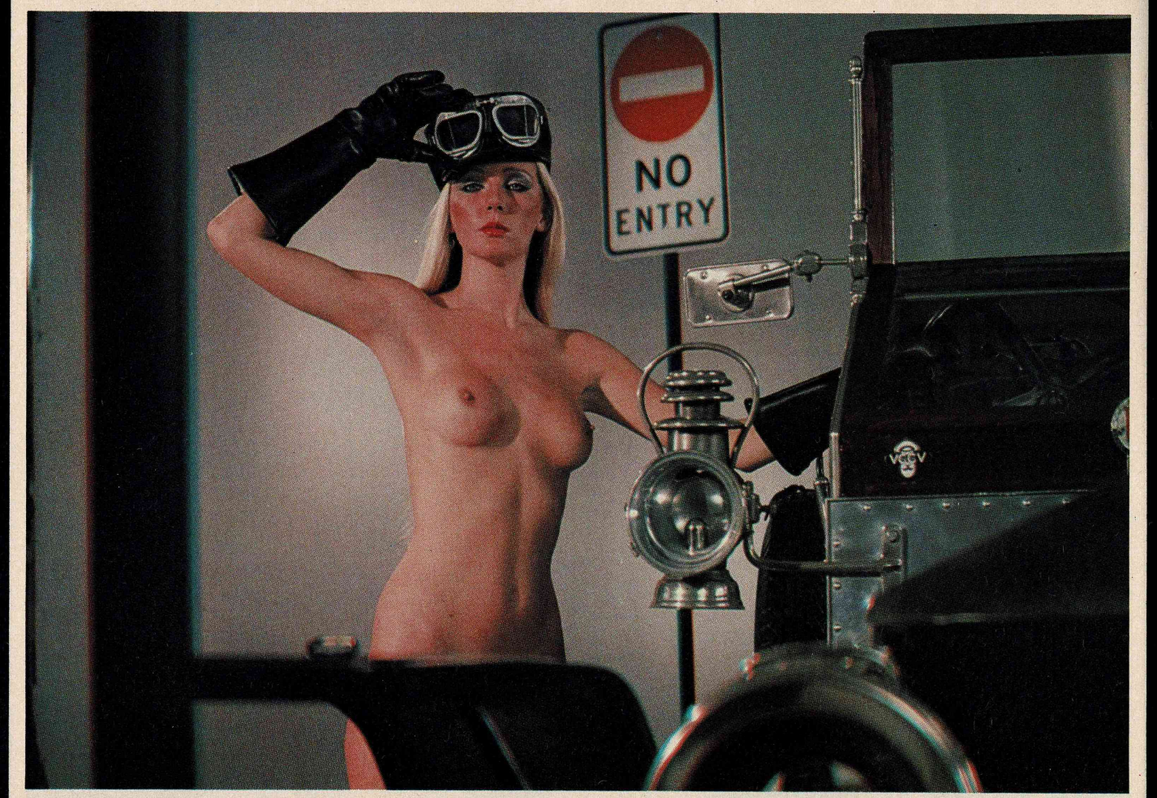
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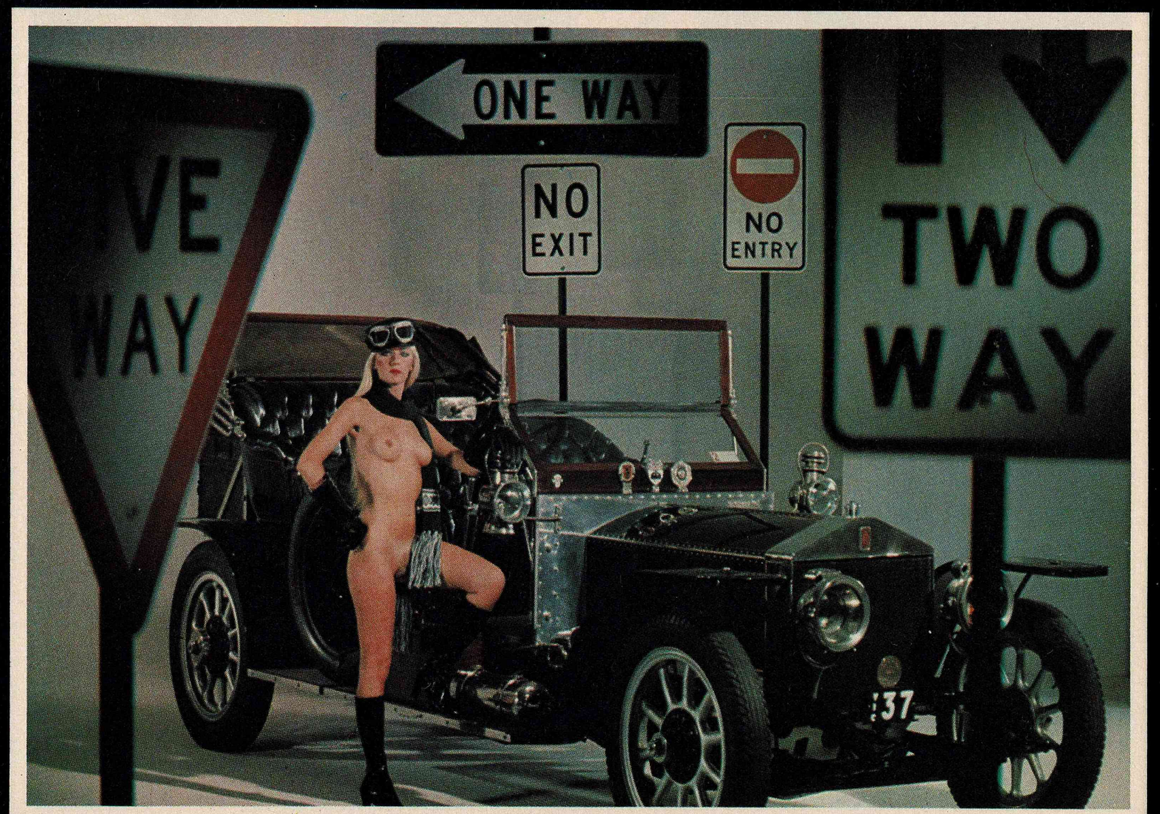
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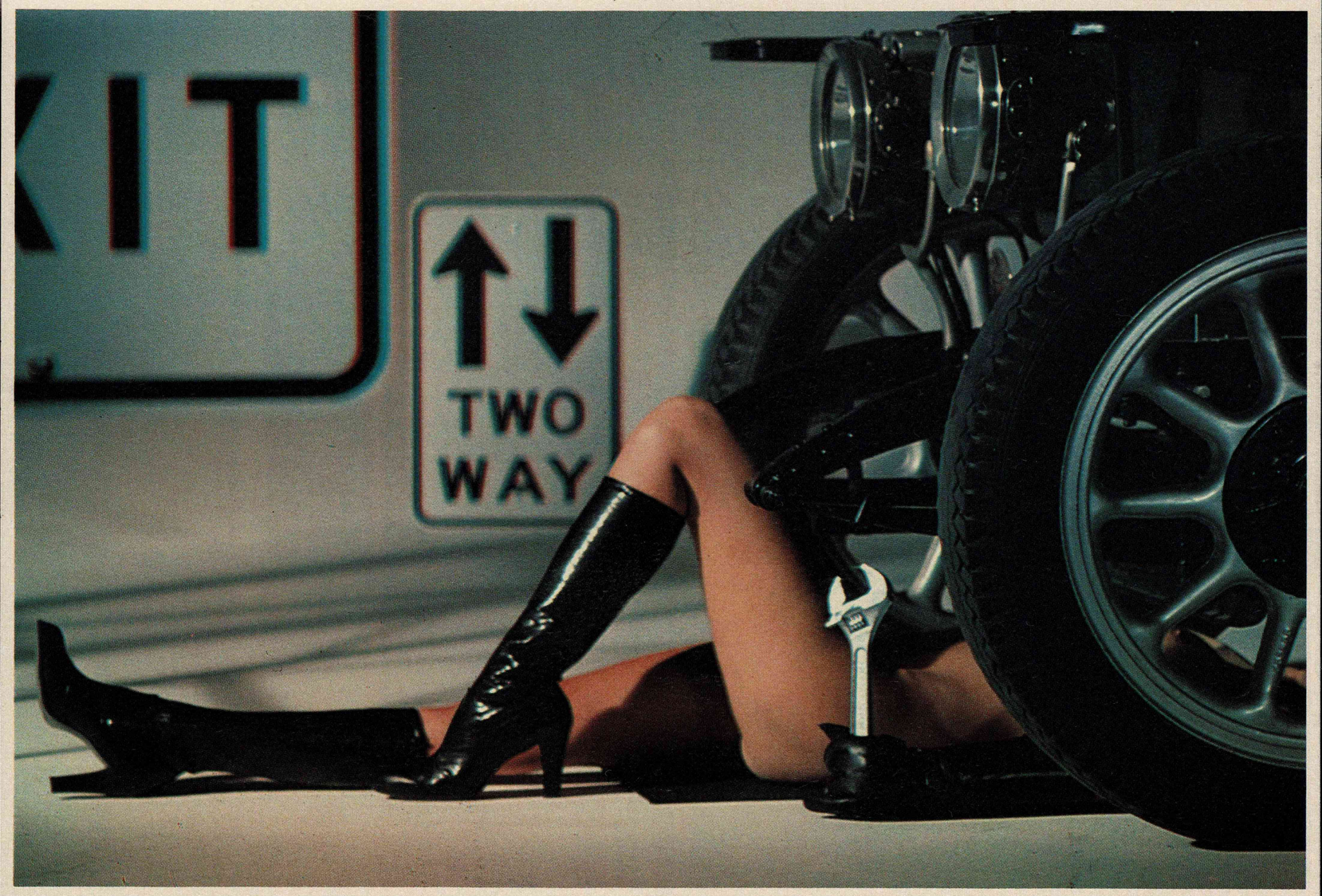
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creating the background blur familiar to anyone who dared remove his glasses during the 3D movies of the 1950s. With a world-wide patent taken out recently on their module, the inventors understandably are reluctant to discuss in more detail its technical aspects.

Harry K. Fairall presented the world's first 3D feature film to an enthralled audience at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles in 1922. Fairall's film, *The Power Of Love*, was shown through dual projectors, a system much the same as the stereoscopic viewers which first delighted Queen Victoria and then became the entertainment centres of fun parlors around the world last century.

But the adaptation of stereoscopic viewing to moving pictures opened up a whole new world for experimental film-makers and 3D films cropped up everywhere, using a variety of wild and wacky methods to create binocular vision. Curiously, the best systems seemed to be those which relied on the oldest principles of stereoscopic viewing. When E. H. Land introduced his polarising material in 1932 it became possible to produce full-color 3D films, even though full-color film wasn't available until 1935. The first polaroid 3D was made in Italy in 1936 and the Germans followed a year later with the first full-color 3D feature. At the outbreak of World War Two, 3D films were being made around the world and in February, 1941, the Russians opened the first theatre designed for 3D.

By 1950 the motion picture industry was more than 50 years old. During that time at least 800 films had experimented with color while only about 20 examples of 3D experimentation were on record. And yet 3D had been seen as a natural progression for motion pictures as early as 1900. Clearly there were technical problems, but they were nothing compared to the pressures placed on the industry by the commercialisation of television in the US in 1948. Suddenly the studios had to come up with something spectacular to prevent (or at least put the brakes on) the greatest box office slump of all time. One solution was Cinerama, which plastered action across three ultra-wide screens in a manner you just couldn't comprehend sitting at home in your living room.

Another solution was 3D, and the revival which began with the 3D exhibition at the 1951 Festival of Britain made earlier experiments pale into insignificance. Hollywood was wary at first but a film-maker called Arch Oboler took the plunge and sunk his money into a jungle epic called *Bwana Devil*. By all accounts it was a stinker, but it met with immediate success. Warner Brothers followed with *House Of Wax* in 1953. Shot in January, it premiered in April and had set box office records by May.

Hollywood went crazy over 3D. Movies already in production were scrapped and started again using hurriedly assembled dual camera rigs. The advertising of the period showed audiences staring in wonder as the action unfolded in the aisles beside them, while breathless copywriters spared no superlatives in describing the effect. "Spans the theatre from front row to back seat," claimed the makers of *Inferno*. "The most breath-taking manhunt that ever criss-crossed out of the screen."

Not surprisingly, the accent was on action, preferably by large and awesome objects. *Robot Monster, Cat Women Of The Moon, Creature From The Black Lagoon* and *Phantom Of The Rue Morgue* all saw the light of day during the 3D boom of 1953-54. The photography was self-consciously aimed at 3D gimmicks — arrows, rockets, landslides and objects leaping off the screen — and by the middle of '54 audiences were tiring of them. Often, projection technique in cinemas resulted in eye fatigue, and fewer people seemed prepared to wear those filtered glasses to watch Z-grade movies. As the craze started to burn out, more pictures were made available to exhibitors in 2D as well. Alfred Hitchcock's *Dial M For Murder* came out late in the season in 3D and was shown almost exclusively in the normal two dimensions.

Volk Mol, a tall, thin, chain-smoking Dutchman, was just getting into the film business as the 3D epics of the 1950s were leaving it. By and large the movies were dreadful, but Mol was fascinated nonetheless. He developed an interest in the stereoscopic viewers of the 19th century and planted, somewhere in the back of his mind, the germ of an idea. Ten years later, Mol was in Sydney, busily shooting scenes for a cigarette commercial. His director was a portly Englishman named Mike Browning. Browning later started his own production company in Melbourne and sent for Mol. Together they built a reputation for shooting difficult commercials using crazy gimmicks and clever special effects to sell the product — for example, the Ford Falcon they launched by putting it inside a block of ice.

Three years ago Volk Mol showed Browning some simple portraits he had shot. "They all looked nice enough," Browning recalls, "but I couldn't quite see how they related to our line of business. Then he gave me a rough pair of filtered glasses and told me to take another look. The pictures took on a third dimension. Of course I'd seen 3D pictures before but I'd always been painfully aware of what they were. Without the glasses they were nothing. These pictures just looked normal." And that was the birth of the system.

Mol and Browning developed their 3D module for film and television and finally got it to a stage where they felt it would be acceptable commercially, but they needed to put it to the test. Taking his professional life in his hands, Browning switched lenses during the filming of an oil company commercial, then presented it to the advertising agency for approval. "That first viewing was pretty tense," he says. "But they didn't say a word. Our 3D couldn't be detected without the glasses."

The next step was to see if the 3D effect worked on ordinary television sets. Mol and Browning checked the screening times of the commercial and set off for pubs in Melbourne with their 3D glasses hidden in coat pockets. "We'd wander into a bar and wait for the commercial to come on," says Browning. "Then we'd slip on the glasses and watch it in 3D. I think a lot of drinkers thought we were poofs in our colored glasses, but the important thing was that it worked every time, even on the worst sets."

Mike Browning becomes quite animated when he talks about the effect of 3D on television. "People on the screen are no longer just images. They're real people in miniature and it takes a lot of getting used to. A mountain is suddenly 50cm high but very, very real. It's quite stunning."

The system which — apart from its unscheduled appearance in the oil commercial — is having its world debut on these pages is ready for television. According to sources within the industry, Australian viewers will be able to watch 3D programs early next year.

According to Browning, the filtered glasses which will go on sale before the television launch are high quality lenses through which the eye adjusts to full color in about 20 seconds. "These glasses won't produce eye strain, headaches or anything else," he says. "People will forget they have them on. And the beauty of this system is that you can take off the glasses and see normal television anyway."

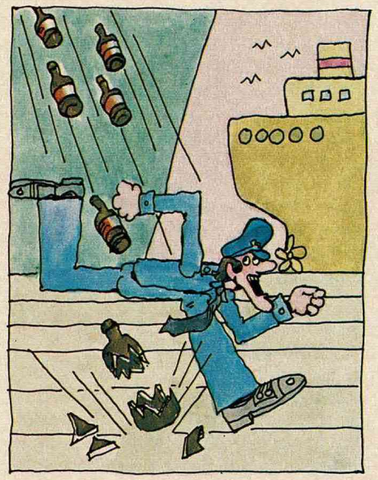
So here it is, folks. Beauty in living 3D. Pull out the glasses and judge. Is this the image of the '80s?

I DO DECLARE

a retired customs officer lets the cat out of the bag

article **By RUSSELL DEILEY**

Illustration by Jack Larkin



THE JUNOESQUE blonde was fidgeting as the queue edged forward. It was like a slow motion gym class. One pace forward, drag the cases alongside and stand, first on one shapely leg, then the other, while the customs officer at the head of the queue asked his damned fool questions, ferretted through luggage and, eventually, shortened the line by one more airline passenger.

She was tired. Her scent was more musk than Joy and the slob crowding her from the rear smelt as if he had bathed in garlic and old socks. It was hot and she could feel the sweat running down her curves beneath the cotton shift. She was also tired of the ogling. Every man among the three jumbo-loads of passengers teeming in the customs hall of Sydney Airport seemed to have eyes fixed only on her. Normally, she would have been flattered and would have played up to the suckers, but not today – not after half a day jammed in an economy seat of a Boeing 747 and another hour and a half in the customs hall.

Finally it was her turn at the head of the line. No, she had nothing to declare. The officer raised his head and fixed his eyes on her bustline. She sensed he was not satisfied with her declaration – and she was right. The officer was not convinced that all that rose from within the shift was natural and he asked her if she would consent to being escorted by female officers to the interview room.

Half way across the crowded hall, the implication behind that invitation sank in. She stopped in mid-stride, swivelled and shouted to the public assembly: "The bastards want to strip me. I've got nothing to hide." And, to prove her point, she whisked off her shift and stood in all her indignant and naked glory.

That majestic sight lingers in the memories of her fellow travellers, but the official report scarcely captures the magic of the moment: Body search of one female passenger; result negative. Nor does the record freeze the historic significance of that impromptu strip. That was the first unadorned female form on which customs officers have feasted their eyes in the line of duty.

"Had it been otherwise," says the ex-preventive officer to whom I am indebted for this and other customs confessions, "I might never have resigned from the service." But the man who spent seven years trying to intercept smugglers and drug couriers at Sydney International Airport and on Sydney's waterfront admits there are few strong-willed ladies – in the buff or otherwise – to relieve the monotony. "In fact there are times when the customs officer's lot is a distinctly unhappy one – especially if you are unlucky enough to draw the short straw and early morning duty.

"Those early shifts are really rough if your stomach is doing press-ups from a heavy night out. You line up for the passengers from the first flight at 6am. The early flights always seem to carry their share of our ethnic friends who are forever trying to bring in little gastronomic delights. I have fished some rare ones out of bags from those six o'clock flights. Jars of pickled sparrows, for instance, whose little beady eyes stare at you through a white, gooey solution. And those home-made cheeses of which the Mediterranean people are so fond. You don't need eyes or hands to detect the cheeses. They signal their presence from the time the bags land on the conveyor belt. Some of us have even nosed on home-made cheeses wrapped in cow dung to accelerate maturing. Rank meats and salamis made of God alone knows what are also favorites."

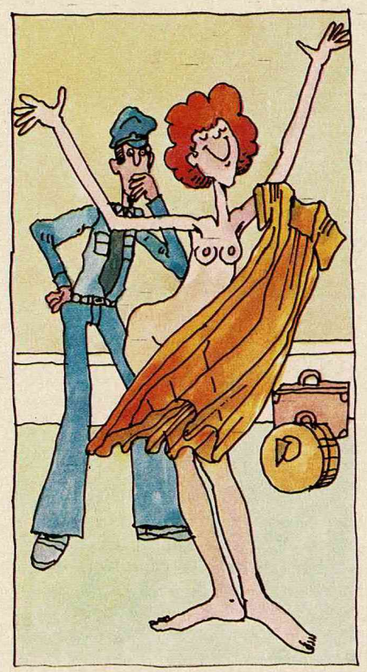
So fond of their homegrown delicacies are the migrants that they will go to extraordinary lengths to beat the eyes and noses of the customs officers. One officer was about to pass an elderly woman in her broad black dress when the passenger, returning from a visit to her native Naples, dropped her handbag. Instinctively she stooped to retrieve it and as her frock rode higher it revealed a forbidden salami swinging, pendulum-like, between her legs.

Meats apart, animals both dead and deadly are bagged frequently in the customs hall. A stuffed mongoose with its bared teeth locked forever into a stuffed cobra never made it to the owner's mantlepiece. Nor did the very alive snake one of the female customs examiners disturbed in the bag of a belly dancer. A couple of quick double Scotches revived the officer. The snake went to permanent hibernation.

Black, or at least mildly ill, humor colors many customs recollections. Like the haul that turned up in an unaccompanied suitcase which arrived a day after its owner. In accordance with the usual practice, the suitcase was opened and its contents examined by a customs officer in the presence of an airline representative. Tucked in a corner of the case, the officer found a 10cm square plastic box full of greyish granules. Convinced he had stumbled on a smack jackpot, he pushed the button to summon a senior officer. Two answered his call. Fingers sieved through the substance. Noses sniffed at it. One of the three wet his finger, poked it into the powder and tasted it. The substance defied identity.

The airline official joined the three, a sheaf of papers in his hand. "Is that Mr B's bag?" he asked. One of the customs officers checked the name on the label and said: "Yes." The airline man nodded. "Mr B gave us a list of the contents. I know what that powder will be. That's Mrs B. She died in Rome. He's bringing back her ashes."

Mr B never dreamed that his wife's remains would be scattered so widely. But then Mr A never imagined that his wife's sexual secrets would be broadcast, either. Mr and Mrs A were



settling down on a jet bound for exotic fields when an astute and keen-eared cargo handler loading luggage into a container to be stowed in the belly of the aircraft heard a humming sound coming from one suitcase. Suspecting a hijack bid or, even worse, suicide coupled with mass slaughter, the handler alerted airport security.

The husband and wife concerned were whisked off the aircraft and the questioning began about the weird noise coming from the bag bearing Mrs A's name. Mr A staked his life on the assurance that there was no bomb concealed in the bag and, taking the keys from his wife, opened the suitcase. Removing his wife's holiday trousseau, Mr A revealed a 25cm vibrator which apparently had been jostled into erotic action by the movement of the conveyor belt carrying luggage from the departure lounge to the cargo bay. It was confessional time for Mrs A, who had never let on to her husband that she owned an instrument of pleasure.

That lady might have been found out for little white, bedroom lies, but she had not contravened any laws. Thousands of other travellers who fly in and out of Australia's international airports do just that. Many are petty cheats, stacking a few extra dollars in their wallets – in contravention of the Commonwealth regulations restricting overseas travellers to a $200 limit in banknotes – or arriving back with the odd undeclared bottle of duty free booze or carton of cigarettes.

They are the small fry. If they happen to get caught in the customs net, their fate will depend largely on the apprehending officer's liver. The chances are that the tiddlers will be thrown back with a warning not to succumb to the bait of temptation again. But whatever befalls the amateurs, they almost certainly will end up out of pocket by having their illicit or undeclared goods confiscated.

In contrast, the official attitude toward the professional smugglers, the drug couriers and the sharpies intent on turning a fast and lucrative trick with a cache of gems or a sable coat is ruthless and unforgiving.

The names of all incoming and outgoing passengers are typed into consoles linked with Commonwealth and State police computers. If a name is known to the police or if a person is suspect, personal details such as police record, date of birth and passport number are flashed back on to the appropriate airport screen. People with names similar to others with police records are checked out and questioned. Closed circuit television cameras monitor all passengers, homing in on people known to the police or those who are under surveillance. The cameras can even pick up the fine print on travel documents.

Travellers under suspicion are subjected to a 100 percent search and likely candidates are invited into an interviewing room for one or all five varieties of body search. These searches range from a frisk, to the suspected person being ordered to empty his pockets, to having to remove part or all of his clothing and, the ultimate, the internal body search.

The system is foolproof only if the police, narcotics agents or customs preventive officers are forewarned by a criminal record or a tip-off, but they have methods of spreading the net wider. They need only a whisper that a drug consignment is coming in from South-East Asia to set up a tight surveillance of all passengers and luggage arriving from Thailand, Indonesia and, to an increasing degree, from New Guinea, which couriers are tending to use as a staging post.

They also are interested in an intimate talk with any passenger who happens to move close to, or who passes a word with, any fellow passenger either known or suspected by the police. Even a casual "G'day, mate" can lead to an intensive grilling.

The customs officers' other favorite targets include:

- Passengers who sweat or fidget or show any other signs of nerves.
- Visitors or returning Australians whose passports carry out-of-date photographs. Airport desk men are suspicious of people who have grown beards, taken to wearing glasses or who have had nose jobs since they posed for their passport photographs.
- People who under-dress or over-dress for their arrival. Customs officers are easiest on men and women who wear clean, casual clothes.
- Incoming passengers whose pockets or handbags bulge. Obviously ill-fitting clothes might conceal a hernia or some natural physical deformity, but the officer may well seek an explanation.
- Cases which resemble those customs officers know to have been fitted with false bottoms.
- Luggage that sets off the scanning detectors. For one reason or another, people are fond of wrapping their treasure hoards in foil and foil sends the detectors crazy.
- Receipts that don't tally with a passenger's declaration of what dutiable items he is bringing with him into the country.

Of course, random checks based on one or a combination of the warning signs can lead a zealous customs officer to the wrong conclusions. So a word to the innocent traveller who finds himself under a cloud of suspicion.

If a baggage search proves inconclusive to a suspicious officer and he asks you to accompany him to the interviewing room, he might have the law on his side but you still have rights. Body searches can be upsetting, even downright demeaning to the sensitive. The first thing to remember is that once you take the walk to the interviewing room your chances of avoiding a body search are negligible. So make your stand, politely but firmly, at the baggage inspection table. Customs officers are no different from anyone else – they don't like public scenes.

Ask to see a senior officer. If the man who comes to the aid of the desk officer is wearing two stripes, ask for a more senior officer. When you are trying to avoid submitting to a body search, the more gold braid you can muster the better. Never deal with a two-striper when you can attract a three-striper and, if you can swing it, demand to see the aircraft inspector – he's the tallest customs poppy.

If the senior senior over-rides your protestations, ask to be allowed to make a telephone call. Ring your local Member of Parliament and let it be known just whom you are ringing. Once politics enter the picture, there is every chance you will receive profound apologies over the misunderstanding.

If even the magic name of your MP does not work the miracle, you can always take a fig leaf from the Junoesque blonde's book and start to get your gear off. No customs officer is going to let you go as far as she did.

"Could you stand somewhere else, luv?"

WHAT MAKES BIG, BAD MOFFAT RUN

motor sport's mr controversy has a few points to make at bathurst article

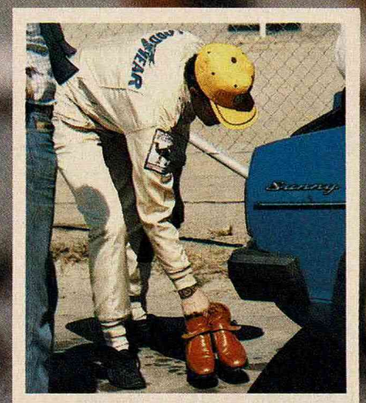
By THOMAS BROOK

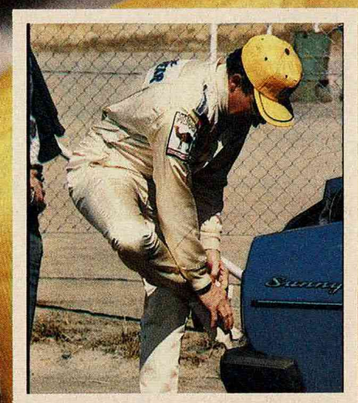
THE DATE is February 25. Allan George Moffat, OBE, has arrived at Oran Park motor racing circuit near Sydney to open a new chapter in the bumpy career of one of the country's best-known tar-burners. A big crowd gathers as Moffat's giant red transporter backs up to the pits. Everyone wants to see the Falcon in its new colors, for this is Moffat's first outing since the demise of the Moffat Ford Dealer team — in other words, there's no Colin Bond in a number two car and no Ford Australia backing.

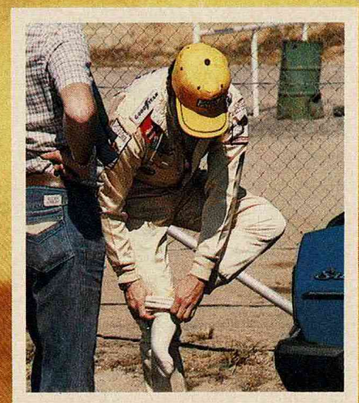
There is an excited hum as the car is eased out of the truck. The beast has never looked bigger. Camel is now the main sponsor and the Falcon is dressed in black with broad orange and yellow stripes, very sullen and businesslike. The old colors of white with a broad blue stripe from nose to tail made the car look almost slim by comparison. Moffat is polite but taciturn, paying careful attention as final preparations are made. He orders rope tied around the area to keep back the crowd, then displays his talents as a showman by occasionally stepping over it to pose for pictures with kids or taking time to sign autographs.

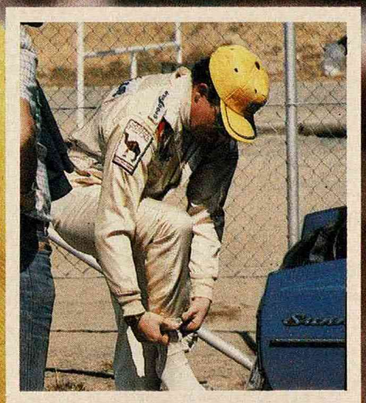
Although Moffat still has substantial backing in spite of Ford's defection, it's easy to see this is much more than just another race. His crew are bitter about the Ford business, sensing duplicity — "they don't want to race this year, they want to save their effort for next year, so they dumped Allan knowing bloody well he would still be out there racing" — and are keen to do well. They are also keen to bring the Chevrolet Monza out of mothballs after two years. It was a successful car and they're pleased it's a General Motors product — "they (Ford) think they can whistle when they're ready to race and Allan will come running, but who knows?" Moffat, who I find later shares some of his team's bitterness, doesn't let it show today.

Race time, and Moffat is on the second row of the grid with Torana A9X driver Garry Rodgers. On the front line is probably Moffat's toughest opposition, Bob Morris, in another A9X, and old Ford faithful Murray Carter. Moffat guns it at the start and slips past Carter, but Rodgers jumps everyone and takes the lead, so the order is Rodgers, Morris, Moffat,









Carter. Rodgers is good, but the more experienced Morris grabs him on the second lap and starts clearing out. Starting the third lap, Moffat goes past Rodgers at the end of the straight and heads after Morris.

Disaster. Half way through the lap a plume of dense white smoke boils from the Moffat car. He won't risk even trying to make it to the pits and endures the rest of the race sitting against a wall until he can be towed in. The sight of thousands of dollars' worth of racing car coming in on the end of a frayed $5 tow rope is pretty depressing. The problem is defined later as oil surge, where force acting on the car starves the oil pump of oil which it would normally push to the engine. The Moffat team believes it can be solved by what is known as a dry sump system, but the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport won't allow its use before Moffat blows two more races – at a total cost of three special development engines, about $20,000, a lot of sweat and skinned knuckles and a disastrous start to one of his most important seasons.

After the first failure a thunder-faced Moffat, red and sweaty, strides back into the pit area. None of the crew talks to him, but a little boy races up to ask for an autograph. In a strangled voice, Moffat replies: "Just give me a chance." He doesn't say to do what. He strips the fireproof coveralls and underwear to his waist, sits on a motorcycle by himself for 10 minutes and sips a drink from a flask supplied by his wife, Pauline. A silent crowd gathers, and there is something faintly revolting in their avid surveillance of the fallen champ.

But Moffat's been there, done that, so many times. Suddenly he's out of his gloom, brushing off the commiserations, even discussing buying a tyre gauge from the Theodore Racing Team people. His mind has already turned to a meeting in Tasmania next week, and probably the meeting after that, all the way up to Bathurst in October – because as far as he is concerned, all energies are devoted to getting that car on the track.

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Australia's first full-time professional motor racing driver, Allan Moffat has a single-minded approach to the business that guarantees he is either loved or hated by motor sport fans. Ask anyone: he's either bonzer or a bastard; there's no in-between. The same sort of feeling is, or was, apparently engendered in his team of mechanics and pit crew. Buoyed by the remarkable successes of 1977, including the famous one-two victory with Colin Bond at Bathurst, Moffat gave Christmas cash bonuses to his five employees of between $2000 and $2500. When it was time for the team to come together again at the start of the next season, only one man fronted. Of the other four, two did not even bother to say they weren't coming back. The experience soured Moffat, or at least made him much more wary of forming anything beyond the usual employer-employee relationship.

While Moffat would never stint his praise of the enormous and largely unsung labors of his crews, it's not hard to see why some of his workers might treat him so roughly. He demands total commitment: from himself, from Pauline and from anyone who works for him. You get the feeling that 12-hour days are not uncommon at the Moffat workshop in Malvern road, Toorak, an appropriately posh address for the many thousands of dollars' worth of equipment housed there.

As well, of course, there are the racing weekends. Perhaps "weeks" might be more appropriate, since the effort needed to get the Falcon, or any car, on to a track and back home again stretches over many days. Yet, however hard life might be under the Moffat regime, there are plusses – such as working on top machinery in a well-equipped workshop – and it's unlikely anyone could join the team without some idea of what to expect.

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In 1962, when he was 22, Moffat was a marketing cadet with Volkswagen and a part-time student at Monash University – both of which activities fell by the wayside when he started club-racing his Triumph TR3, much against his father's wishes. While racing the TR3 – illegally, since it was on hire purchase – gave Moffat his first inkling of where he wanted to go, it also almost stopped him in his tracks. The car was so unsuitable and so expensive to race that he became discouraged and quit racing for almost a year, returning to Canada after his father, who was working for Massey-Ferguson, was posted home.

It was, unwittingly, a brilliant move, since it led to the first of two major breaks in the life of A. Moffat, racing driver. It probably didn't seem that way when he had to join an old school mate in selling pots and pans door-to-door, but his father's continued opposition to any form of motor racing helped strengthen Moffat's purpose. The break came when he went to Watkins Glen circuit in upper New York State to see the Team Lotus Cortinas, at that stage cars which Jimmy Clark and Jackie Stewart had thrust into the winners' spotlight. Moffat made a few contacts with the team, then went home again. About three weeks later he drove 3200km to Des Moines, Iowa, fronted the Team Lotus manager, Ray Parsons, and asked if he could stay with the team and "help". Parsons, probably a little stunned by such persistence, agreed, and for three months Moffat "helped", driving the trucks and washing the cars. After a couple of weeks sleeping in the trucks and buying his own meals, he was given a uniform and board. He was never paid a wage.

It was at the end of the season, when Lotus put the cars up for sale, that Moffat managed to convince his father he was serious, and if dad didn't want to help his son, his son might be forced to adopt other means. Father made the decision to part with $4500 and keep his son on-side, and Moffat knew he was getting a Lotus Cortina at a very special price. His astonished former Lotus colleagues saw their former "gofer" win his class and come third overall at a Canadian Grand Prix meeting before he shipped the car back to Australia. It might seem strange that, with a car obviously so competitive in North America, a driver would want to come back to Australia. But as far as Moffat was concerned, the toughest touring car school in the world was here, with masters such as Pete Geoghegan, Norm Beechey, Bob Jane and Jim McKeown.

He learned his lessons so well that soon he was invited back to push Cortinas around some US circuits, which he did with varying successes and disasters until mid-1967, when Mustang and Moffat first shook hands. He did so well in the bigger car that in 1968 he was working as a development driver for Kar Kraft, the Ford subsidiary responsible for the successful GT40 Le Mans Fords. It was a move responsible for Moffat's appearance in the TransAm Mustang, which lit such a fire under Australian motor sport. That appearance also laid the foundations for the Big Bad Moffat image which developed very quickly in the rough, tough hothouse of Australian sedan racing in the early 1970s.

Moffat: "Geoghegan was the toughest. I never considered Beechey a threat but Jane was tough because his attitude was, 'if I can't outdrive them, I'll outspend them' and he was always very good at having 50 or 100 horsepower more than anyone else. There is a twist of fate here, because the old Jane helped me off the track. In fact, I sold him my TR3. Yeah, he was magnificent. He gave me £250 for it. You know, terrific. I should have got at least £500.

"But to get the Jane rivalry in perspective, I worked for him at one stage, in 1968. I left the American scene because I was coming back thinking I was going to drive for Bob Jane. I was working for Ford's advanced vehicles division and was a development driver on the 1968 TransAm cars. I drove Shelby Mustangs at Daytona and Sebring that year. Jane's personal mechanic, John Sawyer, arrived in America looking for something to update Bob's machinery because Pete Geoghegan was giving him such a hiding. Those were the days when one race decided the Australian Touring Car Championship, and Jane was a little tired of Pete coming out with a dynamite car and winning on that one day of the year.

"Anyway, through some friends I was able to help Jane buy a very rare TransAm Mustang and the idea was that his older car would be available for another driver, which I thought would be my role. Well, as anyone who has dealt with Bob Jane will tell you, you have to pin him down. Once I got back here that wasn't the way he saw it at all. I'm happy to say the first time he drove it around Warwick Farm he was something like 2½ seconds quicker, but engine problems plagued him and Pete still went on to win the major race of the year. I guess I was on the Jane payroll for less than five months. I did some test driving, but it was quite obvious I wasn't going to be part of the scene so I made one of the toughest decisions of my life and decided to go my own way."

With that step Moffat laid the foundations for an enduring rivalry, one that reached peak intensity in 1970 when Jane punched Moffat in the pits after a little nudge had helped Jane off the Warwick Farm causeway. Going alone also led to the second big break of Moffat's career.

Moffat: "I figured, if I can help Bob Jane get a TransAm Mustang, what is wrong with helping myself get one? I was able to sell the Lotus Cortina for $3000, spent half of it on fares and went to see my old boss at Ford. I explained that things hadn't worked out with Jane, I never was going to see that car, and asked what were the chances of my buying another? I knew there were about four more lying around, but it wasn't just a matter of saying 'I'll take the yellow one over there'. Why should they help a young brat from Australia? Then, to my amazement, the director of Ford racing at the time – a very tough fellow who controlled a multi-million dollar budget and was no one's fool – spoke to Bud Moore, who had the contract to race the TransAm Mustangs that year, and bugger me if he didn't say to Bud, 'Give one to Allan'. Absolutely brand new. It was still in the flat grey undercoat."

It was an amazing gesture: $25,000 worth of top-flight racing car, effectively a personal gift although there were tie-up arrangements through Ford Australia.

Whatever the deal, it established Moffat on the racing map – although strangely, and to his eternal regret, he never won a touring car championship with the Mustang.

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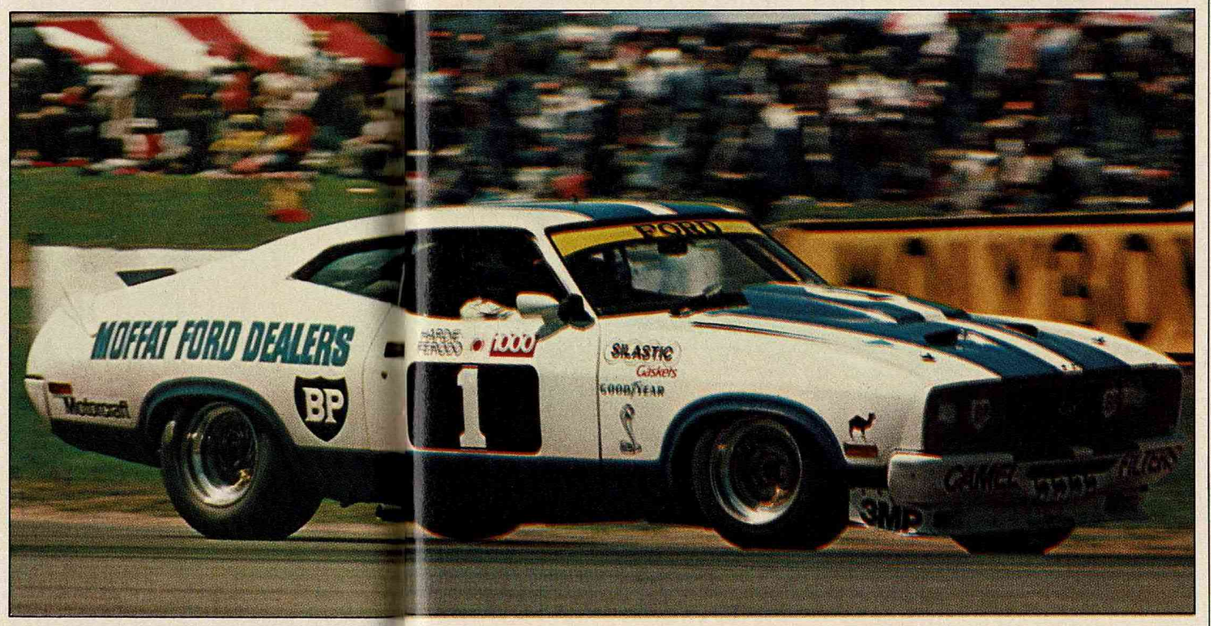
The Moffat team had a good year in 1976, winning the sports sedan championship with the Capri and Monza and the touring car championship in the Falcon. If anything, 1977 was to be even better. As Moffat was the knight in Ford's shining armor, so the Colin Bond-Holden symbiosis was sacred to the other side. When Bond turned his back on Torana to become the number two driver in the Moffat Ford Dealer team, the sense of betrayal among enraged fans was enormous – for, on top of the old Ford-Holden struggle, Bond had, and still has, a very loyal personal following.

That year, backed by healthy sponsorship and driving two cars kept up to peak development, Moffat and Bond had the crowd figures going up with a series of top performances. The effort of taking the touring car championship for the third time and the second year in a row was overshadowed by the brilliant victory in the Hardie-Ferodo 1000 where, for the first time, a team came home first and second. It was a bonus for photographers that the cars' numbers happened to be 1 and 2. They were heady times and not long after, in a chapter headed *My Mate Tiger-Eyes Bond* in a book about his career, Moffat summed up Bond: "That's the measure of the man – he can take orders as well as give them, and stay in second spot when it's necessary for the good of the team."

It wasn't to stay sweetness and light for long. Even in the euphoria after the Great One-Two, there were dark mutterings about how Bond had backed off to make sure the boss's nose was first across the line when he could have won himself. By the end of 1978



Moffat piloted this limited edition Ford Falcon Cobra at Bathurst last year but failed to make the finishing line.

there was not a trace of euphoria anywhere in the Moffat camp. It was obvious that the Ford dealers didn't think they were getting value for money and they wanted to pull out because the Moffat team was having problems getting near the Toranas and their new tyres. There were other problems about homologating (gaining approval for racing) Ford's new XD model range.

But it was the tyres and Bond's increasing reluctance to fill second spot that started to increase the friction, according to Moffat. At the start of the season, the Toranas were suddenly going two and a half seconds a lap quicker and the Moffat team had to scramble to develop tyres to match them. The new tyres were tested on Moffat's car and, when they started working, Moffat was catching the Toranas and Bond was left completely out of the picture.

Moffat: "We were not out there waving a flag and saying 'Hey, look here, this is a brand new set of tyres and I've got them but Colin hasn't' and neither were the other teams. But this is where the fellow in the number two position can make the greatest number of waves in a team. Old Abe Lincoln said it – that a house divided cannot stand. It was true in 1860 and it's bloody true in 1979. You can tell if a team is working well, if the people down the line are prepared to swallow a little you-know-what in the interest of coming up with a package."

Moffat feels a lot of Bond's complaints were unjustified because Bond wasn't putting in the large number of development kilometres needed to balance a car again when you throw in a new component such as better tyres. He claims Bond would be the first to admit he was happy that Moffat was doing the development work, but the relationship had soured and was not saved when things began to go smoothly for the team later in the season.

Moffat: "He wasn't holding up the side. It wasn't a question of his having to justify his position. We would know going into a race that he didn't have a hope in hell of getting up there against the Holden Dealer Team. We were quite thankful that we were able to get one car out there which could rattle their cage a bit. By mid-season that was over, we were over that hurdle, but you don't get over a thing like that emotionally if you feel you've been let down by a partner."

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Whenever Moffat takes a car out on to the track, he is never really just A. Moffat, racing driver. A big enterprise hangs on how well he does, an enterprise in which Pauline Moffat plays a big part. Pauline worked for Coca-Cola when Allan was involved with sponsorship from the company, and when the talk turned to marriage Allan says he made it clear that if she didn't want to be a part of the motor racing scene, she might as well not bother. She chose to bother and became involved to the extent that her brother, Peter Dear, now heads Moffat's healthy Goodyear racing tyre service. Yet even on this business basis, Moffat insists he does not enjoy driving cars quickly.

Moffat: "Not a lot, anyway. It's far too bloody hairy to be enjoyable. I think anyone who enjoys it is a little bit loose. I've never got any thrills from it. Satisfaction, sure. I can be satisfied with the 1977 Bathurst victory, that kind of a result, but winning is not the force that gets us going. I suppose, in a way, just keeping the ship afloat is the primary goal."

With this sort of pressure, and the tremendous physical strain imposed by a race such as the Hardie-Ferodo over the demanding Bathurst circuit, some drivers must be tempted to boost their resources with a pep pill. According to Moffat, they would be crazy if they did.

So much of Moffat's life is wrapped up in motor racing he understands how people suspect that he sees everyone in terms of how useful they can be to him, and ultimately to Allan Moffat Racing. He agrees that he is an unusually single-minded man.

Moffat: "But I don't like the term 'used'. I am trying to do something and I just won't waste my time associating with someone I don't like. It is unfair to say I'm interested only in someone I will use. That's not correct. What is correct is that I'm not likely to meet anyone, or to become friendly with anyone, or to spend any personal time with anyone, who isn't interested in helping me."

He also gets an injured look when anyone suggests he is rather more than well off: "Sure, big amounts of money go through our hands every year, but I can assure you I am not some sort of Howard Hughes as some people think. We're not starving, but it needs an enormous amount of money to keep this thing running."

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Trying to discover Moffat's interests outside motor racing is very hard, for the simple reason that he appears to have very few. After several days of probing, I found that his one hobby is resting.

Moffat: "I try to rest a lot, particularly on a weekend we're not racing and I can stay at home."

He's concerned about joining the heart attack brigade and aware of the need to work at relaxing, on and off the track. He has a few mental tricks which keep him on top of the tension involved in the sport, and he values them so much he is not prepared to discuss them in case they may prove valuable to a rival.

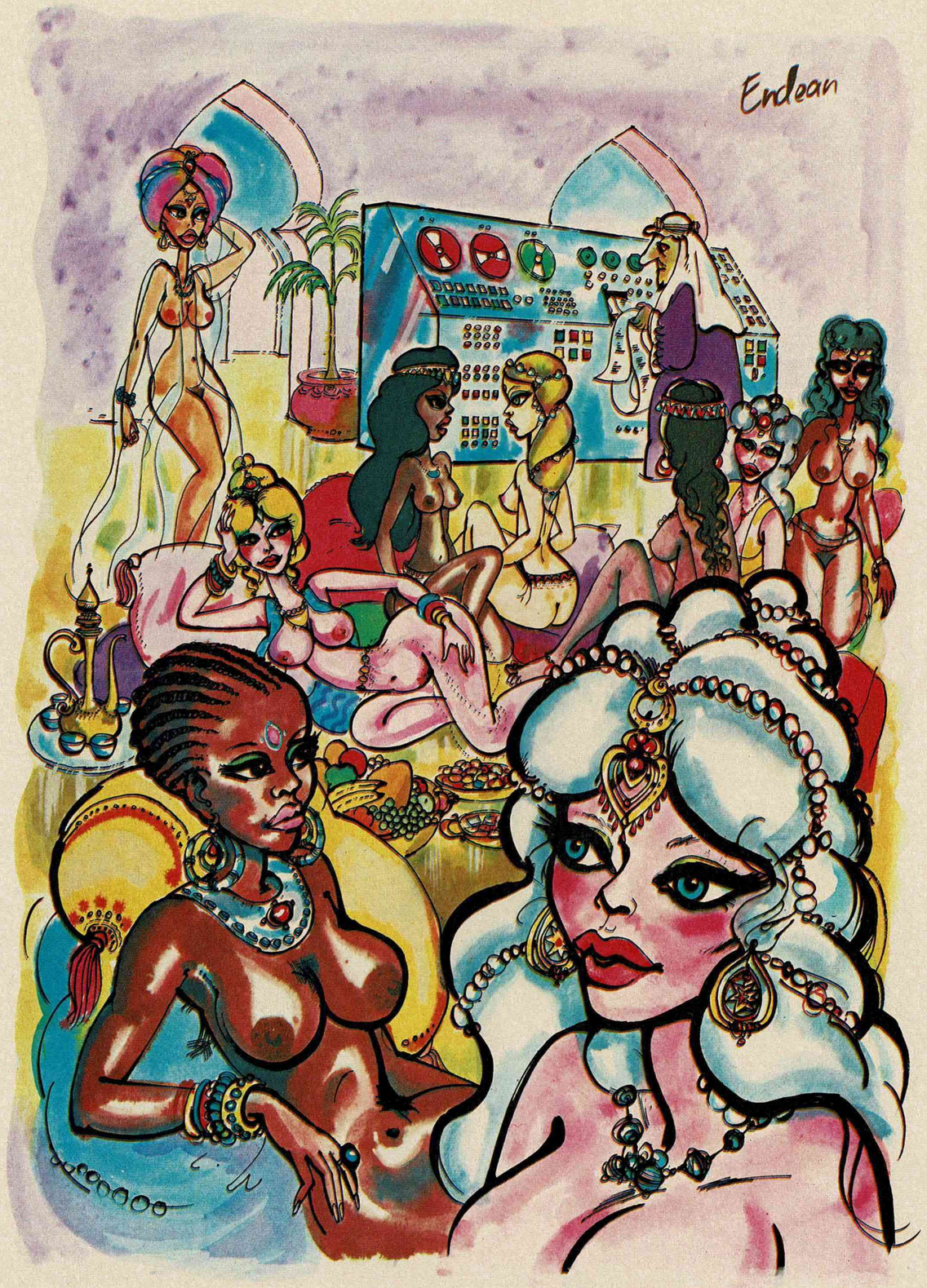
It might not be an absolutely necessary viewpoint for anyone trying to keep a racing team alive, but Moffat doesn't enjoy talking about the past. Still, he's not immune to wondering about the point of it all, the idea of apparently sane men devoting their lives and enormous amounts of money to pushing "boxes" on four wheels around a strip of tar.

Moffat: "I am always very conscious of the years that have gone by since I first ran the TR3 at Calder. I always find myself thinking on the highway out to that circuit: 'What am I doing? Am I really wasting my life?' The act of running around on a circuit is somewhat pointless, but certainly the endeavor required to do it is not, any more than it is pointless chasing a golf ball around 18 holes trying to get a perfect score, or trying to get 100 in a cricket match.

"It's the way of life which accompanies that effort, and the purpose . . . that's what keeps me going, it gives me purpose. I have never made money my purpose in life, although I've had vast amounts of it flow through my hands. My purpose always has been to excel in the vehicle and to maintain a team. In many areas I've failed and in many I've succeeded. I just worry, as the years go by, about how much application I have had to put into motor racing at the expense of doing anything else."

It's interesting to note that all the big Moffat racing trophies are kept in the office/workshop. The Moffat residence – a comfortable unit a few floors up, overlooking tennis courts and a grassy area – says very little about the Moffat persona. If instant accessibility has anything to do with being relaxed it's the ideal place, because it's straight down the road about five minutes from the workshop – an aspect Moffat does, in fact, prize.

Racing trophies aside, Moffat is something of a minor collector – model trucks, china military pieces: "I like to buy things that remind me of the time. Time, to me, goes by so fast I like to have things that remind me of a certain period. Then there's my collection of Churchill books. I couldn't afford them when I bought them on the never-never, but now I have all 36 volumes of everything Winston Churchill wrote and it's fabulous. I'm terribly happy to have them. It will take me the rest of my life to read them. I probably won't even read them all, but I have them and that makes me feel very happy."



"It was more exciting when he made up his own mind."

the cinderella story of a skinny kid from the wrong side of the tracks who became a fairy princess in the james bond jet set

FETCHING FRÄULEIN

WHILE we realise our readers appreciate home grown talent, occasionally our eyes are caught by some foreign beauty so breathtaking it would be a pity to deny her to Australian connoisseurs.

In this case it is lovely Ursula Buchfellner, a leading contender for German PLAYBOY'S Playmate of the Year. Eighteen-year-old Ursula, who hails from Munich, grew up in a dingy bedroom apartment in one of the worst slum areas in the city. Unable to afford

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER WEISSBRICH

"I know that my real achievement will be to find lots of love."

bus fares, she never left the district and her schoolmates poked fun at her because she was so skinny.

At 15, Ursula left school and became a pastrycook's apprentice. Her former boss recalls that, when she was behind the counter, business boomed.

Ursula was spotted in a park one day by a PLAYBOY editor and agreed to pose as a Playmate. By chance German television was making a documentary on the shooting of a Playmate and, within a few weeks, her startling form

"I am a sleeping princess waiting for a prince to wake me up."

was being unreeled before a nationwide audience. Ursula soon was besieged by offers from magazines, advertising agencies and movie producers.

She was given a small part in the latest James Bond film and is now working on a television serial. Three years ago she couldn't afford a bus fare. Now she jets to such exotic places as Mauritius, Hong Kong and Kenya.

In case she doesn't make it to Australia, feast your eyes on this Deutsch darling here and now.

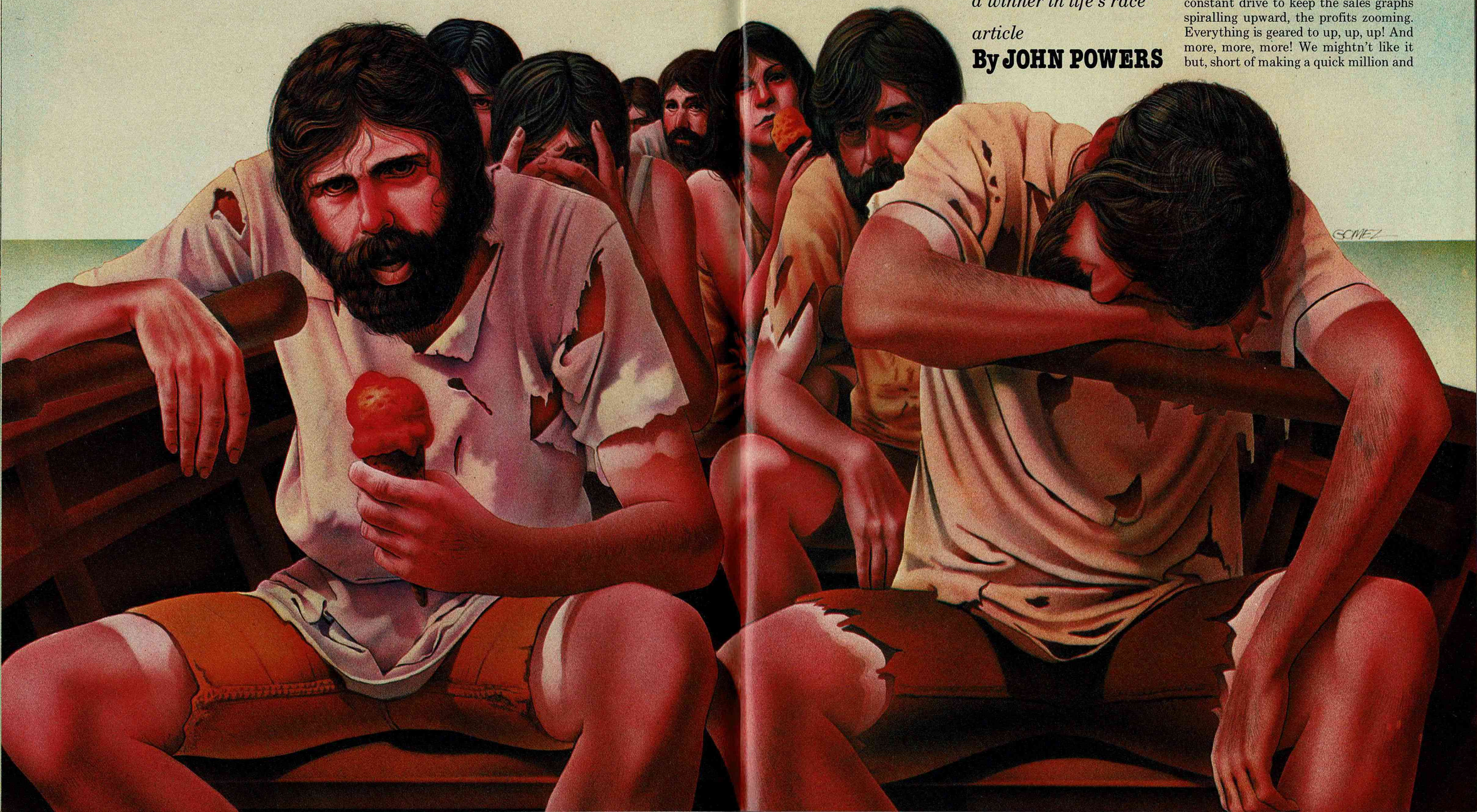
THE MOTIVATORS

the men who stoke the fires under australia's greatest athletes tell how you can become a winner in life's race

article

By JOHN POWERS

MANY OF US, facing the 1980s, deplore the pressure at which we are forced to work. Hardly a day passes when we are not under some form of challenge – to get the contract, gain the promotion, save the patient's life, meet the deadline, win the case in court, be elected the president of the golf club or sway an opponent in an argument. There is a constant drive to keep the sales graphs spiralling upward, the profits zooming. Everything is geared to up, up, up! And more, more, more! We mightn't like it but, short of making a quick million and



bailing out, that's the way life is. And it's going to get tougher.

It was estimated recently that 10 percent of all human beings ever born are alive right now – and spawning feverishly. For millions, survival is a daily triumph. And with so many people producing so many goods and offering so many services, all levels of endeavor and achievement must escalate. Sheer numbers and performance pressures force us to do more, and do it better and faster. We can't dodge the pressures because we like what modern society offers us – color television, sleek cars, prestige jobs, international travel, silver-service restaurants and homes we can live in with pride. We also want and need to be loved. And we seek the dignity of self-respect.

These are the prizes of life. Increasingly, they go only to the people who rise above mediocrity – the achievers and the winners. And behind those most heralded and celebrated of winners, the top-level competitive athletes, exists an even rarer breed of men who guide and inspire them to the Olympic dais, the crowns of Wimbledon, the custodianship of the Davis Cup and the victors' lap of honor after a VFL Grand Final.

These men are the motivators. The apostles of excellence. What, if anything, that these men tell their athletes can we take and use in our day-to-day lives? A lot, it seems, because increasingly business and professional men are using the sports motivators to inspire them and their staffs.

North Melbourne's football coach, Ron Barassi, now spends a considerable part of. each year lecturing to business executives about success. And a dozen copies of Bell and Howell's 16mm color film, *The Habit of Winning,* built around the philosophy propounded by the legendary American football coach, Vince Lombardi, are booked solid for weeks in advance by managements of companies such as General Motors Acceptance Corporation, Myer, AMP, Rowntree Hoadley, Chesebrough-Pond's and the Ford Motor Company.

What, then, are the beliefs that have inspired dozens of Franz Stampfl's athletes to compete at the Olympic Games and to win more than 650 medals in State and Australian championships? And what philosophy drove Neale Fraser to win the singles and doubles crowns of both Wimbledon and the United States, helped him win 18 of the 21 Davis Cup rubbers he played, and now makes him lead Australia's challengers confidently into the 1979 Davis Cup?

What advice does the professional motivation counsellor Lee Saxon give the Collingwood football team, plus the champions and challengers in cycling, boxing, table tennis, golf, cricket, swimming, ice skating and rowing who consult him regularly? And how has the legendary Ron Barassi "lifted" his football teams to win 10 out of the 15 VFL Grand Finals in which they have participated?

Do these four men share common beliefs about essential ingredients for higher achievement? They do. And speaking and listening to them allows us to define the key concepts of the prerequisites of success.

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"To get the most out of your lives," Ron Barassi advises his players, "it's necessary to get motivated." *Webster's Dictionary* defines "motive" as "some inner drive, impulse, intention, etc, that causes a person to do something, or act in a certain way . . . of causing, or tending to cause, motion". The motion or inner drive that Barassi and his fellow motivators seek to spur in their athletes is the desire or need to achieve excellence in their particular fields of sporting endeavor.

"When you haven't got something you really want, you fight to get it. You have the impetus and hunger to drive yourself."

"Motivated" is a key word and a key concept in sport. The unmotivated or even undermotivated person will not succeed – cannot succeed – at the highest levels of competition. Probably a degree of fanaticism is required to achieve any form of human excellence. But the essentials in all fields of endeavor are the same: effort, struggle, persistence, application, determination, stamina, refusal to quit and – as Barassi insists – belief in yourself. Belief in your ability ultimately and inevitably to succeed.

Neale Fraser adds another dimension when he says: "Desperation is something that's lacking in people who don't become champions. I'm a great believer in fighting for everything. There's no sense in giving opponents easy points or easy games. Think of Connors and Borg – they're hungry to win every point."

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Everything the motivators say and do is geared to helping people who already know what they want to achieve. "You must have a goal!" Lee Saxon states emphatically, "because without a goal you're like a ship without a rudder. So I always talk first about goal-setting.

"You have to have an over-riding goal, an intermediate goal and a present goal. You must have that intermediate goal, otherwise the over-riding one is too far away and you can lose sight of it. So the intermediate goal has to be a good one, but not impossible. The vital thing is to believe you can be better than you are . . . initially just a little bit better, but better! Always better! Believe that and it will happen."

Ron Barassi also talks about goals. "Goal-setting means examining your needs and your wants," he advises his players. Then he cautions them, too: "There's a difference between needs and wants. You might want certain things without really needing them – that's the essential difference. We all have different priorities, but we should all be able to set some goals. And the degree to which we will pursue and achieve the goals we set will be in direct proportion to how much we really *want* those goals."

That's Barassi in a relaxed mood, talking about abstract goals. But when he homes in on a particular target the whole tenor of what he says changes. He becomes inspirer, motivator:

"When I came here to North Melbourne we were nothing. And we built. We built into ourselves the desire to be winners instead of losers – a fierce desire to achieve that end. And through one hell of a lot of work we did it. Now we're a top club. But a lot of the players who got us here, with their ability and their determination to be the best, aren't with us any more. So we're not going to stay at the top unless we recapture that fierceness of desire to be Number One again. To be Number One and stay Number One! Because all those teams underneath us are desperate to beat us. They have the motivation. They're the ones struggling, and it's the struggle that's giving them strength! Because when you haven't got something you really want, you fight to get it! You have the impetus and the hunger to drive yourself to achievement!"

Less volatile personalities, such as Neale Fraser – in a conservative light grey suit at the headquarters of the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia in South Yarra – make the conquest of the world sound almost mundane after Barassi's vehemence. "There were two goals I wanted to achieve," he says very quietly, very calmly. "To help my country win the Davis Cup, and to win Wimbledon. One was a national thing, and the other was a personal thing and I managed to achieve both. My next

"Don't wait for me – I'm going down with my Pintadeau Rosi et Flambé à la Riche."

ambition was very simple – that was just to captain my country."

Fraser smiles ruefully – perhaps thinking of the money made by Connors and Borg and McEnroe – and adds: "Maybe it should have been to make a million dollars. Maybe I didn't set my standards high enough." Then he shrugs – one of those typical "what-the-hell" Australian shrugs – and says: "But when you've achieved what you set out to achieve . . . when you look back . . . it's pretty good."

To Franz Stampfl – himself born in Europe – the most powerful motivating goal for Australian athletes is "to prove to the rest of the world that they are not only as good as them, but that they are better than them. That's why they want to go overseas and do the things they do. Absolutely!"

Sitting behind his cluttered desk near the Beaurepaire Centre at Melbourne University, Stampfl is in his 60s but looks as impressive physically as the 20-year-olds lapping the oval outside the windows. He raps the top of his desk emphatically to emphasise each point. "The Australians, by and large," he says, "having gone through the history of colonialism, want to show – like the Irish – that they're certainly as good as their masters were. If you tell an Australian boy or girl 'Look, you go overseas and you'll come up against the best in the world' they'll work day and night to have the chance to go and show that they can be just as good. *Absolutely!*"

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When Lee Saxon asked the Collingwood footballers recently why they played, to define their primary motivation, they agreed unanimously it was for love of the game. Rene Kink (nicknamed "The Incredible Hulk") explained to Saxon: "It's the atmosphere . . . the roar of the crowd . . . the excitement . . . the smell of the dressing rooms . . . the mateship . . . the whole atmosphere. But essentially I just love playing football."

Saxon agrees that effort must be motivated by love of what you are doing or want to do. "How else can you explain the competitors who play for clubs that lose more games than they win . . . who constantly wind up with the wooden spoon?"

Ron Barassi agrees. "I love football – the competitiveness, the challenge – and when you love something you want to give, not just take. So I want my players to have pride in the skills of Australian football and to carry that pride away with them when they go on to coach, or even to teach their own sons how to play the game. I want them proud of the fact that they're playing the only sport that was invented in their own country." And Franz Stampfl confirms that there must be the basis of love if there is to be a high level of achievement: "First of all, you would never say to a young boy or a young girl, 'You are going to be a champion!' This would be absurd. They must love it . . . for the sake of it, and want to succeed."

Asked to nominate the essential ingredient of athletic success, Franz Stampfl did not hesitate: work. "What you really want is a person who is able to absorb hard work and who is *willing* to absorb hard work. That, for a start, is terribly important . . . because to be a

Football coach Ron Barassi relays tactics to his players during the excitement of a VFL grand final.

champion is enormously hard. Even at a local level it's difficult, but to be a world champion is to face almost unbelievable odds . . . almost impossible.

"In the United States alone there are more than a million senior athletes in competition and there are lots more junior and sub-junior and so on. And in the Soviet Union you have 40 million! Then another 10 million – maybe even more – in the rest of Europe. And all of them train five, six, seven hours a day . . . summer and winter . . . non-stop . . . seven days a week! You can't train more than that. Then, every four years, you get the Olympic Games. And at the Olympic Games there is only one winner in each event . . . only *one!* And the differences are so minute . . . a thousandth of a second! Ridiculous!"

As Stampfl drew breath there was a tap on his door. A young athlete in a track suit opened it and waited in the doorway for instructions. "Do ten thousand metres," Stampfl told him. "That's 20 laps of the football field." The young athlete remained motionless in the doorway until Stampfl frowned, uncomprehendingly. The frown prompted an explanation.

"I've had a virus for two weeks," the young athlete said quickly, with a note of pleading in his voice.

"Oh, my God!" Stampfl commiserated automatically. Then he shrugged. The boy began to expand on the debilitating effects of the virus but Stampfl stopped listening. He waved his arm and commanded: "Off you go."

The athlete blinked, nodded, then began to close the door. But before he could get it shut, Stampfl added as an afterthought: "And then some easy weightlifting."

The door closed, muffling two words: "No worries."

"I don't have to push anybody," Stampfl continued. "He comes in here and I tell him 10,000 metres plus some weightlifting. He knows it's right. And that's enough." The master speaks.

"To be able to defeat someone as an athlete you must first conquer yourself," he said, his voice inflected with a note of excitement. "This is number one. You must be able to control yourself. You must have put essential controls on yourself so that you can behave and perform well – irrespective of whether you have someone to compete against or you're performing in isolation.

"You train an athlete daily over a period of at least five years. And in these five years the stress increases little by little. Here you develop a poet! You want someone with a tremendous feel for movement . . . with a tremendous feel for the basic unity of the world . . . a person with the most refined emotions, but so powerful that he will release tremendous strength . . . Even in competition it's always the conquering of yourself that is most important – doing better than you have ever done before. And it doesn't matter whether you finish first, second, or fifth . . . you've won! You've conquered yourself, for yourself, and that's all that matters. That is why we all do it."

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Lucifer may have been cast from paradise because of his excessive pride but, according to the motivators, nobody will achieve anything of consequence in the competitive world without developing his pride as a driving force.

"Pride," Ron Barassi always insists, "should not come because of natural ability. That's been handed to you on a silver platter – by your parents or nature or the Guy Above. You didn't get it by your own efforts . . . it was given to you . . . so there can't be any pride just because you have it. What we can have pride in, legitimately, is

putting together with our natural ability that four-letter word 'work'! That's what we can have pride in – nothing else! Those are the only things – work and effort – added to what you've already been given, that really justify pride. Then you can say to yourself: 'I've really worked hard for this. I've deserved it!' "

Neale Fraser says: "The biggest thing in motivation is pride. Not necessarily self-pride, though that's part of it, but pride in your country. I am a great nationalist and I really believe that one of the faults of Australian sport and life is that we're not nationalistic enough. I feel very strongly about that.

"We're going to play America in the Davis Cup. We haven't played them now for nearly 10 years and, sure, they're good. They have a big reputation. But we want to beat them because we want to shove it down their necks that they're not the greatest."

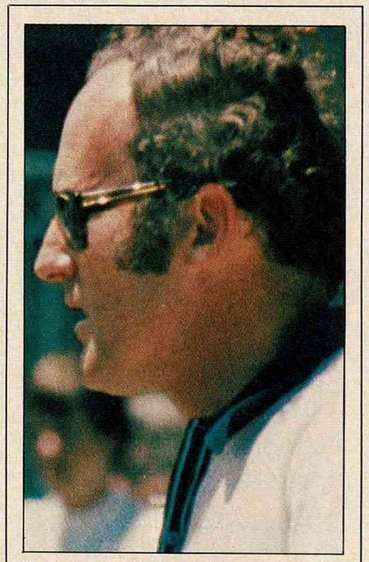
Lee Saxon believes that it is the pride of earning recognition that acts as the basic drive in human endeavor. "I'd rate recognition enormously highly as a motive for the output of effort and for achievement," he expounds confidently. "I'd rate it as the prime motivating force. It's doing something that creates an effect, makes an impression, draws response. It's saying: 'Hey, world, notice me! I exist!'

"It's basically a cry for attention. You find the same thing in the juvenile delinquent, only he's saying, 'If you won't love me or respect me then you'll hate me, because I'm not going to be treated like a nothing. You won't be able to ignore me!' "

Franz Stampfl likes to illustrate healthy pride, and the indomitability of the human will, by talking about Ralph Doubell, who won a gold medal in the 800 metres at the Mexico Olympics, setting a new Games record and equalling the world record. "When Doubell came to me five years before Mexico – straight from high school and with no previous athletic background – he had huge disadvantages.

"First, his stride was so small, so tiny, that you would have thought he was a non-athlete. This was a huge, an enormous, difficulty . . . almost impossible . . . almost hopeless. But after several months of very, very hard training he was able to overcome this. He improved all the time because he could do a lot of work . . . he was able mentally to absorb work. But physically he was very frail. Every time he ran too much he had a stress fracture – a hairline fracture in his bones or feet or ankles – which stopped him training for four or five or six weeks. But always he came back and tried again. And that went on. I don't think in the first three years he went through more than four months' training at any time without breaking down. But he persevered. His mental toughness was quite unbelievable. Yet he wasn't aggressive. And he was able to keep a calm and clinical approach to it.

"So this man was able to overcome difficulties when he could not have known he was going to become an Olympic champion. He had so many difficulties that anyone else would have said: 'This is not for me. I break down every five minutes. Something always goes wrong.' He had nose and



Tennis coach Neale Fraser, winner of both the singles and doubles crowns of Wimbledon and the US.

throat infections and tonsilitis and bellyache. He was so frail that he had to struggle just to overcome his handicaps rather than struggle to become a champion.

"I don't know whether even he knows what made him do it. Yet the fact is that it was essential to him. And I can only suspect that he had to prove himself to himself . . . and, perhaps, also prove himself to the rest of the world." Stampfl shrugged. He seemed to recognise that he was venturing into the inexplicable.

Ron Barassi has definite views on the struggle to succeed. At a meeting with his team during the alarming slump of form in 1977 – a slump that threatened to leave North Melbourne outside the five teams contesting the VFL finals – Barassi spoke sombrely about his deepest sporting convictions.

"One of the things you'll get out of football," he told his players, "is good mateship. That's an old cliché and you'll hear many people say it, but it is true. True mateship is forged in common effort. If you just go through the motions – win some, lose some – the mateships you form won't be deep. You'll just go your own ways and maybe never see each other again after you finish with football. But the (Francis) Bourkes and the (Royce) Harts and the (Kevin) Sheedys – the top players in the top sides – who've been through the football battles together would do anything for each other if they were in trouble. That is when mateship comes out. They would do it because of the respect they've earned from each other.

"If you finish sixth or seventh or eighth, I don't think the feelings can ever run as deep. But when you've been with the top players in the top sides, seen them in action, seen how they've concentrated and tried and prepared themselves mentally, and watched the effort they've put in every Saturday, then all that generates a respect that brings tremendous rewards – not just in football but for the whole of your lives."

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"Once you have it physically, the rest is 95 percent mental," Lee Saxon claims. And it's on mental preparation – preparing the mind for the gruelling ordeal of competition – that the motivators all concentrate more and more. They all appear ready to concede that optimum levels of fitness must be taken for granted at the highest levels of athletics. So the vital "winning edge" is more likely to be mental.

"The mental aspect is tremendous in tennis," Neale Fraser says. "A player must be mentally strong as well as physically strong." And how does he, as coach, help his players mentally?

"I try to keep them up," he says, "keep them confident. I keep them positive – thinking about the next point, not the one they've just lost. I tell them: 'There's nothing you can do about the point or the game that's gone . . . nothing. It's in the book. It's gone. Now just think about the next point. And don't relax. Don't argue. Don't get uptight about things'."

Both Franz Stampfl and Ron Barassi draw parallels between sport and war when they speak of the mental preparedness necessary for top-level competition. "Do you, the athlete, know how you're going to stand up to a terrific amount of stress – purely physical stress?" Stampfl queries. "You have to be placed under such stress in training. It's like going to war. The first time you hear gunfire you get terribly jumpy. But if you are placed under the stress before you get there, you'll be able to stand it much better."

And Barassi believes it needs days of thought – days of pre-game tension

building inside them – for footballers to be tuned perfectly for an important match. They need to think constantly about how to counter their opponents. Part of the athlete's mind should always be projecting to the game ahead, the battle ahead.

"The good warrior, from what we read in the history books," he says, "was one who looked forward to the coming battle. Now that's a bit sick, because there is death involved in battle. But the good, competitive sportsman is the modern counterpart of that . . . I believe so, anyway. And you should look forward to it. You should say: 'I hope they're at their best, because I feel like taking on the world!' That's what you should feel like before a big game. And it should be planned like a war. If you're not prepared, you go under."

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Money would rate very low on an accurate chart showing the primary drives in any athlete's pursuit of excellence. That was Lee Saxon's belief before he asked the Collingwood players for the reasons they played, and they confirmed his belief.

For Franz Stampfl's athletes – all of them amateurs – monetary reward isn't a possibility. "Just love . . . love of the thing itself," Stampfl says.

And Neale Fraser admits: "I don't, fortunately, have too many problems about financial arrangements with our players. In fact, they went nearly 12 months before they approached me and said: 'We want to have a chat to you about an increase in what we receive.' And I said: 'Okay, let's talk about it.' I didn't raise the subject with them, and it went nearly another 12 months before they said: 'Listen, what about that increase we were going to talk about?' " Fraser grinned with relief. "I don't have that as a problem."

Ron Barassi answered the snipe of one of his players – "you didn't have to train this hard" – by saying: "But we only got 50 quid a year for playing. Compare that with what you guys get now." Another time Barassi shook his head in amazement at the number of business firms willing to write him handsome cheques for speaking to them on motivation. "It's crazy," he says. "All of a sudden I'm getting paid all this money for something I have spent about 20 years of my life doing for nothing."

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How do the motivators explain the failure of some gifted athletes – athletes who appear to have squandered great natural ability? "I suppose it's lack of desire," says Neale Fraser. "Or maybe satisfaction at reaching a certain standard, or reaching that standard too quickly and then thinking: 'That's good enough!' " And he feels – resentfully – that the Australian "knockers" contribute to the casualty rate of many gifted people.

Barassi believes that mental weakness is the greatest single cause of failure. "Nearly everything that goes wrong with you in life is your fault," he insists to his players. "I believe that. And even if it's not true, you're still better off to believe that it is true, and work on it."

Lee Saxon believes that the most common reason for not succeeding is fear of failure. "So many blokes think: 'I could have been great if I'd really applied myself.' But behind it all is a lurking fear: 'If I really do apply myself, and still don't succeed, then I've proved I really am a failure. So I'll stick my head in the sand.' It's a form of self-defence. Not trying hard saves you from failing."

Franz Stampfl believes he can give the reason for failure in one word: "Vanity! Their vanity won't allow them to produce their best, because they worry about looking ugly. And athletes *do* look ugly when they're exhausted – they fall to their knees, their faces distort, they gasp for breath. Look at them at the finish of a hard 1500-metre race. The vain athlete won't allow himself to look like that. He refuses to contest to his limit and to lay himself bare. He has a specific image of himself trotting around a track, looking handsome and very talented. For him the fear of failure is enormous. So he always loses."

"Understanding what football is really about would make Australians better people – because it's about survival."

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"Success is a very individual thing," Ron Barassi argues. "It's not only the achievement of goals, but of having worthy goals."

"It's much harder to motivate the champions," Franz Stampfl says, "because already they've achieved so much. There's the recognition – that's already achieved. And people congratulate them. The desperation isn't there any more. And along comes every tin-pot committee, asking them to open an appeal or speak to them. So in the end they spend more time at other things than they do at their training. They're stupid! Instead of going to bed at eight o'clock they go to bed at 10, 11 or 12. So they can't get up at five. And that's *it!*"

Lee Saxon agrees in essence with Stampfl. "It's always the unrealised potential that's easiest for the motivator to work on. It's the unrealised potential that can be the greatest incentive for the man who's starved of success. The champion is always your problem because he's thinking: 'I've got so much to lose now!' That fear of failing can be deadly."

Neale Fraser readily, and with transparent sadness, admits that after his golden year of 1960 – when he won both the Wimbledon and the United States singles and doubles titles, and defended Australia's hold on the Davis Cup – his motivation declined. "I did find it a little hard after that because that's about as high as you can go."

He looked genuinely troubled as he added: "In Australia we're interested only in winners. We're a bunch of knockers in this country and once a person's not at the top we drop him like a hot coal. After the war we were too successful at too many things. But it was because Europe was devastated – it didn't even have tennis courts – and we had racquets and balls and the weather on our side.

"By the '60s the rest of the world had recovered from the war and a lot of countries started playing tennis. And even in the United States everything boomed. When I was playing there in the late '50s and the early '60s there were only about four million tennis players. Now there are something like 40 million of them.

"And it's the same in all sports: cricket, swimming – we dominated in swimming – athletics, everything. We had John Landy and Herb Elliott. I believe that the standard of athletes we're producing is nearly as good as it was years ago. But the standard all over the world has improved tremendously. There's far more competition in the world. But we Australians have been brought up to win."

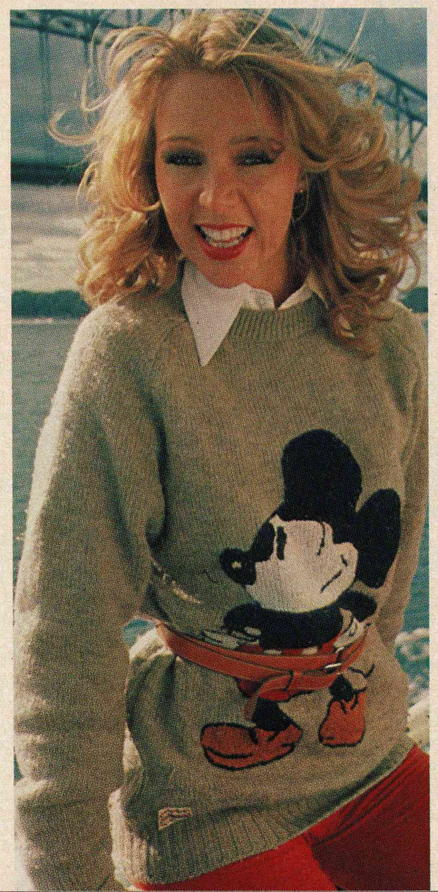
The identical problem – of victory being the only result that will guarantee loyalty and support for even the bravest and most illustrious competitors – obviously haunts the mind of even that archetypal Australian winner, Ron Barassi.

Many people, Barassi has said, think that Australian footballers are "all brawn and no brains", that the game itself is "brutal" and that the players are "thugs". Barassi replies: "Understanding what football is really about could make Australians better and more dynamic people – because it's about survival."

"I may not be much to look at, but my foreplay is dynamite."

BODY AND SOUL

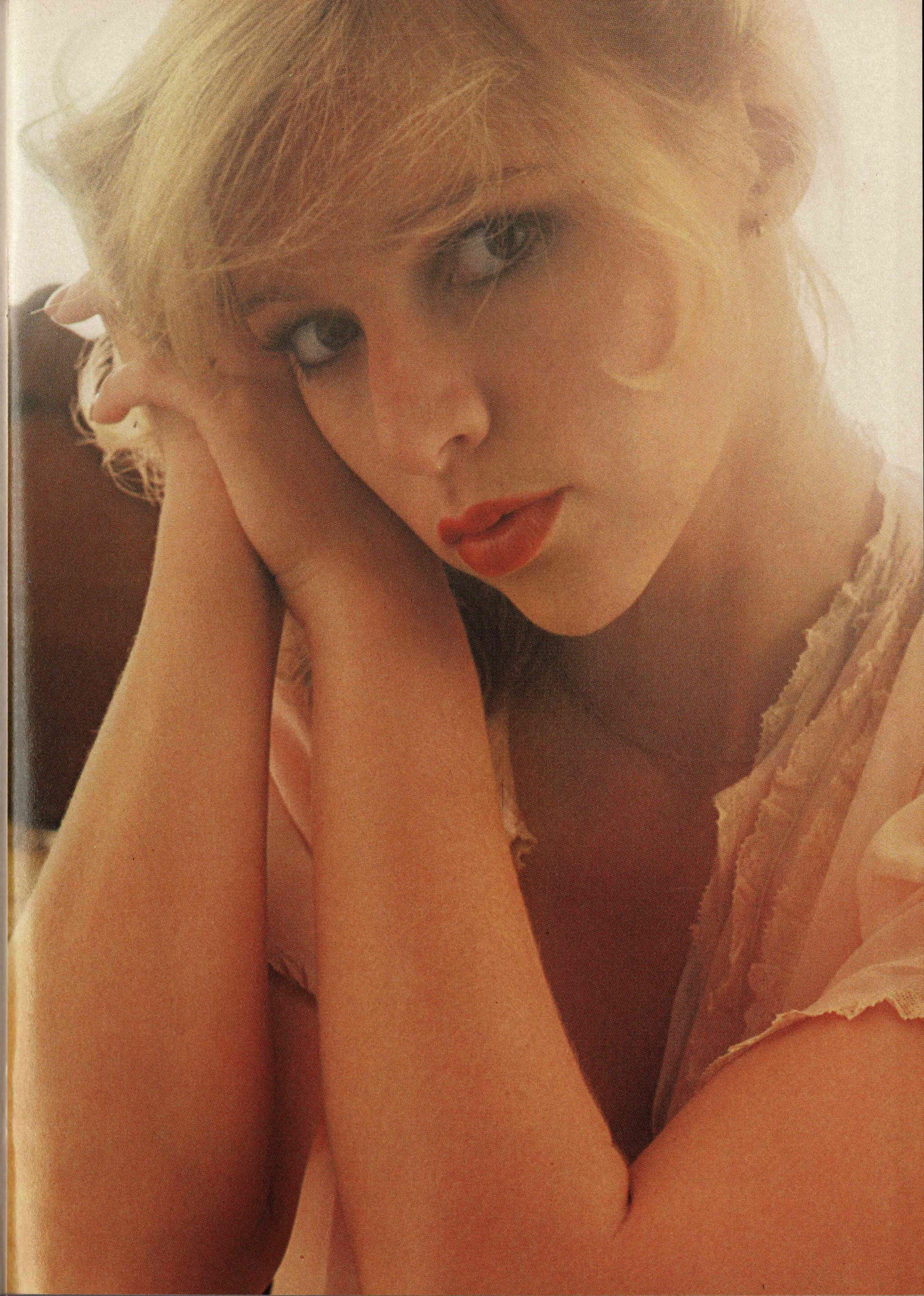
rosemary paul might have it all together but she is still a rebel — in a delightful way



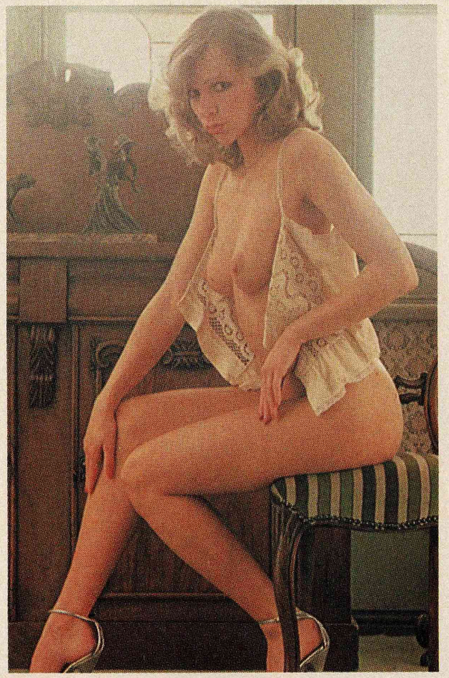
R IS FOR ROSEMARY and for rebel. Rosemary Paul is certainly not the pink-ribboned package you would expect to curtsy off the assembly line of Sydney's prim and private Queenwood School. Beneath that delectable body lurks an independent spirit that bridles at discipline for discipline's sake, questions the social graces and pegs the pretentious. Not that she flaunts her rebellion. Rosemary simply wants to make her own decisions from her own judgments.

"From where other people stand, I suppose I am a rebel," she says. "But I only rebel against things I don't believe in and people who force their beliefs upon me. I didn't quite make it at Queenwood because they tried to make me into their image of a lady. I didn't

Photography by Denis Scott



"As the youngest and the only girl in my family, I guess I was spoiled. But I think being a spoiled little girl made me more aware of the need for giving."



like that. So I dropped out of the cloisters into a progressive school."

That progressive school, Chiron, took the girl and moulded a woman. Chiron was not free in a moneyed sense, but more than Rosemary's bust developed in its unrestrained atmosphere. "The teachers left us to organise ourselves and I responded to being treated as a person rather than a child," she says. "If we felt like going to the park for a smoke, or to the local pub for a drink, we went. I learned a lot about life and enjoying life in my two years at that school."

Hedonism was not Chiron's only bequest to Rosemary. Living among

"I enjoy being a girl. I am a rebel but I am feminine, not a feminist. I still like a man to open my car door for me."

"If a man turns me on he needn't worry about seducing me. I'll take the initiative. I'll get him into bed before he knows what is happening."

the progressives also underlined the importance of honesty and sincerity in her relations with other people. She is grateful she never wanted for love or warmth growing up in the family cocoon in Mosman on Sydney Harbor.

Her zest for living is attuned more to the emotional than the material. She attaches far more importance to a loving, meaningful relationship with a man than she does to wealth.

She feels secure in her own little harborside terrace she shares with the

man who wooed and won her by breaking into the house one day and leaving a single red rose as a calling card. The only other occupant is a German short-haired pointer named Oli. Says Rosemary: "He's a beautiful dog and he keeps me in shape by taking me for long morning walks."

One day Rosemary would like to see herself as an actress — not just the wide-eyed dreamer in the television ad saving for the day she can afford her fantasy on a desert island.

In the meantime, at 21, Rosemary has it all together — body and soul.

"Give me the simple things in life. The beach, the open spaces, candles, soft rock and snuggling up to a man who understands me."

Rosemary Rast.
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
MISS OCTOBER

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rosemary Paul.

BUST: 34B WAIST: 24. HIPS: 34.

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 7st. 10lbs SIGN: Leo.

BIRTH DATE: 13 Aug '57 BIRTHPLACE: Melbourne. Australia

TURN-ONS: Fresh air, warmth from people and the sun.

TURN-OFFS: violence, strikes, deceitful people.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Woody Allen Movies, Coming Home, Fantasia

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Blondie, Manhattan Transfer, Bette Midler.

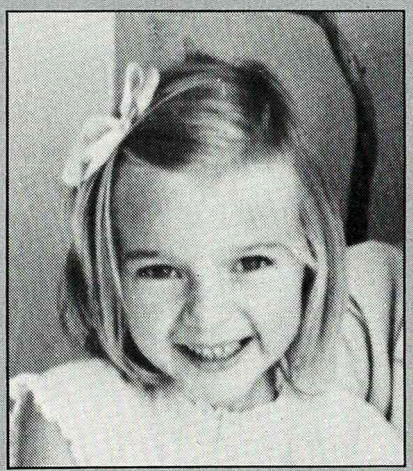
FAVORITE ACTORS: Jane Fonda, Jack Nicholson, Bette Davis, Peter Ustinov.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Even Cowgirls get the Blues, Gnomes, Lord of the Rings.

FAVORITE FOOD: Lobster, Greek salads, Italian dishes.

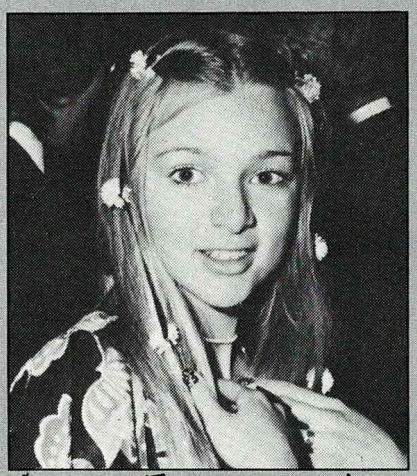
FAVORITE TV: Mork and Mindy, M.A.S.H., The Two Ronnies, Wild Life Specials.

RELAXING: walking my dog and lying on the beach all day.



Age 5, but not camera-shy.

Age 8, Pig-tails & gym-slips.



Age 15, and not a kid anymore.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two art society misses were appraising the works of an up-and-coming artist at an exclusive gallery when they came to an erotic work featuring a naked girl as the centrepiece. "My goodness, that girl looks exactly like you," one miss exclaimed to her friend. "Don't tell me you posed for it?"

"Of course not," answered the other, blushing furiously. "He must have painted it from memory."

One beautiful but militant feminist was propositioned by the try-anything male at a cocktail party. In her loudest put-down voice she replied icily: "I think you should know that I've developed an immunity to being used by men as a casual sex object."

"That's not surprising," replied the male guest just as loudly, "considering the number of times you've been inoculated."

The veteran boundary rider and the fresh-faced jackeroo arrived back at camp after a long, hot ride. Dismounting wearily, the old-timer strolled to the back of his horse and, to the amazement of his companion, lifted the animal's tail and placed a long, noisy kiss on the spot revealed.

"What did you do that for?" asked his mate.

"Got chapped lips," came the terse reply.

"You mean that fixes them?"

The old timer grinned: "No, but it sure stops me licking them!"

How many times a week do your animals perform their stud functions?" the overbearing wife asked the bull breeder at the livestock exhibition. "About four or five times," was the reply.

Turning to her husband with a scornful look, the woman said: "There, I told you four or five times a week is not unusual among champions."

Realising he had contributed to the husband's misery, the breeder added quickly: "Of course, we never use the same cow twice."

The stream of nurses attending to the every need of the handsome minor surgery patient prompted a friend to ask: "Why all the attention? Your condition is hardly serious."

"I know," smiled the patient, "but the girls formed a fan club when word got around that my circumcision required 22 stitches."

The tiresome Melbourne society wife made her final call on her husband's dwindling bank account when she hinted that she thought she would look good in something long and flowing. So the exasperated husband pushed her into the Yarra.

There was a young maid from Pitlochry
Who was had by a man in a rockery.
She cried: "It's no fun.
"And it's hell on my bum.
"This isn't a screw, it's a mockery!"

A holiday at Surfers Paradise proved such a tonic for the married executive that he decided the easy life was well worth sharing. His telegram to his business partner in their Sydney office read: *"Join me for a very pleasant week. Bring my wife and your mistress."*

His colleague's return cable was: *"I'll bring her up tomorrow – but how long have you known about us?"*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *oral sex* as a Freudian slurp.

We'll just have to live on love" was the young groom's tender advice to his bride when neither could find suitable employment. He returned from his job-hunting the next day to discover his naked bride sliding down the banister. "What on earth are you doing?" he demanded.

"Just warming up your dinner, dear," she replied.

On discovering that they were both virgins, the honeymooners, after long discussion, decided the only way to consummate the marriage was to undress and rush at each other from opposite corners of the room. They missed completely and he shot through the window, bounced off the awning and landed on the pavement. Clutching his upright member, he dashed into the foyer to ask the desk clerk if he thought anyone would notice him racing stark naked up three flights of stairs.

"I very much doubt it, sir," replied the clerk. "Everyone's up on the third floor trying to get some bird off a door knob."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"Not here, darling – nobody's watching!"

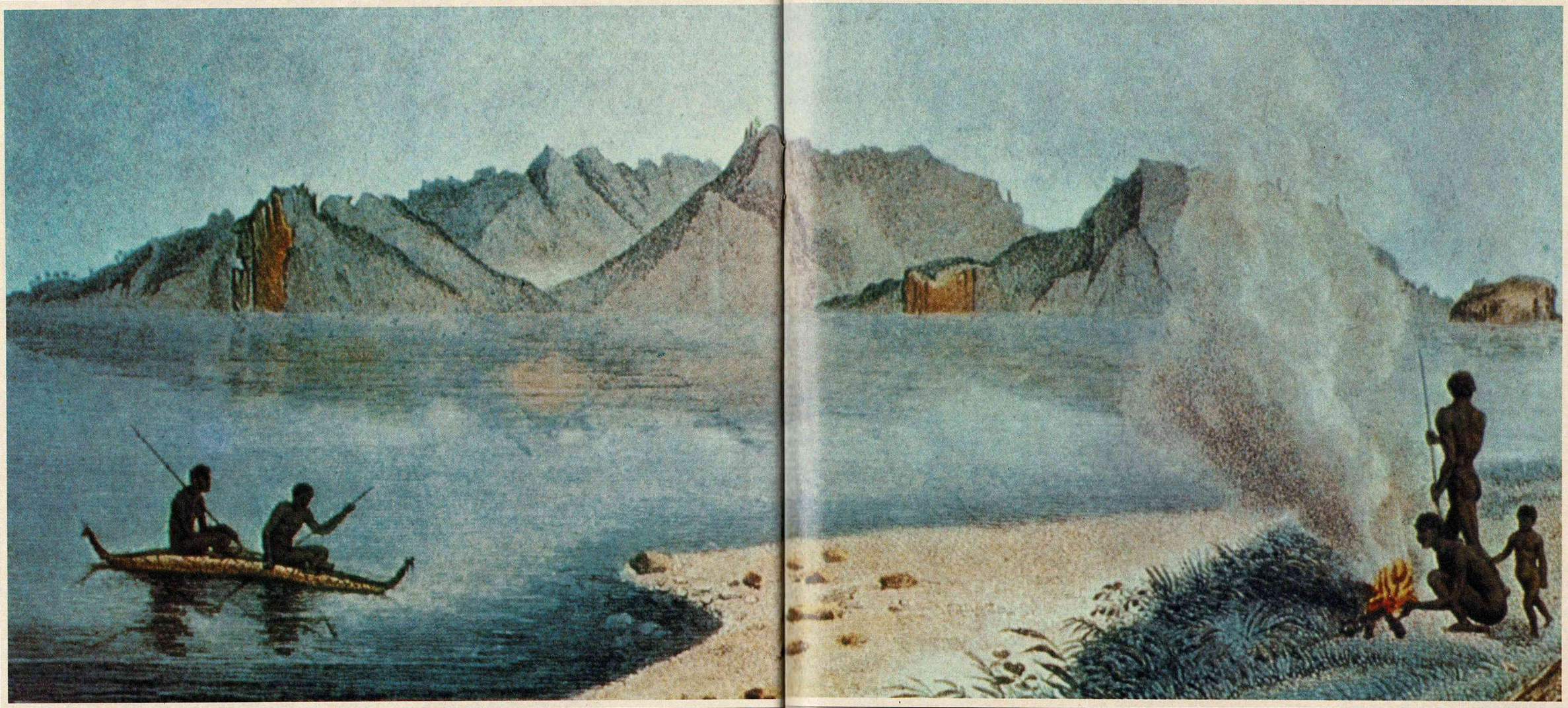


Illustration courtesy of the Australian National University

The aristocrats of the savage world

mungo man, the link between archaic australian and modern aborigine, was as advanced as any race on earth — and made a major contribution to the world's oldest continuous civilisation

article By Russell Deiley

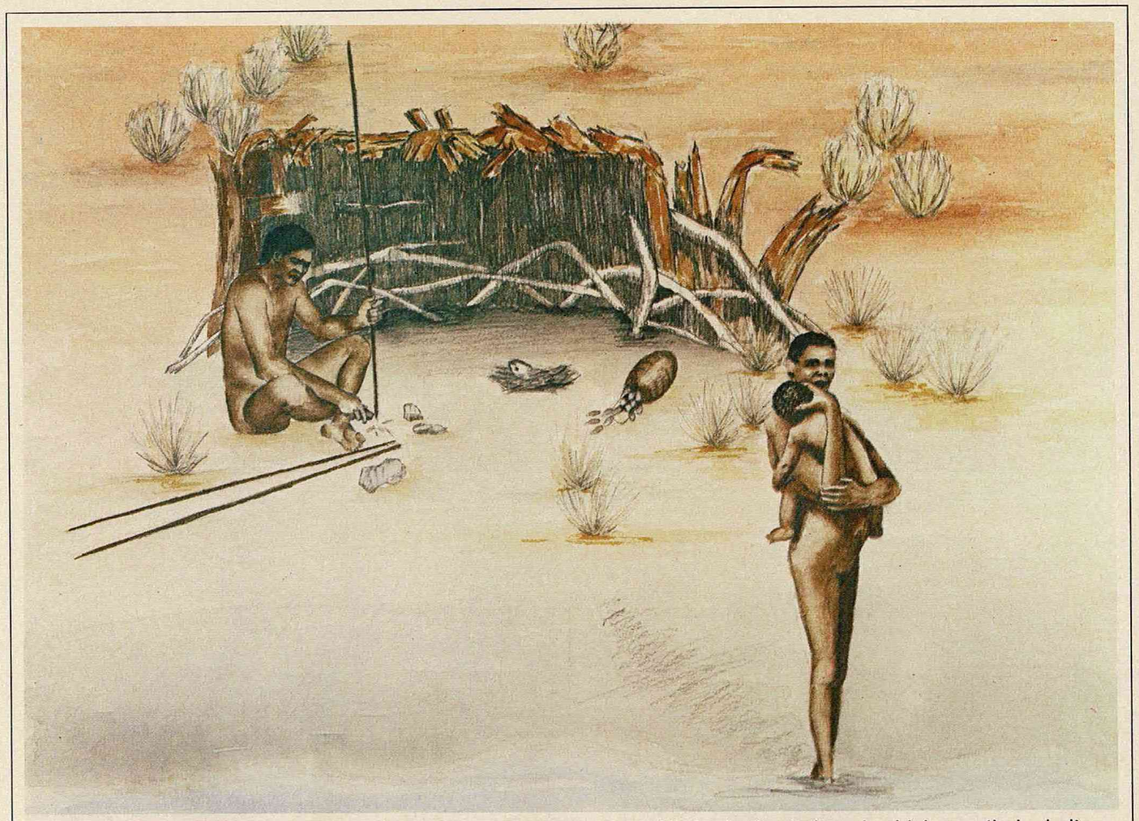
IT IS 20,000 years ago in Australia. Through succeeding waves of migration man has evolved to the stage where he has a sophisticated society, efficient at food gathering and devoted to expanding its intellectual, cultural and religious capabilities.

But as man ponders his achievements, glimmers of his long distant past come back to him. Glimpses of an ancient world inhabited by towering kangaroos, massive wombats and beetle-browed, wispy-bearded people flicker through his thoughts. They were his progenitors, the world's first seafarers — the race which sowed the seeds of the oldest surviving civilisation on the face of our planet, the Australian Aborigine.

Slowly, modern science is unravelling the past of this unique race. It is an arduous task. And at the forefront of this scientific endeavor is Australian National University archeologist Rhys Jones, who has co-operated with PLAYBOY writer Russell Deiley to tell the story as he sees it. Last month the pair looked at the first settlers. Now they build a scenario around the continuing research into Mungo man, who first lived about 35,000 years ago.

MUNGO did not feel the sweat rising through his crinkly black hair and coursing down his body. He didn't feel the flies bathing in his sweat and biting into his back. Beyond the rock ledge under which he stood, the sun sent shimmers through the saltbush. Mungo knew that if he turned and squinted through the heat haze he would see his people moving about the camp, preparing for the burial ceremony. He felt the need to be with his wives and his people, but the feeling passed.

The son delivered from his loving wife's body was dead and his spirit had to be freed to return to the



Artist Kris Harriman's depiction of a Mungo man family setting, with the bark windbreak which was their shelter.

earth. Many days had passed and many great things had happened since his first woman had crouched over the well and felt their son move inside her. It had been the first time a spirit had risen from the well and entered his wife. It had happened a short time after he had taken his wife to his fire and many days later she had returned from the bush with the boy sucking on her breast. Mungo had been proud to have been chosen by the spirit of the well to be the father of such a boy.

Now, many summers later, the first-born who had grown to be a man was dead. Two days ago a hunting party had returned to the camp with the man-boy's body. The hunters had found the body cast up on the shores of the big lake, which had taken Mungo's son in return for the fish which fed the tribe. Mungo knew his duty. He had to record his son's time on earth.

Mungo's left hand tightened round the sharpened stone. He placed the point of the stone hard against the wall beneath the rock ledge and swung the heavy round stone in his other hand to meet it.

Again and again Mungo swung. Finally, the pointed stone smashed through the dark brown patina of the rock face and exposed the light orange of the rock beneath. Mungo moved the point of his chisel stone and began hammering again. Slowly the orange points left by the chisel formed a rough circle on the wall. Mungo then took the chisel in both hands and began gouging until he had completed the line of the orange circle, representing the well, the spiritual home of his son. First hammering and pecking with the chisel stone and then gouging, Mungo etched a line linking the well symbol with the rest of the life and death pageant inscribed on the wall by men who had once lived among his tribe and who had long since passed into the dreaming.

By the time Mungo had finished, the heat of the day had gone and the sun was low in the sky. He began the walk back to his fire. His son's body lay in the branches of the tall tree on the edge of the camp. One of his younger wives remained on guard at the base of the tree to frighten off the crows which, if left alone, would feed on the body. Her vigil would not end until the next day, when it would be time to bury the body.

It was always thus when the son of a tribal elder died. The ritual had been passed on to Mungo by his father and by his father. Mungo was the link in a chain that stretched back beyond the beginnings of Australia and would stretch on 20,000 years until the white man would come to take and change the ageless land forever.

Two hundred centuries later, white men would tap the river that fed the lake in which Mungo's tribe fished and they would grow fruit and fatten sheep. The white men would call the land the Riverina, and they would push the carriers of the Mungo seed aside and fill the vastness with sheep. The white men would plough through the ancient burial grounds and destroy the rock museums. So thorough would be the first white settlers in converting an alien land to European livestock and crop husbandry that they would leave pre-historians only fragments of windows on the past.

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But in spite of this unwitting vandalism of the European pioneers, today's archeologists, anthropologists, geologists and botanists gradually are piecing together man's evolution in Australia. Year by year and discovery by discovery, the scientists are putting the past together again. The scientists now are reasonably confident that man's colonisation began with the world's first seafarers from islands off the Sahul Shelf to the north 60,000 and, possibly, up to 120,000 years ago. Their evidence has been unearthed by sifting meticulously through archeological excavations throughout the continent, in Tasmania and on Kangaroo Island.

The scientists have coaxed secrets from rocks, caves, charcoal and pollen deposits, shell middens and old river terraces. Perhaps the two most significant archeological finds have been in the horseshoe-shaped dune formations or lunettes left when the huge network of lakes in western NSW, Victoria and South Australia dried up during the peak of the last ice age 18,000 years ago. One of these lakeside lunettes, south of Swan Hill, surrendered a skull known as Kow Swamp man. He was a descendant of archaic Asian man who arrived in Australia when his counterpart, Neanderthal man, held sway in Europe.

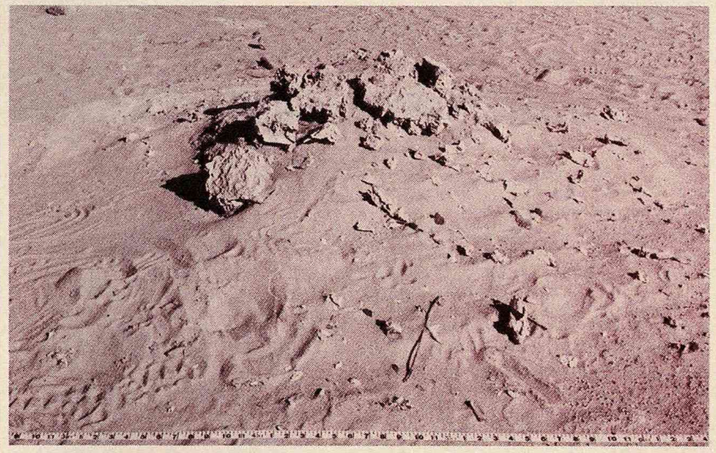
Ten years ago, in another lunette formation east of Menindee, an Australian National University field team discovered the skeletal remains of Kow Swamp's successor in the evolutionary scale, the oldest sign of modern homo sapiens' presence in Australia. In finding Lake Mungo man the scientists discovered artefacts of an advanced stone age technology and evidence of complex burial customs and art. Putting all the evidence together, the scientists can paint a retrospective picture of an ancient race of people able to conceive their place in nature and capable of rational thought and communication.

Just as similar traces of ancient homo sapiens have done in Asia, Europe and Africa, the Lake Mungo discoveries have brought scientists to the edge of the last great mystery of man – what happened in the Asian and European cradles of civilisation to spark an almost immeasurable intellectual advance between 40,000 and 60,000 years ago? In that incredibly short span, man, who had been developing so slowly for two million years, leapt from an instinctive to an intellectual animal.

The acceleration in intellect, linked with the development of the frontal lobe of man's brain and a consequential rounding of the skull, did not occur within Australia. But modern man evolved on the northern doorstep in South-East Asia and the harbingers of the new wave probably arrived about 40,000 years ago by sea – just 20,000 years after the most probable date for archaic Asian man's arrival on the Sahul Shelf, the now-submerged extension of Arnhem Land.

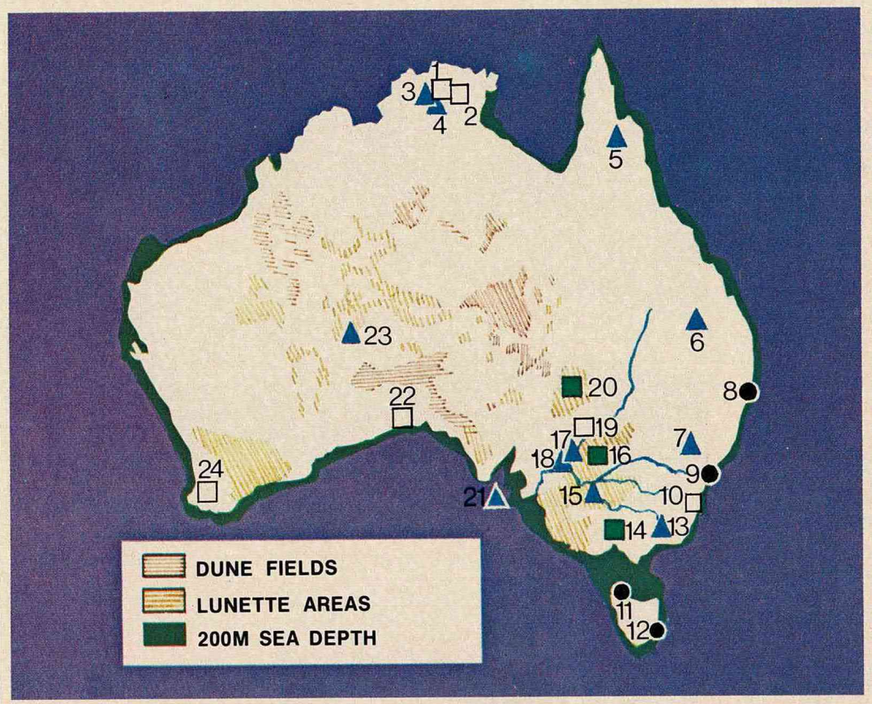
Maybe part of the answer to the gap in man's evolution lies in the ancient rock carvings, which many modern pre-historians believe are a cypher, an alphabetical expression of thought. Says archeologist Rhys Jones: "These

Rhys Jones took this aerial photo of a horseshoe-shaped dune which once bordered Lake Mungo, an immense lake in south-western NSW.



This pile of apparently nondescript rubble from the Lake Mungo region produced the skeleton of a woman who lived at least 32,000 years ago.

A fine example of archaic Australian rock carvings, which scientists regard as the key to the mysteries of the ancestors of the Aborigines.



EARLY MAN SITES IN AUSTRALIA

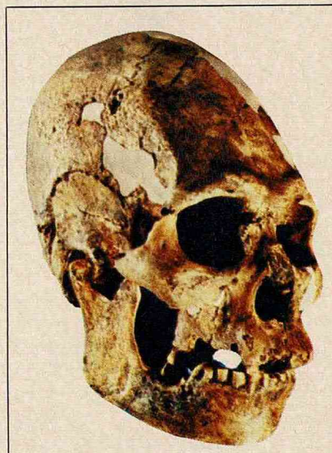
- ● Up to 10,000 years
- ▲ 10,000 to 20,000
- □ 20,000 to 25,000
- ■ 25,000 to 32,000

1: Malangangerr, NT.
2: Nawamoyn, NT.
3: Malakunanja, NT.
4: Lindner, NT.
5: Laura, Qld.
6: Kenniff Cave, Qld.
7: Noola, NSW.
8: Seelands, NSW.
9: Curracurang, NSW.
10: Burrill Lake, NSW.
11: Rocky Cape, Tas.
12: Carlton, Tas.
13: Cloggs Cave, Vic.
14: Keilor, Vic.
15: Kow Swamp, Vic.
16: Lake Mungo, NSW.
17: Lake Tandou, NSW.
18: Lake Victoria, NSW.
19: Lake Menindee, NSW.
20: Lake Yantara, NSW.
21: Seton, SA.
22: Koonalda Cave, SA.
23: Puntutjarpa, WA.
24: Devil's Lair, WA.

drawings and carvings are an expression of an ancient people's thought. It is a primitive form of writing. We have been trying to crack the precise code for 100 years. We have fed it into computers. One day we will break the cypher. In the meantime we know that the carvings are an expression of the early, intellectual Australians' totem. Erich von Daniken goes crazy over these drawings of huge, strange figures with head-dresses, eyes and no faces. Von Daniken sees them as drawings of pre-historic spacemen. There is no need to look to the heavens for such lunatic explanations. The circles in the drawings are wells, the lines are kangaroo and emu tracks and the big figures are the spirits of the wells. But the overall message still eludes us."

●

Neither Mungo nor his people knew anything about the conundrum their existence and their culture was bequeathing to the 20th century. Custom dictated his life. He knew no other way. His lifestyle was a carbon copy of his father's and it would be repeated again in his surviving sons. His daughters would follow in the ways of their mothers. He was born in the bush among women as the reincarnation of a spirit. He was suckled at his mother's breast and he spent his early years among women. One man was his father, his father's peers were his uncles and his own peers were his brothers. Once, when their tribe had grown too large, some of the men and



Skull of Kow Swamp man, Mungo man's predecessor in Australia.

Reconstruction and photograph by Alan Thorne

their wives and children had left the camp to start a new totem.

Mungo returned to the camp from the rock gallery. His loving wife offered him meat from a wallaby run down and killed by the hunters and cooked by another of his wives. He sat apart and began the dreaming that was always more vivid amid the high ritual of death and burial and the return of the dead body's spirit to the well. The death of his loving wife's first born was as mysterious as birth. It was a time when the spirit that first breathed new life into his wife's belly returned to the land that gave and took all. In his trance, Mungo saw more than he would ever remember . . .

He saw huge spirits striding across the land, creating rivers and lakes and mountains and he heard them naming the land. And the spirits peopled the land by creating woman and entering the woman. The spirits made a gift of fire to the woman and she was powerful. She was Mother Earth. Mungo saw the rainbow snake devour the woman and when the serpent spewed her out she could no longer remember the secrets of life. The man then became the keeper of the secrets.

And Mungo saw people, many people who looked like him. They were dark-skinned, powerful and their heads were round. The strong jaws of the men were coated with wispy beards and both the men and the women used sharp cutting stones to keep their hair short. The people lived on the edge of a huge, noisy water and they caught and ate strange fish, birds and shellfish they gathered from the foot of the trees that grew half in the water. Animals similar to the goannas his tribe hunted, but much larger, swam in the broad rivers and lakes and giant wallabies that were taller than men bounced through the bush. He saw his people in different lands, living and hunting.

In some lands there was fighting between his kind and other tribes of people who were different and whose heads were flatter and faces brutish. These dream people were different,

"No doubt about it, Ed – you're the best-equipped camper in the business."

too, because when one of them was speared and killed in the fighting the others left his body. They did not bury their dead as his people did but left the spirit in torment and the body to be eaten by the carrion birds and the ants.

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Dr Rhys Jones believes that had a man such as Mungo looked into his camp fire on the shoreline of the long since dead Lake Mungo 20,000 years ago and dreamed of his ancestral heritage, his vision would have been tinged with fact. All known evidence indicates that Lake Mungo man was the link between the archaic Australian and the seed from which the modern Aborigine stemmed. And Mungo man was well on the way to establishing the religious and artistic base from which flowed the definitive Aboriginal race, described by the French philosopher, Levi Strauss, as "the intellectual aristocrats of the savage world".

Although the oldest archeological discoveries of homo sapiens in and around the Lake Mungo area pre-date the oldest human traces of archaic man, pre-historians believe that archaic man, the Asian counterpart of Europe's Neanderthal man, was the first to colonise Australia. But because the first settlers had less coherent thought processes and primitive technology, their settlements were haphazard, tenuous and sparse. The archaic migrants certainly were able to exploit the existing plant and animal life and they had fire, and the skull unearthed at Kow Swamp proves that their kind survived independently until at least 10,000 years ago.

But Kow Swamp man was truly primitive in comparison to the second wave of settlers. No precise date can be set for the arrival of ancestral Mungo man, but to have landed with his in-built superior intellect and technology, developed in South-East Asia, then to have pushed so far south 30,000 years ago, his first landfall must have been about 40,000 years ago.

Like the primitives who preceded them, the earliest modern men did not come in one planned armada. They came in small groups, even individually, over several thousand years. But all of them brought to their new and productive home an intelligence and advanced technology from the eastern engine room of evolution. Compared to the pre-Kow Swampers, they were 1000 steps up the evolutionary scale. They had speech, better co-ordination between eye and hand, the ability to reason and plan and, perhaps most important, art and symbolic religion.

Eventually, their constant use of fire to clear the land for freer movement and to herd game had a multiple effect. Fire thinned the natural casuarina bush cover, hastening the extinction of the giant, cumbersome marsupials. By stripping the land of the casuarinas, the early Australians also provided the raw material for the fierce and prolonged dust storms which smothered much of the country with dunes at the height of the last ice age. Their fire, too, accelerated the eucalypt takeover when growth regenerated after the ice age.

The two civilisations — the archaic and the modern — obviously overlapped, often in confrontation and hostility, but over 20,000 years or more there was certainly an intermingling of blood and genes. Today's Aborigines are the fruit of that union — just as modern Europeans are an amalgam of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon man. Ironically, the purest representation of Mungo man was to be found in the recently extinct Tasmanian Aborigines. Tasmania was settled by the Mungo people when the Bassian Shelf joined the island to the mainland and they were cut off to mark time in their cul-de-sac when the sea level rose to give Australia its current coastline 20,000 years ago.

Not that the migratory flow from the north ever stopped. It continued spasmodically right through man's Australian timespan. But the basic framework of the Aborigines' intellectual aristocracy was formed by that early Mungo man.

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Mungo rose from his seat of destiny and walked away from the fire to the trees. It was his signal for the other full men of the tribe to join him in a meeting apart from the women, the young men and the children. It was time for business talk. One of the men was the husband of a woman whose teenage daughter had died a few months before. Because she had been a woman, her burial had been a simple ceremony. Her body had been cremated on a pyre of logs and the bones smashed to release her spirit before being buried in the sacred ground. As the talk progressed the man realised the ritual for the burial of Mungo's son would be more complex. He did not question the different values. It was the old way, the right way.

Mungo supervised the lowering of his son's body from the tree. Carefully, the body was placed on its side in a pit, in a position of sleep. Mungo took the red ochre, ground to a powder by the women, and he and the other elders scattered the dust on the body. There were incantations while the pit was filled and the singing began. All day and well into the night the singing went on, repeating the old legends and calming the restless spirits. All the interwoven mysteries of life and death and spirit were meshed again in the essence of the Mungo people's land.

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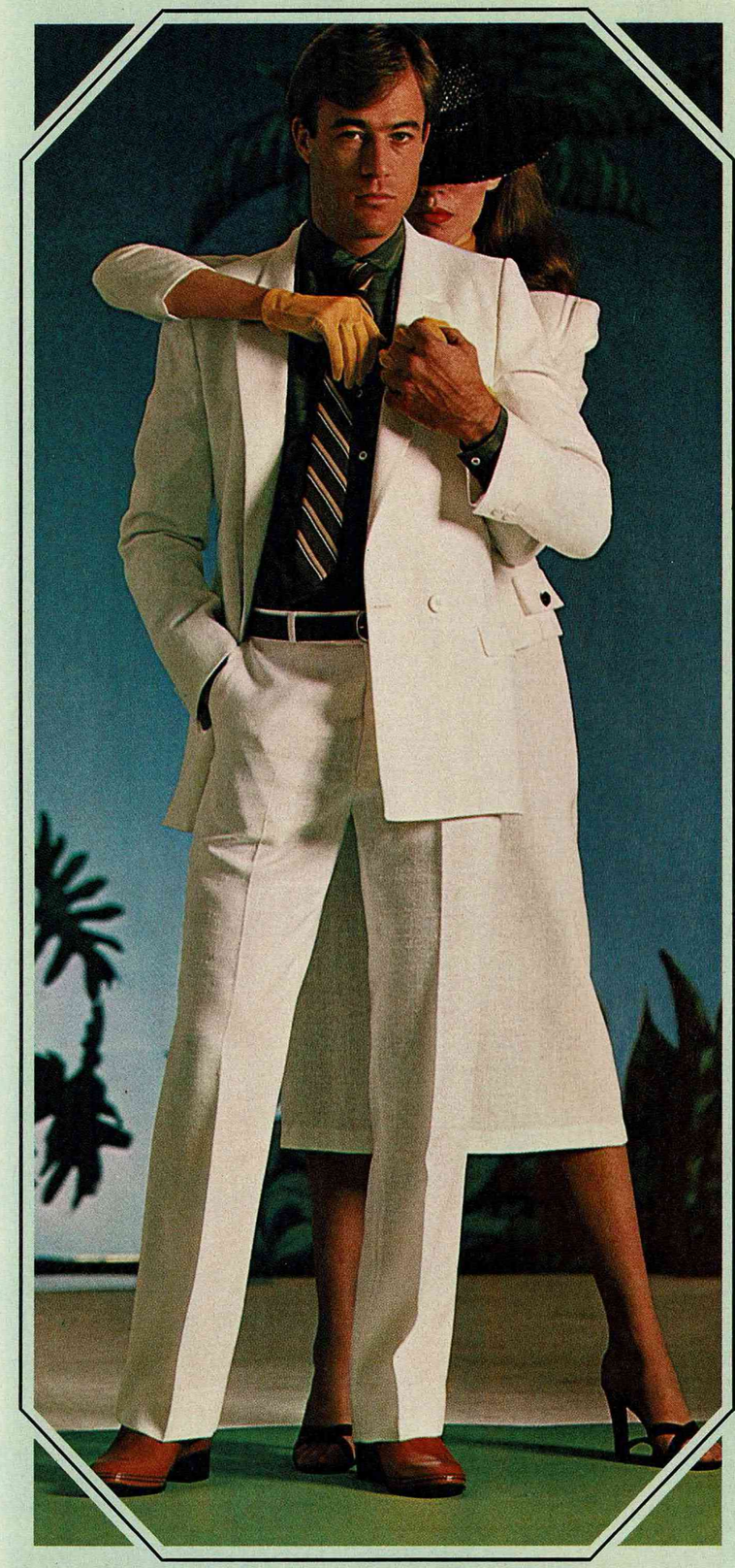
Fact — or fantasy? Until all the riddles of the Australian Aborigine are solved, no scientist is willing to answer. But through science we do know that the people who lived on the shores of the southern lakes between 20,000 and 35,000 years ago were as advanced as any men in the world.

They had a comprehensive range of stone tools which they could adapt for chiselling or flaking rock, for use as hammers and for sharpening their long, slender spears and digging sticks. Not even the best scientific brains can fathom for what purpose those ancient men used one tool which has been labelled lamely "the waisted blade" — a heavy rock shaped roughly like a dumb-bell. The Mungo people used spears, nets and traps to fish for Murray cod and golden perch 20,000 years before their European equivalents developed the art. So efficient were they at gathering their food that as little as two hours a day was spent collecting enough fish, small animals, roots and mussels for the tribe.

And unlike modern man developing in Europe, they did not spend their excess time in horticulture. They balanced their meat diet with wild roots. When necessity demanded it in times of shortage of traditional food, they ground wild millet to sustain themselves and, in the north, they leached the carcinogens out of the nuts of the deadly cycad tree and baked the resultant dough into native bread. Theirs was an introspective society in which all free time was channelled into art and religion.

Dr Jones offers an eloquent footnote to this unique saga of the oldest continuous civilisation the world has known: "The genius of the Aboriginal civilisation was that it siphoned the productive advantages of improved technology into an elaboration of its religious, artistic and intellectual life. In this contrast between richness of the mind and poverty of material trappings, the Australian Aborigines always have confronted the European view, which correlates intellectual value with technological achievement.

"The Aboriginal view of what life is all about is fundamentally different from the European. Aborigines see life as being about the carrying out of religious, artistic and intellectual obligations. And in so doing, their society has been maintained. Aborigines have a supreme message for us about how a society can maintain beliefs in the face of increasing resources."



Cool off in this dapper white linen double-breasted suit ($250), silk shirt with self-stripe ($85), and schoolboy tie ($25) from Trent Nathan.

PALMY DAYS

the living's easy, your momma's good looking and your daddy's rich — so splash a bit of it around on cool gear

fashion

BY KATE STEAD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MIDDLETON

SUMMERTIME is almost here and the living's gonna be easy. But don't wait for the mercury to rise to add tropical tempo to your attire. In the words of the Boy Scouts' motto: Be Prepared. There's no time like the present for packing away heavyweight winter woollies, shaking the mothballs out of your lightweights — and tuning in to a warmer rhythm of life.

Maybe you've scheduled a business convention at a seaside resort where the temperature is upwardly mobile. And maybe, by accident or design, business combines with pleasure on a paradise island with sandy beaches, waving palms, sun-kissed days and moonlit nights. Or perhaps that's just a flight of fantasy. No matter. Fact or fantasy, it's time to shape up to summer. In more ways than one.

First, fight the winter flab. Take more exercise than merely jumping to conclusions. Get fit by walking to the office, jogging during the lunch-hour, limbering up with a game of tennis after work. Summer fashions are loose, but not enough to hide a paunch. They accentuate the casual, although not enough to excuse a floppy figure.

Once you're in trim add fresh dash to your wardrobe with some of this season's eye-catchers. New suits are stunners. Made of raw silk or pure

Shimmer in these pure silk trousers with integral rope belt ($39), co-ordinated with a calypso print resort shirt ($29) in easy-to-launder rayon. Both garments by Plot.

These dark tan pure noile trousers ($42) tone ideally with the beige cotton honeycomb weave string top for only $16.50. The eye-catching jacket ($83) sets off the ensemble. From Plot.

linen they'll see you through palmy days long into the heat of the night. Casual and elegant, suits are slightly more tailored than in recent years. But they fit only where they touch. And they hardly touch at all. Jackets are double-breasted and lapels thin; trousers are tapered gradually.

So much for looking businesslike. For the pleasure times, the trend is still away from denim. That's not to say you can't wear jeans; they are an integral part of every dapper dresser's wardrobe. A newer vogue, however, is for comfortable, less distinctive trousers in play-safe colors of brown, beige, cream and white, tucked at the waist and belted with rope or leather. Adding a splash of color with a calypso print shirt gets you noticed. Honeycomb weave tops help you keep your cool.

Stockists: Trent Nathan — Trent Nathan shop, Hilton Hotel, Sydney; Brogue Menswear, Sydney; John Pardoe, Sydney; Condotti, Melbourne; Clothes Circuit, Melbourne; Adam The Original, Melbourne; Valentino, Adelaide; Tony Barlow, Perth; Just Men, Brisbane; Fogerty's, Brisbane; If Menswear, Canberra. Plot garments from leading men's boutiques and department stores throughout Australia. Willie de la Vega — Il Tacchino, Sydney; Trelliny, Melbourne; Indian Pacific, Adelaide; Cappones, Perth; Just Men, Brisbane. All prices approximate.

Women's attire by Covers. Covers' stockists in Sydney are Zucci, Double Bay; Bebe, Lane Cove; Shapers, Neutral Bay. Melbourne: Georges, City; La Baba, Carlton. Adelaide: John Martin and Co, Toffs. Perth: Jè Jène, Sportslane. Brisbane: Etcetera, Vogue. Tasmania: Yeltour. ACT: Clevedon. Summer-style men's shoes by John Karandonis; women's summer-style shoes by Charles Jourdan from Raymond Castles; women's accessories by Nice Things, Sydney.

You'll knock them over in this double-breasted suit in raw linen ($225), toned with a pure silk shirt with a distinctive metallic sheen ($45). The easy-living outfit comes from Willie de la Vega.

SAD SAM

sam may have been a bit slow but no one dared to call him a sucker — until the grand final

fiction
By MAURICE FIDDLER

WHILE STROLLING through the cherry garden of life Sam was always picking up sour grapes. It seemed that whenever Lady Luck smiled on Sam she had false teeth. His father wanted a boy, his mother a girl. Sam disappointed both. It was held commonly that because his head was so distant from his heart the blood never quite made it to his brain — and the general efforts of his thinking apparatus did not render the belief totally incredible. Both by physical and mental endowment Sam was a natural for eminence in Australia's greatest sport (beer drinking being considered a culture): Australian Rules football.

The game — politicians call war a game — was developed in Australia but owes its heritage to the Romans. It is well known that for sport and spectacle Nero minimised the Christians by feeding them to the lions. But it is not as well known that the barbaric practice was condemned by the Roman RSPCA on the grounds that it caused the lions heartburn. Nero, quoting that a house divided against itself shall topple (a structural absurdity current at that time), acquiesced to their wishes by instructing his PR men to devise a popular spectacle that would eradicate people as deftly as possible.

Thus the genesis of a game that was to know many historical patrons — Torquemada, Borgia, De Sade to name but a few. The game devised originally for a single religion has now reached the democratic ideal where a present day player will happily knock out a Catholic, a Jew or, indeed, his own mother if she is not wearing the club jumper. To give the game sophistication the rules have been constructed carefully to confound drunken spectators, bewilder stupid umpires and frustrate players. This condition has been maintained by a Board of Control which acts on the premise: if Einstein takes five years to understand the rules, then they shall be altered every four years.

Well, good nights have bad mornings, rich men have eyes of needles and football has umpires — men unable to play the game themselves and devoted to preventing anyone else from enjoying it. They are robed conspicuously in asylum white and generally run slightly faster than a thrown beer can. Commercially, football helps support the workforce by fostering such great institutions as breweries, breweries and breweries. There is, of course, the story of the man who started out in life collecting empty drink bottles at the football and grew to the status of developing his own hot dog stand. Indeed, football has lead to the development of a unique Australian character ...

Sam was recruited by the great league club, the Sparrows, simply to prevent any other club from signing him up. Anyway, at 222cm he could just about be painted white and used as a goal post. Sam could kick like a Molotov cocktail and run like a beheaded chicken. But mark? He was utterly hopeless.

The ball went through his hands like money through the prodigal son's. In an effort to get Sam to mark, the coach had tried everything: practice, monetary rewards, heavenly rewards, feminine rewards, promises and threats and, God bless him, he even appealed to his intelligence. The only position on the field for him was the ruck, where his gangling frame upset the opposition and allowed him to knock the ball to his team mates. When he did get a kick it was never less than 60 metres and as straight as a model's backbone. He constantly disappointed the Sparrow supporters, who would give him their hearts one minute and want to cut his out the next.

It was the day of the Grand Final. The day the Sparrows would meet their bitter enemies, the Kittens, in bloody combat to decide the premiership. The success of these two sides was a testament to two great club heroes — the accountants. By virtue of unscrupulous machinations and financial inducement they had poached players from all over Australia.

As Sam stooped under the entrance gates licking an all day sucker (which was as sticky as it was symbolic), a young boy kicked a football at him. To maintain the natural shape of his nose Sam lifted his hand, in which the ball lodged firmly. He was aghast. It was a mark! A one-handed, sticky-fingered mark, but surely a mark. Sam's head reeled as he tossed the ball back at the boy and strode triumphantly through the crowd to the pavilion, oblivious to such witty remarks as "Ya'll get a whack in the guts today, ya big mug".

Having donned his football gear and sharpened his stops, Sam joined in the pre-match warm up. Some of the team were practising breaking bricks with their heads and others breaking heads with a brick. One player had been given a new number and he was under severe strain trying to memorise it. Soon they were assembled before the coach. He demanded they think of the club above all else (a feat he had never managed himself). He stormed, he swore, he whispered, he incited, he prayed, he giggled, he fainted. To the coach, football was not just a job, it was a way of getting that which was most noble out of a side and putting it in the bank at 3.5 percent a year.

The game was fought in traditional spirit, involving the usual expenditure of teeth, sweat and bones. By three-quarter time fortune had gone totally against the Sparrows — there was even an ugly rumor that the umpire had been counter-bribed. They were five goals down and not even looking up. Sam had played his usual game but somehow had managed to evade the irate Sparrows supporters and get off the ground.

Sam sat alone, his mind reflecting on the mark he had taken two hours earlier, which was about his normal thinking speed. He related the glorious mark to the sticky finger to the all day sucker — and it was there and then Sam conceived his maiden idea. He went to his locker, grabbed eagerly for his all day sucker, licked it generously, then rubbed it on his hand. Throwing the ball up in the air he shot out his hand and pulled in the ball triumphantly. At this moment Sam's spirit united with Newton's when he witnessed the falling apple; for the first time, the cocktail of genius intoxicated Sam's abstinent mind.

The Sparrows strolled out for the last quarter, Sam armed with his all day sucker sheathed in his sock. No sooner had the whistle sounded than a lucky kick lofted the ball to the Sparrows' forward line. Sam mobilised his gangling lope, then hurled himself skyward and plucked the ball with magic ease. The entire crowd fell into a reverent silence. Many crossed themselves, believing a natural law had been transgressed. Sam, with nonchalant deliberation, slammed home an 80-metre goal. The roar that ensued was of such magnitude that some of the sports writers left the bar to see what was happening. Joyful Sparrow tears vied with the Kitten supporters' imprecations as they witnessed the phenomenon repeated four times while the Kittens managed only one point.

Time was drawing deathly close with the Sparrows still one point down. The cheque-booked accountants were elbowing their way to the timekeeper as the Kittens closed up the game with delaying tactics. The delaying tactics did not go unnoticed by the umpire but, aware of his financial loyalties, he did nothing to hamper them. The war of players continued. Sam was a caged lion on the forward line, feverishly coating his hand with sticky toffee. All the accountants were still clawing their way forward when a Sparrow player burst from the pack and lofted the ball to the forward line. Sam fixed his eyes on the ball and manoeuvred to fly like a kite and wrest the ball from the sky. But everything went black. Sam's distinguished efforts had brought the attention of an opponent's fist. The intention to reshape Sam's profile had paid off handsomely. Sam writhed on the ground in a reasonable re-enactment of the death throes of a brontosaurus. Supporters rained abuse on the assailant while the players rained punches, which proved to be the more effective.

The club doctor revived Sam by telling him he would forfeit his money if he did not get up. Sam jumped up to find a team mate had marked the ball 50 metres from goal. Just in case the ball fell short he positioned himself on the goal line. The ball flew from the boot, hovered in the air and was falling short when a streak emerged above the pack and, one handed, plucked the ball out of the sky. Sam landed to the thunderous roar of the crowd and the blare of the final siren.

Five metres from goal Sam prepared for the kick which would seal the game. A smile danced on his lips as he allowed time for the television cameras to focus on him. The crowd was cavernously quiet as boot met ball — and then the Sparrow supporters were one colossal chorus as they witnessed their Messiah deliver apparent ecstasy right through the middle of the goals.

In that moment Sam knew immortality as he gazed at the toffee-covered ball stuck to his boot, then at the all day sucker, as it went sailing smoothly between the goal posts.

Illustration by Paul Winter

Kinsey first raised the blinds in the bedroom, Masters and Johnson opened the door and Shere Hite's liberated feminists managed to turn sex into an ideological and political bludgeon. Now Queensland sociologist and psychologist Paul Wilson sweeps back the curtain on Australian sexuality with an important new book, Intimacy: A Love or Sex Experience? ***Taking incredibly detailed and personal feedback from 1300 men and women from all social strata, Dr Wilson has woven the first detailed tapestry of Australian sexuality. In baring our sexual predilections, our habits, our needs, our fears and anxieties and our attitudes toward physical and emotional love, Dr Wilson has compiled an important social document.*** PLAYBOY ***is proud to publish the first of two excerpts from*** Intimacy, ***which will be launched throughout Australia on October 29.***

Australia's first sex survey

masculinity is being redefined as men strive more and more to ensure their partners are satisfied

IN SPITE OF the strong views expressed by women that males do not consider their sexual needs, men worry about the female sexual response. But the concern is often self-interested and motivated. Many men are beginning to measure their manhood not only by their sexual satisfaction, but also by the responses of their women. Masculinity is being redefined. Women are becoming increasingly critical as the judges and validators of masculinity. A profound sense of guilt, anxiety and loss of self-esteem is evident among many males who feel they do not measure up to contemporary sexual standards.

Females are questioning the way they relate to males both sexually and emotionally. It is true that the old trade-off of sex for love is still very much alive. But, increasingly, more and more women – even if they are forced to participate in the trade-off – are not uncritically accepting the premise on which it is based. There is a slowly rising anger and, at this stage, a still gathering assertiveness about sexual matters that transcends the university-trained middle class feminists and is permeating to women of other social backgrounds. The old standards and taboos among women about what is right or wrong sexually are breaking and at least some feelings of guilt regarding sex are being replaced by questions about the relationship between love and sex and about pleasing yourself as much as pleasing your partner. There are still enormous problems of guilt, of sexual frustration and of sexual identity that affect women of all social groupings, but the survey demonstrates that women are sexually on the move.

"I've read about how many times a woman can come and how men don't know how to make them come. I try to learn what to do to bring a woman on, but I can't seem to make it work with my girl. I think that means there is something wrong with me rather than her." – *Male, 48, insurance salesman.*

"If my wife doesn't have an orgasm then I feel really bad about myself. It's as if I'm not really a man and can't screw properly." – *Male, 39, clerk.*

In middle age, men's traditional concerns associated with the mid-life crisis, stemming from job decline, boredom and relationship assessment, are coupled with the new demands of sexually satisfying his partner – a partner who often is just becoming aware of her sexual potential and needs. If he is able to satisfy her sexually – particularly if she has regular orgasms – he feels he must be masculine. But failure to satisfy her often leads to male impotence and allied sexual problems.

In some ways, men from lower socio-economic backgrounds are more threatened than their middle-class counterparts by the emerging female sexual assertiveness. Certainly most sex research indicates that working class men are more precocious. However, men from the working class are more inclined to restrict themselves to narrow phallic techniques of sexual contact. There is, it appears, a fear of being less masculine if they are submissive, develop full body contact and depart from the missionary position. With their partners becoming aware of their full sexual potential, profound feelings of inadequacy and sexual incompetence occur among males who are made to feel they are incapable of satisfying their partners. This experience manifests itself either in the male withdrawing from sexual contact or in redefining the female as under-sexed.

"I never had any sex up to 25. I tried often but women would not be in it, so I thought women will only do it when they marry. I got married so I could have sex. Unfortunately, I married a low-sexed individual who does not believe in foreplay at all. No oral sex; no caressing. She doesn't even have a clitoris – at least I've never found it. How could I have a good sexual experience with this sort of partner?" – *Male, 57, storeman.*

"The missus is losing her interest. She's not keen on doing it so often. It might be her age. I think women are different in these things so I'm going to get myself a woman who likes it." – *Male, 36, truckdriver.*

In describing the satisfaction women obtain from sex, contemporary writers have suggested that females are sexually unhappy, frustrated and also harbor resentment toward their partners. There is some truth in these claims, but there are a few gross exaggerations as well. Most women surveyed had relished at least some of their sexual experiences and were looking forward to future experiences. Many admittedly felt they had been forced into the sexual game under rules and conditions set by males, but very few desired to drop out of sexual activity. No matter how inadequate they might feel about their sexual abilities or capabilities to give and receive physical pleasure, and no matter how much men had physically or emotionally hurt them, they still wanted to continue with sexual experimentation. They wanted to continue by learning from their past mistakes and by experimenting with new methods they dreamed up themselves or learned from the sophisticated women's magazines.

"My sex life has been full of ups and downs. Some men have been pigs and used me like a lifeless rubber doll. Others have been kinder, but don't know what I want. But I'm finding out what I don't want. I'm always learning and willing to give it another go." – *Female, 27, student.*

"I thought I didn't need men after none of my lovers really satisfied me. It was a combination of their selfishness and my ignorance. Masturbation was lonely but at least satisfying. But I can't go on like this and I'm prepared for a few more risks. Things have to get better." – *Female, 39, department store supervisor.*

In spite of the genitally-orientated, goal-directed nature of much male sexuality, it is clear that many men want more than just a good screw in sexual relationships. Like women, men commonly complained that they were not touched or stroked or caressed enough by women. They also complained that women had reservations about engaging in full body sex – including oral sex – and were not open or liberal enough in their sexual preferences.

However, an overwhelming impression was that men did not allow the sexual encounter to occur in a way that would give the female the opportunity to engage in more than genital-orientated sex. Many men still see foreplay as something a man does to a woman to prepare her for intercourse. Many men also admitted they could not communicate adequately their need to be touched and caressed. They also felt that they were incapable of reciprocating these actions with their partners either because of ineptness, inexperience or just clumsiness.

"I know she wants more from me, especially to be touched, but I just can't bring myself to do it. I want to touch her on her breasts and nipples, but I don't really enjoy spending hours at a time just stroking her back." – *Male, 25, student.*

"If she would only spend more time with me, learning what I like. Yes, I want to be stroked besides just screwing. But she never really does things properly and I don't want to put her down by telling her this." – *Male, 32, schoolteacher.*

The lack of interest by men in full body contact manifests itself in specific and general ways. Some women complained that in kissing, men perform as if they were – in the words of one respondent – swatting a fly. Women regard a passionate kiss as a highly emotional and erotic act – sometimes more gratifying than routine intercourse. They complained that breast and nipple manipulation was generally ignored by men or else it was done in a crude and meaningless way. Men also appeared ignorant of other parts of the body that women wanted to be stimulated – hands, feet, ears, the back of the neck and, most important, the back itself.

A typical complaint was that they were not touched and held enough both before and after intercourse and at moments when the women did not contemplate any method of genital contact. They simply desired to be caressed or held as a sign of emotional reassurance of being wanted and loved. According to the women, few men had any idea of how to successfully touch or hold them. One of the secrets of body touching, they said, was to make contact with as many points from the head to the toes, with a continuous rather than static touch in rhythm with all the subtle variations of the female body.

"Men are so afraid of touching each other affectionately, in case they are called queer, that they overact when they touch women and want to make it sexual. It reassures them that they really are men. Men I've been with have no idea how to touch me to make me feel warm and alive. They don't understand that females want to be held for reasons which have nothing to do with sex." – *Female, 38, employment officer.*

"Closeness to a person is often more important to me than screwing. If I had to, the lesson I'd give all men is that both in and out of sex, touching and tenderness are what really matter. The appreciation of physical togetherness is a way of showing feeling and is something most men have no idea about. Even the ones who try to get you to have an orgasm and succeed don't know how important physical togetherness is at other times." – *Female, 26, typist.*

Most men equate their orgasms or climaxes with ejaculation. Together with some sexologists, they assume they are supposed to have sudden, violent orgasms with long refractory periods during which they are incapable of arousal, let alone vaginal penetration. However, it is clear that male sexuality is not as simple as that. Some men report that they can have several orgasms in a row, with only a few seconds' break between each. Others say that orgasm and ejaculation are not the same – that their climaxes occur independently of ejaculation and what they describe as their peak sexual experiences are not related to ejaculation. Still others delay ejaculation as long as possible so that they can enjoy several peaks.

"I can keep having orgasm after orgasm without ejaculating. Each time I contract in my penis and my anus, increasing my breathing and heart rate. Then I relax for about one minute and keep going. I have a really big orgasm at the end when I finally ejaculate." – *Male, 28, lecturer.*

"I've learnt to withhold ejaculation. Previously to ejaculate as fast as I could was a tenuous proof of manhood. I tried to learn to withhold it until my wife was ready and as the years go by I seem to have lots of small orgasms before the final big one. These orgasms are overwhelming, mind-blasting, ecstatic, indescribable convulsions, each one lasting a minute before I start over again. We can go on for about an hour like this." – *Male, 41, doctor.*

It is clear that some men are able to equate orgasm with non-ejaculatory responses and they describe their physiological and psychological sensations during these moments as feelings of similar intensity to men who equate orgasm with ejaculation. And many men deliberately change their pattern of love-making so they can

"I can string up quite a few orgasms, often with a couple of minutes in between. My partner can't keep up with me and he's amazed I can keep going."

have sequential sensations that they describe as climaxes, rather than having just one orgasm during ejaculation. The nature of male sensuality mirrors its female counterpart.

In the survey nearly half of the females expressed regret and anxiety over their inability to achieve orgasm. Many were worried that they had failed to reach the peak of the sexual mountain they considered so important and contrasted this with the fairly regular orgasms they obtained during self or partner stimulation. In contrast with the other half of the sample who showed no particular worry about their lack of orgasm during intercourse, the former group tended to be younger, better educated and from the middle class.

"Yes, I do have orgasm. My husband masturbates me and I sometimes masturbate myself. I have occasionally experienced orgasm during intercourse, but it's so occasional I worry about it." – *Female, 36, housewife.*

"If I can't achieve orgasm with my boyfriend, I feel let down. I feel I've let him down as well so I've got a double hangup." – *Female, 19, student.*

A failure to achieve orgasm, then, is seen by many women as a double failure. On the one hand, a woman is unable to reach those sexual heights she considers she should be capable of achieving. On the other, she feels she is letting her partner down by failing to reach orgasm. An inability to achieve orgasm and, therefore, to prove herself as a woman to a male partner leads not only to guilt and ambivalent sexual self-images but often to her faking orgasm to please the male. Many women spontaneously reported that they endeavored to trick their partners into believing that they had achieved orgasm.

The group of women who feel no anxiety when orgasm fails to eventuate generally adopt a laissez-faire attitude.

"Achieving orgasm is of medium importance. If I need to achieve orgasm and I don't in intercourse, then I can masturbate." – *Female, 32, high school teacher.*

"What all the fuss is about is beyond me. I simply enjoy sex." – *Female, 42, shop assistant.*

In spite of relatively low levels of orgasm (one in 10 in sample) during intercourse, one in 20 women claimed they achieved multiple orgasms during coitus. Proponents of female sexual superiority point out that women are capable of having many orgasms with minimal refractory periods between each. It has been argued that when women assert themselves sexually, sequential and multiple orgasms will be commonplace. Not that the male orgasm is so predictable. Some men do not immediately enter a long refractory period after ejaculation; instead they have several orgasms in sequence at intervals of between 20 and 50 minutes.

Many women confused multiple and sequential orgasms. In the latter situation there is a waiting period after each orgasm until the desire for yet another returns. When multiple orgasms occur, women have several orgasms with no break in between.

"I can string up quite a few orgasms, often with a couple of minutes in between. My partner can't keep up with me and he's amazed I can keep going." – *Female, 43, nurse.*

Of all the heterosexual women who were interviewed, only about one in 15 suggested that at one time or another they had had what could be accurately described as multiple orgasms. In these cases the experience occurred either after lengthy, total body relationships or when the woman described herself as being very much in love with her partner.

"I can keep having orgasm after orgasm without a break. This happens when time is taken to make love. Not the usual quickie, but in an atmosphere of love and high sexual excitement. The peace doesn't come after the first orgasm. You've got to keep going." – *Female, 33, teacher.*

"A person has to relax me and touch me all over. Not just the bloody clit. Kissing, gentle touching, sucking my breasts, stroking my thighs and my back (Oh! My back!), ears and neck. It has to be a slow and complete body performance." – *Female, 26, unemployed nurse.*

Men tended to prefer the face to face variation during sexual intercourse, although most admitted they liked other positions at specific times.

"I like all positions. It depends on the mood. The spoon position or scissors is very useful and I enjoy climaxing with the partner's legs around my shoulders. I particularly enjoy penetration from the rear. Normally I initiate the changes of position, but I enjoy being offered something different, too." – *Male, 46, social worker.*

"It depends on how I feel. If my wife is the more enthusiastic she winds up on top, sometimes sitting but more often lying. When I am more enthusiastic we usually end up face to face or side to side." – *Male, 29, occupation unknown.*

There is also a tendency for men as they get older to obtain satisfaction from having the woman on top, especially as they thought that the position allowed the woman to obtain maximum satisfaction.

Men were as explicit as women in describing how they liked their genitals to be touched during sexual encounters. Although forms of arousal varied, there was a trend for men to say that they liked their penis to be held firmly, and rubbed lightly along its entire length, with slight pressure being applied near the base. Many men also said they preferred to have the entire scrotum held gently in the palm of the hand with the woman's fingers applying slight pressure to both testicles.

Some men were genuinely concerned with giving their partners reciprocal stimulation. Nevertheless, one strong impression coming from the interviews was that sex for many males is simply a mechanical act, often carried out with a cold self-centredness. Even though these men might think that they have been sexually satisfied, their level of satisfaction is lower than among men who make an all-out attempt to fulfil their partners' needs.

It was very clear from the study that women know how their bodies react to certain methods of sexual stimulation and have definite opinions about the types of intercourse they prefer. Except for some direct pressure on the clitoris, the nature and extent of the stimulation varied enormously. If there was a trend among the responses it was this: clitoral stimulation should commence softly and slowly, gradually moving, either through the use of the partner's fingers or hand, to a faster pace with more pressure applied.

Similar generalisations about preferred sexual positions or the way thrusting should occur in intercourse are equally difficult to present in neat,

"I like thrusting to be very deep so that it touches and pushes whatever is down there. I like increasing the pace from very slow to as fast as possible."

packaged guidelines. At the risk of simplification, four favorite positions emerged from the sample. In the male superior position, women had an infinite variety of body positions. Some liked their legs tight and straight, some their legs wide open and still others preferred their arms and legs round the man's shoulders. In the female superior position, the woman took a much more active role and selected the way and angle of thrusting most stimulating to her. The face-to-face, or side-to-side position, while not as popular as the other two methods, was mentioned by a sizeable proportion of the women. Finally, the doggy, or back entry, position was commonly cited as a favorite method of obtaining sexual satisfaction. In this position the woman preferred either to have her partner lying behind her or lying on top of her or to kneel on the bed with the man standing on the floor behind her.

In some of these positions many women asserted that no matter how satisfactory the pace and style of the male thrusting they still needed their own or their partner's fingers on their clitoris in order to climax.

"I like him coming into me from the back, with his thighs pressed down on my buttocks. But I like his finger on my clit gently rubbing it as he thrusts up and down." — *Female, 54, occupation unknown.*

"If he keeps me on my side and enters through the back of my legs, I like it best. My arms and hands are free to manipulate myself so what he misses I can make up." — *Female, 18, trainee teacher.*

It is quite clear that both males and females enjoy sex when it is at its most flexible, with each individual caring about the other's physical and psychological pleasure as well as their own. The common male belief that women will become excited with continuous penis thrusting is not shared by women themselves. Women do not necessarily climax during intercourse with just this sort of stimulation alone. Much thrusting fails to stimulate the clitoris adequately. Many women also wish to prolong the feeling and pleasure of sexual desire rather than to climax quickly. Women were saying clearly and directly that the enjoyment they obtained from sex was not to have pleasure released in quick and dramatic orgasms. Rather it was to hang on to the sexual encounter, to bask in it and to increase the level of sensuality as time progressed.

The ideal state of erotic enjoyment was when it was part of a packaged deal of touching, caressing, prolonged intercourse and, perhaps most important of all, a chance for the woman to communicate her preferences as to how she wanted to be stimulated.

"I like thrusting to be very deep so that it touches and pushes whatever is down there. I like increasing the pace from very slow to as fast as possible, the harder the better, but I get a kick out of taking a flaccid penis in me and feeling it get harder." — *Female, 19, apprentice.*

Because men experiment sexually more than women, it should not be assumed they are more liberated. In many respects women are able to appreciate full body contact and to achieve greater intimacy than men. But men do not show the same concern about the alleged health and emotional problems associated with swinging or group sex, with oral and anal intercourse and the more exotic forms of sexual intercourse.

Far more of the men surveyed had participated in group sex and many of those were prepared to participate again. Similarly the men were less inhibited about both giving and receiving oral sex. The men were less reserved than the women in describing the frequency and enjoyment of engaging in oral love-making.

Nor did the men see oral sex as symbolising the deep emotional attachment that many of the women often did. Women often reserved oral sex for special lovers. For men it was just part of the sexual encounter.

"Oral sex isn't necessarily anything special to me. It's part of the act of sex. I try to take the woman's feelings into account. I just like sucking the vaginal area. I centre my attention on the clitoris and vaginal lips. That can be a bit of a shock to them. Depends on how they have been treated." — *Male, 42, electrical assistant.*

While some men were just as concerned as women about the cleanliness of anal intercourse, far more men had engaged in the practice and were enthusiastic about it.

"Anal sex is very good when I feel like it. At times I would rather have anal sex than any other kind but my woman only wants it now and again." — *Male, 31, lift-truck operator.*

"It's not something I do with everyone, but if it's done carefully and slowly it can be great. But you've got to get the girl used to it." — *Male, 25, public servant.*

In a reckless attempt to establish common ground, laymen and legislators adopt words like "normal" and "abnormal" to describe various forms of sexual activity. In folklore as well as common law in many western countries, some activities assumed to be "abnormal" or "deviant" or "perverse" represent public sexual preferences. Homosexuality, oral and anal sex, for example, are prevalent patterns for both men and women in relating to each other physically.

Among most of the females interviewed, such activities were generally not as stigmatised as the law or popular opinion suggest. Indeed, among the younger women conventional genital sexuality was considered old hat. The vast majority of women under 25 had given or received oral stimulation, as had substantial numbers of middle-aged women, particularly those who had moved from their mid-life passage through to an autonomous personal pattern of behavior.

This does not mean that these women necessarily preferred oral to any other form of sex. Many objected to the practice, but not on moral, religious or conscientious grounds. Instead their criticisms were couched in terms of physical considerations relating to the lack of enjoyment or to suspect health factors.

"My lover doesn't know how to use his lips and tongue on me. He's too hard and eager and I don't really like it." — *Female, 43, housewife.*

"I enjoy cunnilingus, but I can't kiss my partner after he's done it on me. I still think of my vagina as dirty — a hangover, I suppose, from childhood." — *Female, 20, student.*

Embarrassment and self-consciousness relating to whether cunnilingus is hygienic and whether the male will think less of the woman if the vagina does smell are, therefore, common reasons for many women not engaging regularly in oral sex. Nevertheless, even with these feelings, many women delight in receiving oral stimulation

"I always wondered what it would be like to make love with the guy who was my husband's best friend. But even though the sex was good, I felt sour later."

and were quite definite on how they required a man to arouse them.

"In oral sex I like to have my clitoris teased, sucked or licked while two or more fingers are in my vagina." — *Female, 34, beautician.*

"I wish men would do it to me for a longer period, rather than just as a warm-up for a screw." — *Female, 26, nurse.*

Clearly women enjoy being orally stimulated, but often do not completely relax because they feel either that their vaginas are "dirty" or that the man is not enjoying it. Some also feel that the man engages in the act only as a prelude to intercourse. But few are inhibited because of social disapproval or by notions of guilt. If there are doubts about fellatio, they are for other reasons.

"Yes, I have oral sex, although I have never had semen in my mouth. I cannot go down on a guy if he isn't very special. As a matter of fact, I have gone down only on my husband, possibly because I find the act claustrophobic." — *Female, 26, unemployed.*

While nearly one-third of the female sample had tried anal sex, taboos, inhibitions and doubts about this form of sexual expression were far stronger than for oral sex. A few of the women said they intensely enjoyed anal intercourse and stimulation and engaged in it whenever they could. However, most were definite in their antagonism. Most of those who had engaged in it said their motivation was to experiment with new forms of sex or to please their lovers. Inhibitions against continuing with anal sex were not based on moral considerations, but more on negative associations between the anus and excretion.

"It has to be done when you're feeling just right physically. Otherwise too many things can go wrong. If things go wrong, then it makes a big anti-climax to love-making." *Female, 48, housewife.*

Far more men than women had participated in group, or swinging, sex. Despite the findings of some studies that suggest women adapt to swinging as well, if not better, than men, most of the women interviewed who said they had taken part in group sex (about one in 12) had done so because of pressure from their male partners. And while they were not guilt-ridden or desperately unhappy about their experiences, few wished to try it again.

"My husband wanted me to try it because he said it would help our sex life, which was pretty bad. When we got to this place where it happened, he seemed more enthusiastic about it all than I did. I must admit I felt excited for a while, especially when another woman touched me, but that feeling wore off after a day or two and I knew swinging wasn't for me." — *Female, 36, housewife.*

"When the four of us swapped around one night it was fun for a while. I always wondered what it would be like to make love with the guy who was my husband's best friend. But even though the sex was good, I felt sour a few hours later. I think it weakened rather than strengthened my relationship with my husband. Even though he wants to try it again, I don't." — *Female, 31, housewife.*

There is some truth in the assertion that men and women reach their sexual peaks at different stages in their life cycles. For example young men in their late teens describe time and time again their insatiable desire for as many sexual contacts as possible. With this group, orgasm is equated with ejaculation, and the "wham, bang, thank you ma'am" syndrome operates with frequency and urgency.

With women, however, orgasms often increase with age and, as this survey showed, sexual activity and enjoyment often reach a peak during the mid-thirties. It is the wives and not the husbands who want more sex, especially as they move into an autonomous pattern of behavior. Sex therapists have observed that "an 80-year-old woman apparently has the same physical potential for orgasm as she did at 20".

On the surface, then, it appears that males and females reach their sexual peaks at different stages of their lives. But the situation is more complicated and dynamic than this. With men, what really seems to happen is that, as they grow older, the nature of what they want out of the sexual experience changes. Time and time again they said that during their middle age they were less concerned with orgasm induced by ejaculation and more concerned with total body sex, with sequential climaxes, and with fulfilling the needs of their partners. It is true that many of these men were not able to communicate adequately their desire for a total sensual experience as found in full body sex. But in spite of their communication problems this is what they desired.

And many other men without such problems considered their sexual experiences better now than they had been in their youth.

"I used to screw around a lot during my early twenties. Whenever I could get it in I would and it always seemed great. It didn't really matter who it was with. But now, at 48, I've changed. I've got one partner and we take a long time to make love — sometimes two to three hours. I don't ejaculate with her — I prefer her to come first and then she can concentrate on me. At the end of our love-making I feel like I never used to feel in the past. Physically on top of the world, seeing stars, if you like, and psychologically really happy. I wouldn't turn back the years sexually — it's a lot better now." — *Male, 48, draughtsman.*

"My wife and I have really learnt to enjoy each other. I can go on with her for hours." *Male, 55, director.*

The good news for men then is that it is not inevitable that they will lose their sense of sexual excitement as they get older. As with other bodily functions it is true that biological and physiological imperatives associated with ageing reduce the capacity of older men to perform sexually as well as they could in their youth. But physical performance does not always equal satisfaction, and experience in sexual matters, a release from inhibition and guilt, knowledge obtained about the requirements of the partner, and self-awareness about their own sexual needs ensures that many older men enjoy satisfying love lives.

Tragically this fact does not help many men or their partners. The paradox of the male-female love cycle is that a lot of men and women do not meet sexually together or emotionally in mid-life. Often, when love and sensuality become important to middle-aged men, their female companions wish to experiment sexually with a number of partners and methods of making love in order to make up for those years when a stagnant partnership inhibited their sexual potential.

THE GUY WHO CALLS AUSTRALIA'S TUNE

when molly meldrum gives the thumbs down, even old ludwig beethoven has to roll over

profile **By PHIL JARRATT**

EVERYONE knows Molly. "Hey, will you look at that," he says as we roll out of his house on a cold Melbourne morning. The council workers digging up his street are belting out a number using their shovels as guitars. They bow in a mock finale as Molly pulls the Jag into the street and gives them a happy thumbs-up as we pass.

Everyone knows Molly. Rod knows him, Elton knows him, Paul McCartney knows him. Out there in rock 'n' roll dreamland there are at least a thousand hopefuls busting a gut to get to know him. Ian (Molly) Meldrum is quite simply, take it or leave it, the biggest noise in Australian pop music. That's pop as in popular, the stuff it's groovy to call trash. The stuff that sells. And, when it comes to selling trash, Molly Meldrum has no peer.

"You might find this hard to believe," he says as we pull up outside the ABC studios in suburban Elsternwick, "but I love the music. All of it. Well, nearly all of it." Which is just as well. This is Meldrum's thirteenth frantic year in the business, his fifth as compere and co-ordinator of *Countdown,* the top-rating show on the ABC, seen by 3,000,000 people a week. But *Countdown* is more than entertainment for the kids. It's a kind of video catalogue for the record companies, a barometer of what's happening and simultaneously a launching pad and a graveyard for new records. *Countdown* makes and breaks hits and, while it's true that some records have made it up the charts without the benefit of *Countdown* exposure, the record company people admit it's a long, hard road. And Meldrum decides just who takes that road.

The promotions people from the record companies file in and out of Molly's cluttered office all day long, dumping huge piles of records and video-cassettes and pumping their products. Molly sits by the window at his typewriter, laboriously tapping out a list of the film clips, records and live acts for this week's show. Periodically he lifts his head, lights a cigarette and passes comment on the band that some smooth talker is calling "the biggest thing since the Beatles". Molly is never unkind. "Yeah, good band, great song. Maybe next week or the week after."

Across the room Ted Emery, *Countdown* producer and Meldrum's sounding board, is somewhat quicker in getting to the point with a promoter. "They're just not charting, mate," he bellows into the telephone. "There's nothing we can do for you." Bang. Emery shakes his head. "The bastard wouldn't take no for an answer."

No is a word Meldrum tries hard to avoid. He's a diplomat in the brutally frank, and often downright bitchy, world of rock music, in spite of the occasional hotel brawls and after-concert screaming matches. He has to be. As many as 50 film clips are thrust across his desk each week and *Countdown* uses 10 at most. As well, the record companies vie for mention in his Top Ten and Humdrum sequences, banal pop patter that often results in a record's rise or fall on the charts. Promoters say that just one plug on *Countdown* can almost fill a concert hall. It's high-powered hype aimed at a very gullible teenage market and Meldrum's credibility within the industry is laid on the line every time he opens his mouth on camera.

But the most intriguing aspect of the *Countdown* (and the Meldrum) commercial muscle is the influence of the three-minute film clip. This promotional device virtually was unknown in Australia until Meldrum conceived *Countdown* in 1974. Now it is the bread and butter of television pop shows and the single most important factor in the marketing of records. It is well known in the recording industry that a good clip can sell a mediocre record and, conversely, that a bad clip (or worse, no clip at all) can damage severely the prospects of a good record. Meldrum has an unspoken understanding with the record companies that he sees the clips first, and often they are made especially for *Countdown.* Molly, after all, is the man with the clout and the pressures on him are enormous. Payola is something that happens overseas. Here the deals are struck in friendship and, according to Molly, "sometimes you're a bastard if you do and a turd if you don't".

Meldrum tells everyone he looks like death, which is an exaggeration. He just looks very sick. Nearing 40, his eternal misspent youth is beginning to show. Cigarettes for breakfast and Scotch all day. He gets up around nine and works until he's finished, usually in some bar or disco in the early hours. The black sacks under his eyes tell a story of their own and his complexion has gone past pallid and stopped just short of grey. Still, he runs everywhere, plays social football and cuts a neat figure on the dance floor. This morning he confesses he was up half the night vomiting and he got worried enough to call a friend. There's some hepatitis going around and if he doesn't feel any better by lunch time he's going to see a doctor tonight. Right now he's got a show to put together.

Ted Emery has a problem, too. He can't decide whether Shirley Strachan or Jon English should be this week's co-compere. "What do you think, Molly? I mean really, right down in the bones of your arse." Meldrum looks up from his typewriter and grins. "Right down there I'm not too keen on either of them." It's a throwaway line, one of a hundred Meldrum drops every day. His sexual preference is perhaps Melbourne's worst-kept secret. For years now he's enjoyed the company of men but recently, according to friends, he's come right out of the closet. "I was never in the bloody closet," he says.

The way Meldrum lives has made him a sitting duck for on-camera jibes and off-camera insults, but he counters by getting in first with the best jokes against himself. "Norman Gunston was merciless," he told me as we drove across town to the Southdown Press offices. "We were doing this telethon together and I announced that a Victorian fruit company had made a donation. Gunston said, 'From one fruit to another', or something like that. We just cracked up."

In the Press Club bar just up the road from Southdown Press, Molly nurses another Scotch and Coke and keeps a school of drinking journalists amused with the story of his most famous gaffe, the day he laid his commoner's hand on royalty. "I had Prince Charles on the show and I was as nervous as buggery. I had been through the introduction three or four times and I kept fluffing my lines, so I told the producer we'd do it one more time. Not really thinking about it, I put my arm around Charles and said, 'We'll be right this time, love'. The poor bastard did a back flip and the security men started to move forward. It was insane."

The journalists have heard it before but a good story bears repeating, and here Molly is one of the boys. The spluttering, inane and quite often seemingly illiterate public figure, the bane of English masters whose pupils parrot his convoluted sentences, is in real life a first rate pub raconteur. He rarely loses the thread and, when he does, he simply starts again, synchronising mouth and mind. Live on TV he doesn't enjoy the same freedom. His strategy is to keep raving and pray for the light at the end of the sentence. "Yeah, I get a bit tongue-tied sort of thing, you know, as regards to what I'm meaning to say etc etc in consequence of being nervous type of thing," he says, trailing off into a mouthful of Johnny Walker Black Label.

Later, hunched over a desk with Lawrie Masterton, his rewrite man at *TV Week,* Molly dictates a 79-word sentence and indicates he hasn't finished yet. "What are you trying to say?" asks Masterton, reaching for the blue pencil. Meldrum used to write his own column but lately he hasn't been able to find the time. Now he has a weekly two-hour session with Masterton, for which he arms himself with the current issues of *Cashbox, Billboard* and the local rock magazines. He scans them all for column items but the real mine of information is within.

Meldrum knows every artist, every song and every producer. "Thom Bell's climbing in *Cashbox* and Elton reckoned it was rubbish," he says. "Bloody amazing." This means nothing to me, but elaborated on by Molly and refined by Masterton this turns out to be a significant change in the pop music climate and a major piece of news. So it goes, and the column is on the editor's desk by four, just two hours after Meldrum left the pub and started thinking about it.

The people from CBS records were due at Meldrum's tiny house in Alfred Street, Prahran, at 2.30. They must have tired of waiting. Relieved, he puts a record on the turntable and slumps into a chair. He's sick, remember? Would I like a Scotch? Two relaxed sips and there's a knock on the door. A

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

nervous, bearded young man comes in clutching a video-cassette of his band. Maybe Molly could play it some time. The record comes off and the cassette goes in. Meldrum watches and listens intently. He likes it. The young man is ecstatic. Molly takes his name and number and sees him to the door as the phone starts ringing. CBS will be around in 10 minutes.

The lady from CBS has brought with her a big wheel from Sydney, down to launch a new star. Together they're like an Israeli hit team. The lady rips a record off the player and replaces it with the product. The big wheel claims the last vacant stretch of carpet, accepts a drink and gets right down to business. Someone called Rex Smith is coming to Australia. He's gonna be big, another Leif Garrett. (Garrett was a squeaky-clean kid who had a string of hits that ended abruptly last year when he discovered sophisticated ladies and soiled his image.) Young Mr Smith is taller and prettier, but equally inoffensive and currently riding high in the States with a new television show and a hit machine. In the industry he's what is referred to coldly as a "package". All he needs to make it now in Australia is Molly Meldrum's blessing.

We watch a film clip of Rex Smith singing, playing guitar, writhing in a harmless fashion and kissing prepubescent girls. "Shit, this is dreadful," says Meldrum. "I know," says the big wheel. "But the kid's got something, hasn't he? He's charting real well in the States." Meldrum nods. The discussion gets down to when and how to slot him into *Countdown,* and again the kid is in trouble. The only week he's available, big-breasted country girl Dolly Parton is the star of the show. "Do you think they'd work together?" asks the big wheel from Sydney.

Molly almost has a spasm. He rolls off his chair laughing. "You wouldn't see him for tits."

"Yeah," says the big wheel, lost in thought. "It might just work."

As a parting shot, the man from CBS suggests that Meldrum use a veiled lady and a palm tree setting to introduce a new record. "Why don't I just fire a capgun at it and say it's shooting up the charts?" asks Molly. "You've gotta laugh or you'd cry," he says as he shuts the door.

But Meldrum doesn't really mind the spiel. He gives as good as he gets, and underneath the wisecracks he has a deep respect for people who do their jobs well and don't give up. "I need the record companies as much as they need me," he says. "We bullshit each other along but when it gets right down to it they know I'm not going to get behind something I don't think is a hit. It's not just my personal taste. I've been in this business long enough to know what's gonna make it."

Meldrum backs that claim with an enviable list of successes as a record producer. His first hit, more than a decade ago, was Russell Morris's *The Real Thing,* which EMI thought was so abysmal they wanted it released only in Victoria. Meldrum persisted and eventually it became one of the biggest Australian hits of the 1960s. Since then he has produced for Johnny Farnham, Colleen Hewitt, Ronnie Burns and, more recently, the Ferrets and Cheetah. These days he is in demand from middle of the road artists such as Don Lane, eager to encompass the widest possible market. But Meldrum's golden production touch is, he insists, just a hobby. "Producing is my creative outlet, and it can be the most satisfying thing in the world. But in this country you just can't spend a lot of time and money on one project. Until you can, I'll just dabble."

Dabbling, in fact, is how it all started for Molly Meldrum. He was a law student down from the country and he boarded with the Burns family, whose boy Ronnie had long hair and played in a band. Ian, frankly, was appalled. His mother had sung opera and his father was a gentleman farmer. Young Meldrum studied classical piano and got his rocks off listening to musical comedy. When he was with his law student friends he would die of embarrassment if he encountered wild-haired Ronnie Burns.

But Burns was making a name for himself on the Melbourne pop scene and, slowly, Meldrum got sucked in. By 1966 he was writing for the pop paper *Go Set* for $10 a week. He dropped out of law and got a part-time job on a new teenage television show called *Kommotion.* He was off and running and within two years he was working in London for the Beatles' Apple label. It was a public relations gig and it entailed rubbing shoulders with the biggest names in rock. But the biggest buzz for Meldrum was his proximity to the Fab Four.

More than a decade later, Molly is still in awe of the stars. In a crazy sort of way he's a star in his own right, and certainly his influence on the Australian music scene is greater than Leif Garrett's or Rex Smith's or whoever it will be this time next year. But Molly still gushes and babbles and comes on like a kid in a toy shop. "That's just me," he says. "And I hope I never lose the thrill of meeting someone I really admire. I sat next to Tony Greig in a plane just recently and I couldn't speak for about 10 minutes." Meldrum's infatuation with stars does not mean, however, that he will let them ride roughshod over him. "They still have an obligation to treat you like a human being." And Boz Scaggs, a big star in every sense, didn't.

According to Meldrum, Scaggs treated him "like a piece of shit". Molly interviewed Scaggs during a press conference for replay on *Countdown,* then tried to arrange a live appearance. He was informed that Boz didn't do "that type of show". Still somewhat peeved, Molly went along reluctantly to the party in Scaggs' hotel room after his Melbourne concert. Scaggs pushed him out into the corridor, explaining that Molly had insulted his entourage and was not welcome at the party. Meldrum snapped and it took a small army of security men and hotel staff to break up the fight.

Earlier in the day there had been a mention of lunch but it's 8.30 now and Molly still hasn't eaten. I've lost count of the Scotches. As cultural expert Les Patterson might have observed, Meldrum's had a few but he's not full. Still, the blue Jag makes short work of several blind corners of the run out to trendy Tramps restaurant in Richmond. Molly picks at a steak and he is more pensive than he's been all day, as he impresses on me that there's another side to the perennial teenager.

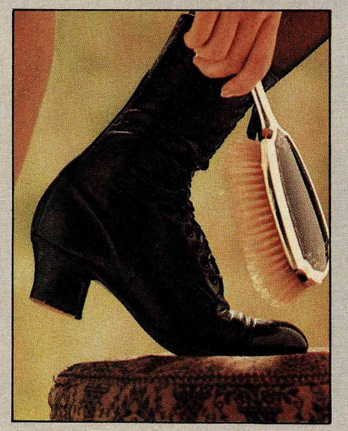
For one thing, Meldrum has a social conscience. His integrity is well known in the rock business, but recently he has looked farther afield. He made an anti-heroin film for the ABC and saw it cut in half in the editing room, but he regards it as an important achievement nonetheless. Molly believes his influence over about 3,000,000 teenagers carries with it a certain responsibility. "I made the smack film because I hate the stuff and I'd seen it wipe out some of my friends," he says. "But the responsibility I feel towards the kids is more general than that. I don't preach to them on *Countdown* but I don't like to see the more sordid aspects of the rock business emphasised, either."

Molly Meldrum, one-time hellraiser gone slightly mellow, climbs into his Jag with a bunch of friends and a late-night taste for champagne. Tomorrow he'll iron out the creases in *Countdown* then fly to Sydney for a gig at a disco and a round of the record companies. Somewhere along the line he'll have to see that doctor, but right now a rage is the order of the evening. He burns rubber for a few blocks, then pulls up dead at some traffic lights. Meldrum jumps out and thumps on the windows of the car in front. "Ashleys," he says. "Everyone's going." And the cars fall into a stately procession befitting the king of pop.

Photography by Ken Middleton

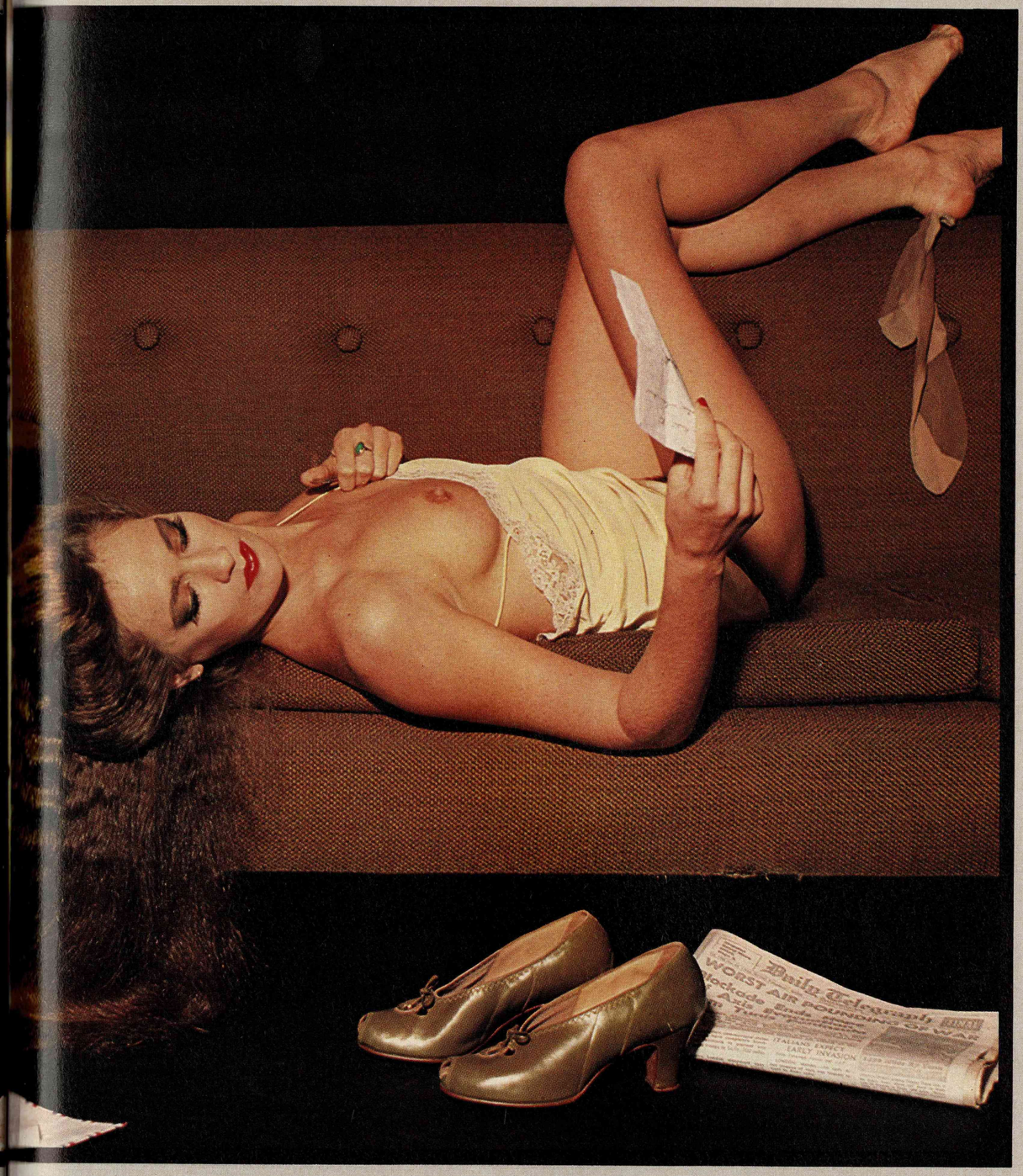
FEET FIRST

a pictorial sole guide to what separates the men from the heels



Seduction could not have been easy at the turn of the century. Fashions, like the ladies who wore them, were pretty strait-laced. A man needed the time, inclination and nimble fingers to undo not only his beloved's bootlaces but also her boned corset, which thrust out her bust and squeezed her waist. But, alas, often he could be cheated when a seemingly buxom lady didn't necessarily billow in the boudoir.

Footwear in the Roaring Twenties, like vamps themselves, took a walk on the wild side. The war was won; they had some fun dancing the decade away at parties and in speakeasies. The mood was extravagant, morality less austere. Hemlines, like haircuts, were short. Ladies actually revealed their knees. Legs had that stretched look, pretty ankles could turn heads, and shoes kept in step with the Charleston – and all that jazz.

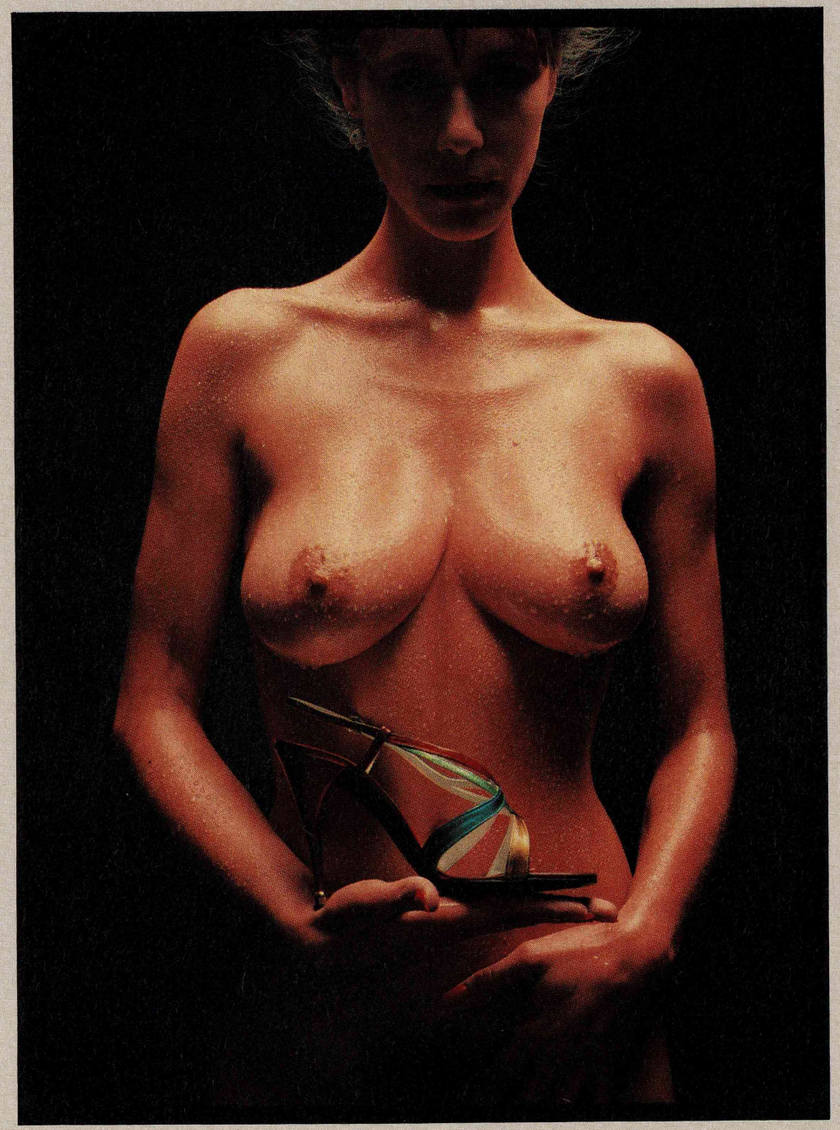


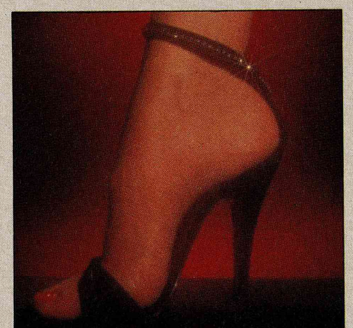
Like as not, the way to a girl's heart during the Fearful Forties was through her feet. Wartime brought rationing and, while shoes were scarce, stockings were in such short supply that long queues formed outside shops the moment consignments arrived. A war veteran returning with a gift of silk stockings stood a good chance of winning a girl's affections from any local lothario. Without them, she probably made do with peep-toes, bare legs and sometimes painted seams.

The sexy trademark of Fifties footwear was the high-heeled shoe, typifying the post-war exuberance. Adapted to the sharply-pointed stiletto by Christian Dior, it certainly left its mark. A dame in high heels might have looked provocatively tall and leggy but her concentrated weight on one heel was the same as a baby elephant's. With both feet squarely on the ground, and her head in the clouds, she doubtless made a lasting impression.

The Swinging Sixties meant that anything went. That included everything from the spruce court shoes in just about every well-heeled girl's wardrobe to thigh-high kid leather boots held up with suspenders. Suspenders, otherwise, went out with the introduction of pantyhose, worn under mini-skirts which reached to see-level. The bosom was the other fashion focus, so it's no wonder the footwear isn't more memorable.

Footwear sales in the Seventies got a big lift from platform-heeled shoes, worn mostly by women but immortalised by a man. Take a bow, Mr Elton John, for your 18-carat rhinestone verve and nerve. Hookers and Hollywood loved them. Dedicated followers of fashion risked life and limb in these follies. Eventually more down-to-earth styles returned, including lace-up boots with sharp heels and court shoes made to suit every walk of life.





As the saying goes, there's no business like shoe business. Shoe manufacturers might go for broke trying to predict market trends but, whatever their options, they won't go bankrupt as long as ladies have feet. The man most likely to succeed is Raymond Castles of Sydney. He sums up his forecast for the Eighties in one word: romantic. And romance, as everyone knows, leaves plenty of room for manoeuvre – and for happiness.

THE MEN BEHIND MALCOLM FRASER

in character, class, views, lifestyles, the prime minister's advisers form a motley crew, ranging from radicals and disciplinarians to cynics and loners

article **By ANDREW CLARK**

EARLY in 1973 Malcolm Fraser was enjoying his two favorite pastimes — fishing and discussing the pursuit of power. He was doing both with an old friend who shared the same interests and had a similar background. It was important to Fraser, a man reluctant to unburden matters close to his chest to people he suspects could profit from the information at a later date, that John Turner, his fishing companion, was also a foreigner. They were in the remote heart of Canada's lake country.

Turner was a Fraser room-mate during the PM's formative years at Magdalen College, Oxford. Magdalen is a magnificent 15th-century building featuring a tower which is the symbol of the university city. Deer roam free through its beautiful grounds and memories of its studied stillness were evoked in the Ontario woods.

As a former cabinet minister with responsibility for Canada's federal-state financial relations in one of Pierre Trudeau's early administrations, Turner felt this area contained the key to the success or failure of a government. Like Fraser, he wanted "small government" and was convinced this could be achieved only through a drastic alteration in the financial ties between the central government and provincial administrations. Under the existing system a conservative national government in Australia can cut numbers in its own public service, but has great difficulty in curtailing the ballooning State bureaucracies.

Technical details of the Turner policy were complex,

Illustration by Steve McHugh

but the principles were simple. A federal government should hand back to the provinces or States responsibility for the big growth areas of government – urban renewal, housing and large chunks of health, welfare and education – and at the same time abolish the grants tied to each of these programs. States could introduce their own taxes, or abolish the programs, but the new system would transfer the blame for either action away from the federal capital.

It suited Fraser's anti "big government" ideology and, if properly adapted, would confuse the public and take the heat off the central government. This effect complemented the Fraser style. Thus the origins of "Fraser federalism" hark back to the woods of Canada at the beginning of the decade and an undergraduate relationship.

So-called Fraser federalism has been pushed hard, but effective rearguard action by the States, and some senior Liberal Party supporters, has thwarted, or at least delayed, its implementation. Meanwhile, pragmatically, the Prime Minister has quietly watered down the policy (though he may resurrect it fully if the opportunity arises).

The lengthy saga of Fraser federalism has become so confused by rhetoric that key points about its promoter have been obscured. These dispel two popularly-held views about the Prime Minister – that he is not influenced on major issues by other people, and that he will not alter course once he has decided on a policy.

Although Malcolm Fraser is a product of the exclusive Victorian Western District grazing world, went to all the right schools, married into the right family, and is keenly sensitive to the influence of Melbourne's power brokers, he is no captive of advice from one section of the community.

In character, class, views and lifestyle his advisers form a motley crew. They even include a couple of cupboard radicals – or "pinkos", as Transport Minister Peter Nixon so elegantly puts it. There are also hardline right wingers, disciplinarians, fanatics, violent anti-communists, cynics, people who have flirted with the bohemian world, and loners.

Fraser casts a wide net for advice. He discusses an important issue not just with Cabinet – in fact, sometimes he hardly discusses it with Cabinet – but also with public servants, official advisers, businessmen, friends, overseas politicians, bankers, party officials, and even relatives. However, the only adviser who merits the title is the person who has influence. Some have fallen in and out of favor with the Prime Minister but, by my reckoning, the influential group generally numbers about 30. Included are his wife, Tamie; two major foreign politicians, Helmut Schmidt of Germany and Morarji Desai of India; the head of the Chase Manhattan Bank, David Rockefeller; the Federal Director of the Liberal Party, Tony Eggleton; two official advisers, Petro Georgiou and Professor John Rose; four or five members of the ministry; businessmen Sir Ian McLennan, former chairman of BHP, Mr J. G. Wilson of APM, Sir Brian Inglis of Ford and Sir Charles McGrath of Repco; two Melbourne lawyers, Frank Galbally and Richard Searby; trade unionists such as Sir Jack Egerton, former president of the Queensland Trades and Labor Council, and Joe Thompson, the NSW Secretary of the Vehicle Builders' Union; David Kemp, a former speechwriter who is now a political scientist at Melbourne University; and B. A. Santamaria of the National Civic Council. Another long-time political adviser was the former Prime Minister, the late Sir Robert Menzies.

The spread and power of the Fraser advisers confirms the view that the collective authority of the Cabinet is weaker than is usual in a conservative government. When Fraser was attacking the Whitlam Government in 1975, he promised to revert to the traditional relationship between Cabinet and the public service and remove the influence of flamboyant, iconoclastic advisers, many of whom he believed were more interested in pushing their own positions than the government's. During the Whitlam days names like Spigelman, Wilenski and Menadue were well known. The same public identification is not attached to Petro Georgiou, John Rose or David Kemp, but their influence is probably as strong as the Whitlam group's.

A good example of how the system works is when a major economic proposal is made – and the economy remains the most politically sensitive issue in Australia. Treasury may make the initial proposal through the Treasurer. However, Fraser would soon hear of it, and discuss it first with the Treasurer and probably the officials in his department (contrary to accepted Cabinet practice, the Prime Minister used to do this without the permission or knowledge of the relevant Minister, but the sudden resignation and reinstatement of the Finance Minister, Mr Eric Robinson, has been followed by the disappearance of this habit).

Realising that the proposal, if implemented, would have an impact on business, Fraser may make some discreet soundings in the business world. He would be unlikely to reveal specific details of the proposal, or even provide a general picture of it, keeping his listener – probably on the phone – a bit confused. If the proposal also had implications for State relations, further discreet soundings may be made through the party's State branches, and Fraser would use Tony Eggleton for this task.

At some point he would discuss it with an informal group of Ministers. The complexion of this group varies from time to time, influenced by the nature of the proposals discussed and who is in or out of favor with the Prime Minister. A good current sample would be Treasurer John Howard, Deputy Prime Minister Doug Anthony, Industry and Commerce Minister Philip Lynch, Transport Minister Peter Nixon, and Senate Government Leader John Carrick. After this group has been swung around to the proposal, its passage through the relevant Cabinet committee, then full Cabinet, is often a mere formality. The decision-making has already been done.

From the time the proposal was first made to its ultimate adoption, Fraser would have several consultations with his most influential economic adviser, John Rose, Professor of Economics at Melbourne University. Professor Rose was working at Cambridge before he moved here and was persuaded to make the shift by two of Australia's better-known academic economists, the late Professor R. I. Downing, Ritchie Professor of Economics at Melbourne University and later chairman of the ABC, and Professor Ronald Henderson, who headed the national poverty inquiry.

Professor Rose first attracted the attention of Parliament when he gave evidence to the Senate Committee on Securities and Exchange headed by Sir Magnus Cormack. Sir Magnus was so impressed by the evidence that he asked Rose to join the committee as a researcher. Rose played a major behind-the-scene role in preparing the final voluminous report for the committee's new chairman, Senator Peter Rae from Tasmania.

After Fraser became Opposition Leader, he offered the job of Principal Private Secretary to Rose, who declined. When the Liberals took power, however, Rose became a full-time adviser. Now he is back teaching in Melbourne, but remains an official consultant to the Prime Minister. He is not very voluble, but direct, and Fraser values his ability to express an economic concept clearly, briefly, and with a minimum of jargon. He also rates highly the ability Rose has developed of outlining the impact of a proposal, something bureaucrats often fail to do.

Another adviser, Petro Georgiou, has the reputation round the House of

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being Fraser's Svengali. It is a little unfair. The term has been coined more in frustration by those who would like to get closer to him than from erudition. Born in Greece of parents who migrated to Australia when he was an infant, he is also known as "the token migrant". It is a tag he will wear in jest, but not in seriousness. He has no time for tokenism. Georgiou is a very serious 31-year-old father of two who respects his boss's edict that all the Prime Minister's staff adopt a low public profile. And as the PM's senior adviser, he makes damned sure the boss's wishes are respected.

Georgiou was plucked from Melbourne University midway through his PhD in August, 1975, by Fraser's old numbers man, Tony Staley, to join the top echelon of Liberal staffers. His recruitment was at least partially orchestrated by a former Melbourne University classmate, David Kemp, who, in those days when the Libs were itching for an election brawl, was Fraser's senior political adviser. Initially sympathetic toward the Whitlam Government when it swept to power in 1972, Georgiou by 1975 had grown totally disillusioned with Labor, which he regarded as nothing more than a middle-class feeding trough. Georgiou liked the things Fraser was saying when the offer was made. The job sounded interesting, so he signed on. A year later, when Kemp decided to return to Melbourne University, Georgiou moved to Canberra and was installed as Fraser's No 1 adviser.

A right-hand-man designation he might accept. The reputation of being the man with the greatest single influence over the Prime Minister he rejects as over-simplistic and derogatory to the many other able and expert people on Fraser's staff. But he does have a privileged place in the hierarchy. Apart from his daily contact with Fraser, Georgiou winds him up on all matters racial and migrant, oversees the advisory feed-in and writes most of the prime ministerial speeches. Bracket his key roles as Fraser's question time stoker and speech writer and Georgiou can be seen to be a man of real influence.

A former senior official in the Prime Minister's Department, Mr Ian Castles, is also very influential in the economic sphere. Castles, 44, now Secretary of the Finance Department, is a quiet and unpretentious man who likes nothing better than to take his family to Sydney for a holiday and go for a ride on the Manly ferry. But he is also forceful in advancing an argument and has adapted better than the Treasury to Fraser's preference for a "can do" approach to Government. Yet another economist who wields impressive influence over Fraser is Mike Keating. On the surface this power appears surprising when it is recalled that, five years ago, Keating was the most influential economic adviser to the Whitlam Government. This was the period when Labor, responding to the chill blasts of the OPEC oil price rises and grappling with inflation, tried to spend its way out of trouble. Keating, in fact, was the main architect of the 1974 Budget, which Malcolm Fraser attacked as economically irresponsible. He was then in charge of the economic division of the new Department of Urban and Regional Development, which pushed a strong national planning line – anathema to Treasury. John Stone, now head of Treasury, referred at the time to DURD as a "dickhead department".

But it was Keating and Castles who persuaded the Prime Minister to adopt the Family Allowance proposals in 1976, soon after entering office. Since then, Keating has served another successful stint at the Organisation of Economic Co-operation and Development in Paris, and back in Canberra retains his taste for vin rouge.

Treasury, traditionally the most powerful department in Canberra, was in a state of undeclared war with Labor by the end of its administration. When Fraser entered office a collective sigh of relief could be heard in the functional Treasury building across the road from Parliament House. But Treasury has not, as was expected, returned to its former hegemony in the economic area. It now shares power with the new Department of Finance – split off from Treasury at Fraser's insistence – the economists in the Prime Minister's Department, and Professor Rose.

As head of Treasury, the tough John Stone is used to getting his way, and there have been some marked ups and downs in his relations with the Prime Minister. When the Government devalued towards the end of 1976 against strong Treasury advice, there was a long "no speaks" period, compounded by the establishment of the Finance Department. Last year Stone came back strongly after Fraser, following a long period of vacillation, rejected his own department's advice to allow the deficit to extend to $3000 million and opted for a figure closer to Treasury's proposed $2500 million (in fact the deficit blew out to more than $3000 million anyway).

But this change was not brought about by Treasury and is a good example of the influence of Fraser's overseas advisers. Four months before the Government handed down last year's Budget, Fraser was veering towards a mild expansion. Then he went to the US, where he heard encouraging noises from the big bankers, particularly Rockefeller. But they wanted "more of the same" – a tough inflation-first policy – holding out as a carrot future investment in some of Australia's major resource projects.

When he arrived in Germany the Chancellor, Helmut Schmidt, impressed upon the Prime Minister the importance of bringing down inflation before any sustained economic improvement could occur. He cited as an example the way in which West Germany's economy was booming.

Fraser returned to Australia more determined than ever to be tough and he lectured the States about their profligate habits, taking a few sideswipes at official US economic policy on the way. A breathless senior official emerged from the premiers' conference and told a colleague: "He's behaving like a Prussian." This large mixture of advice – official and unofficial, bureaucratic and from other sources, local and overseas – produces the Government's economic policy. The group of economic advisers – unconnected as they are – together articulate the Prime Minister's economic instincts, which were crude at best when he first entered office. For more than a quarter of a century Fraser has believed that union wage demands must be held back and that big government leads to inflation. These generalised views invite a lot of policy tuning in between, and this is where the others come in.

Looking back, several Ministers now concede privately that some bad decisions were made in the first year, and the Government has paid for them since with continuing budgetary problems and lost credibility. These include the reversals on tax. First the Government was going to introduce tax indexation over three years. Then, mainly because Fraser wanted it, and against strong Treasury advice, it switched to full implementation over a year.

In the 1977 Budget it promised tax cuts, but held tax indexation at 50 percent. The following year the cuts were introduced after an election, but taken away six months later when the Government slapped on a "temporary" 1.5 percent tax surcharge.

But looking back again, the Government is now given credit for deciding on a devaluation of the dollar in 1976. The decision-making process is another example of Fraser seeking overseas advice. Treasury was opposed, but the Country Party, realising it would benefit miners and farmers, its two principal supporters, wanted it. So too did politically influential sections of the Melbourne broking community. Fraser went over Treasury's head to

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senior officials of the International Monetary Fund, who agreed to what he called a "small devaluation" – a description which does not fit the final decision. Fraser then summoned a Cabinet meeting in Melbourne. He told his stunned Ministers: "We've decided to devalue by 17.5 percent. Phil's got the details."

One of the most fascinating developments in the advisory area, and yet another example of the overseas factor at work, has been the emergence of the Indian ascetic, Morarji Desai, as an influential figure. Fraser held several lengthy discussions with Desai during the Commonwealth regional heads of government meeting in Sydney early last year, but the relationship blossomed during a later Fraser visit to New Delhi.

An ambivalent approach is apparent in industrial relations. Fraser switches from his traditional stance of "we must stand up to union blackmail under any circumstances" to a more conciliatory position. In the Pilbara iron ore blow-up in June, both positions came to the fore at various stages. Fraser began by saying the unions must be countered, but three days later he was dictating what sounded like a statement of capitulation to the right-wing Acting Premier of Western Australia, Des O'Neil.

The Pilbara dispute also gave a good insight into the Machiavellian Fraser. As tension mounted and Australia faced not only a 24-hour national strike but the prospect of an indefinite and crippling ban on mineral exports, calls came for the Prime Minister to intervene and "fix it". Fraser characteristically launched a devious fallback position in case his already prepared plan for intervention failed. He cut a deal with Neville Wran, the NSW Premier: Fraser would play a conciliatory and helpful role in the NSW petrol dispute if Wran would support him on a referral of State industrial powers to the Commonwealth. Then he rushed the proposal through Cabinet.

Reaction was swift and predictable. The following day news bulletins and talk-back programs were overflowing with the indignant comments of other State premiers, apart from Wran, saying "Hands off!" These comments provided a perfect backdrop for Fraser's discussions with union leaders because they promoted a public view that the Federal Government did not have the authority it felt was necessary in industrial disputes.

Fraser maintains a strong interest in foreign policy, but his advisers have influence, too. The most prominent are Alan Griffiths, head of the Defence and Foreign Policy section of the Prime Minister's Department, and Owen Harries, an Associate Professor of Political Science at the University of NSW and academic-in-residence at the Department of Foreign Affairs.

Griffiths, 57, who looks like a portly version of Bugs Bunny, is one of the most enigmatic figures in Canberra. Known as "Egg and Bacon" because of his habit of wearing ties with egg spots on them, he also has the distinctive practice for a senior bureaucrat of wandering the department's corridors munching thoughtfully on a meat pie. This "absent-minded professor" image is complicated by his passionate adherence to the cause of the Moral Rearmament movement.

The fast-walking Harries, 49, hails from Wales. Somewhat brusque in his manner, he was a Cold War hardliner in the '60s and an outspoken supporter of America's military involvement in Vietnam. Since then he has contributed several articles to prestigious American journals such as *Foreign Affairs,* published by the Council for Foreign Relations, and *Orbis,* which is produced by the American Foreign Policy Research Institute.

Griffiths and Harries were two key figures in the drafting of Fraser's first foreign policy statement, delivered in June, 1976. The influence of the Department of Foreign Affairs was notable for its absence. Fraser originated the anti-Soviet, pro-China shift in Australian policy, but the two provided the rhetorical sheen for it. Griffiths has converted Fraser to the two distinctive elements of Australia's foreign policy – strong opposition to South Africa and the white-imposed constitution in Rhodesia, and support for the establishment of a common fund to stabilise international commodity prices.

He is also used in more unorthodox missions, which are at the same time diplomatic and domestic. Like the Whitlam Government before it, and the Gorton Government before that, the Fraser administration has suffered from regular clashes with its Queensland counterpart, particularly Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen. Fraser decided that for Premier Joh he would adopt the novel tactic of sending an emissary to discuss problems instead of using impersonal correspondence between departments. Griffiths, with his Christian credentials and ability to listen hard and long, is ideal.

Both State relations and foreign policy are counted among the areas where Tony Eggleton has influence on Fraser. Though not strictly an official adviser – he is paid by the Liberal Party as the Director of its Federal Secretariat – Eggleton is in close daily touch with the Prime Minister and enjoys that most treasured measure of power: constant access.

Born into a middle-class family in Swindon, Wiltshire, Eggleton began his climb as a 16-year-old cub reporter on the local rag, the *Swindon Advertiser.* He came to Australia in 1950, rose through the ranks of the ABC, and joined Navy public relations a decade later. After impressing Menzies by his work on the *Voyager* disaster, Eggleton joined the Prime Minister's press relations staff.

He worked for Menzies, Holt, Gorton and McMahon before spending three years with the Commonwealth Secretariat in London. He returned in time to help Bill Snedden in his 1974 election campaign, and almost a year later he was due to move into the Opposition Leader's office. On that day, after a party room vote produced a new leader, Eggleton's political footwork was swift and adroit. As Fraser emerged from the party room Eggleton led the new Opposition leader through a phalanx of pressmen to another room. Fraser has since learned to trust Eggleton and rely on his accurate, but polite, summings up of his regular soundings throughout the party. Eggleton has developed a remarkable and sensitive intelligence network which he faithfully puts at the disposal of the Prime Minister. But he also projects an image of sympathy for all, and people like talking to him.

But where does Fraser go for that most critical area of wisdom – political advice? This area is harder to define than most, but generally means Parliamentary strategy, tactics against the Labor Party and the timing of elections. Paradoxically, it was Fraser's two most trusted advisers in the political area – his wife, Tamie, and Tony Eggleton – whose counsel not to hold an election at the end of 1977 was rejected. Fraser feels the result vindicated his judgment, and others agree. The example shows most clearly, though, where the decisions are made – in the Prime Minister's head.

However, the example does no justice to Eggleton or Mrs Fraser. For Fraser, the greatest value of his wife as a political adviser is that he trusts her and she will keep their conversations secret. Gradually, Fraser has developed the same attitude towards Eggleton. Few others have won Fraser's trust and confidence. Ironically, this is another reason why advisers are influential – Fraser does not trust his own Cabinet to come up with the right political goods. That reasoning is not lost on some Cabinet members and accounts for the simmering animosity below the surface in Canberra.

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How to have a Dirty Weekend

even the best laid plans go astray when you try to live out your favorite fantasy on an unlimited budget

article **By Derryn Hinch**

EVERY red-blooded male spends perhaps half his waking hours fantasising about dirty weekends – when he is not thinking evil thoughts about the female liberationist in the office across the street. But in reality a dirty weekend, as often as not, falls a little below expectations. The dream gets somewhat tarnished around the edges.

My last dirty weekend actually was an assignment from PLAYBOY to find out how much it would cost and how much fun one could actually have. It is the saga of a dancer, who shall be called Alison, her aunt by the name of Edith and a basket of fruit at the Sydney Hilton, among other things. At the end, feelings were bittersweet, accompanied as they were by a total bill for more than $700.

In my 20 years of journalism I believe I've had about 1100 assorted weekends. Some have been lustful, some lonely, some interminable and others far too short. There have been too many drunken ones and too few dry ones. And to give the whole business some international perspective, there have been weekends in the Grenadines, one on the sands of the Virgin Islands, another snowbound in Woodstock

and a somewhat bizarre one spent hunting for financier Alexander Barton in Rio.

Now, seeing I live and work in Melbourne as a current affairs commentator and talk-back show host on radio 3AW, I reasoned that this dirty weekend really should not be in Melbourne. And I got to think about the term *dirty weekend* as well. To me it always has had overtones of the grotty seaside boarding house and a chain store wedding ring that tarnishes in a few hours. It is very much pre-pill and pre the fact that hotel clerks do not nudge, wink or look suspicious any more, or the fact that landladies even of "respectable establishments" no longer spend their waking hours banging on doors with brooms or glaring at strangers who knock on their front doors late at night. (Come to think of it, I haven't seen a *real* landlady for years.)

Anyway, back to the saga. I chose Sydney for my tryst, assignation, rendezvous, love journey, great mistake or what you will, because it offered certain creature comforts, a tolerable climate for most of the time and an atmosphere kindly to lovers.

I found the perfect candidate for this liaison, the earlier mentioned Alison, and I began to fantasise . . .

•

Alison would fly in from Adelaide where she was performing. We would rendezvous in the dim and cosy piano bar at the Windsor. A chauffeured limo would purr us to Tullamarine. We'd snuggle down in the back with a bottle of Dom Pérignon.

Imagination aside, I'd started ticking up the cost. Keep track of every cent you spend, the editor had said. A Dom Pérignon 1971 from the Toorak Liquor Mart would be $32.50. A limo from Astra hire cars would be $16 for the airport run. (Not bad when you realise a cab costs $9 or $10.) Ed Whiston from Astra explained that the top shelf limo, the 450 SEL Mercedes, cost $20 for the airport trip. A Rolls cost $25, "but a lot of people don't want a Rolls", Ed explained. "They don't like people staring at them. Neil Diamond always used the Merc and told the driver to take off his hat."

Back to the fantasy. A champagne run to the airport. First class return tickets ($163.20 each). You can't go economy class on a horny holiday. In Sydney we'd check into the 42nd floor King suite at the Hilton. I remembered King suites had three-metre wide beds and that the lounge room, bathroom, dressing room and big bedroom sprawled around three sides of the midtown hotel. Cost: $150 a night.

We'd check in. Maybe have that complimentary Hilton drink in the America's Cup bar, then dinner in the hotel's San Francisco grill — not too far from the suite — followed by a weekend of sex and supper, food and fondling. Aah, the imagination is a wondrous, fertile thing. What do they say? Don't let your mind make a date that your body can't keep.

•

The first real costs were the umpteen interminable and predictable telephone calls.

"I'm getting cold feet . . . I don't think my job will be over by the weekend . . . maybe the following weekend . . . what if we get caught? . . . do you really want me to go? . . . I can't come through Melbourne . . . I'll meet you in Sydney . . . I'm going up Thursday . . . call me at my aunt's house when you fly in."

Her aunt's house? Who ever went on a weekend of lust and had to call up the other half at her aunt's house? Cancel the $32.50 champagne. Erase the "quiet flows the Dom" joke. Save $30 and go tourist. Might as well cancel the limo too and hail a cab.

Friday morning. Slight hangover. Sleep in. No time to pack. Gruelling show. Several traumatic suicide calls from listeners. Exit from studio exhausted at noon. Waste precious time closeted with station management discussing threatened legal action.

Hit Sydney in the middle of peak hour. Phone Alison's aunt's number from airport coin phone . . . it rings and rings and rings and rings . . . and oh Jesus, I bet she's had a change of heart . . . I bet she's chickened out . . . probably high-kicking her way through Brisbane by now . . . and click, "Hello, darling . . . you made it."

Relief. A feeling of contentment, albeit briefly, until she says: "I forgot to tell you that it's Aunt Edith's birthday today and I thought as a treat we could take her to the theatre . . ."

Terrific! How do I handle this? The debonair man-about-town jets into Sydney for a weekend of bed and broad and spends his first night at the theatre with Aunt Whosit. Hardly the ideal ménage a trois.

The King suite at the Hilton, inspected solo, is tremendous. On the table is a complimentary basket of fruit. Apples, papaya, passionfruit, bananas, grapes, oranges, mandarins, pineapple, pears. I dissect the papaya, or pawpaw. Lunch had been a pot of beer and an indeterminate sandwich ($1.60) at the airport Goldrush bar. Very romantic. I continue being romantic with the fruit basket until 7 pm, when Alison and aunt appear at the top of the Hilton escalator. She looks stunning. Aunt looks suspicious. I fear I look over-eager. A vision of Alison on the three-metre wide bed inhibits the conversation. The show is dreary and interminable but saved when a small hand snakes into mine and her soft voice whispers: "I've reserved a table for supper."

"For how many?"

"Two."

"You and Edith?"

"No, dummy."

The play improved immensely after that reassurance.

•

Rogues nightspot in Oxford square is an extraordinary place. Peter Simpson and his colleagues have taken an old, dirty, rubbish-filled basement under a medical centre and turned it into a gem. It is the closest thing Australia has to Regine's, the swank New York nightspot. There's a bar, a pocket dance floor and a surprisingly good restaurant. The play went so late and we dithered so long unloading Aunt Edith that by the time we got there the kitchen was closed. Luckily they took pity on a starved couple and we had a couple of the best pepper steaks ever to grace a table in this country. Plus a bottle of wine and a couple of cognacs. The bill was $34.80 with tip.

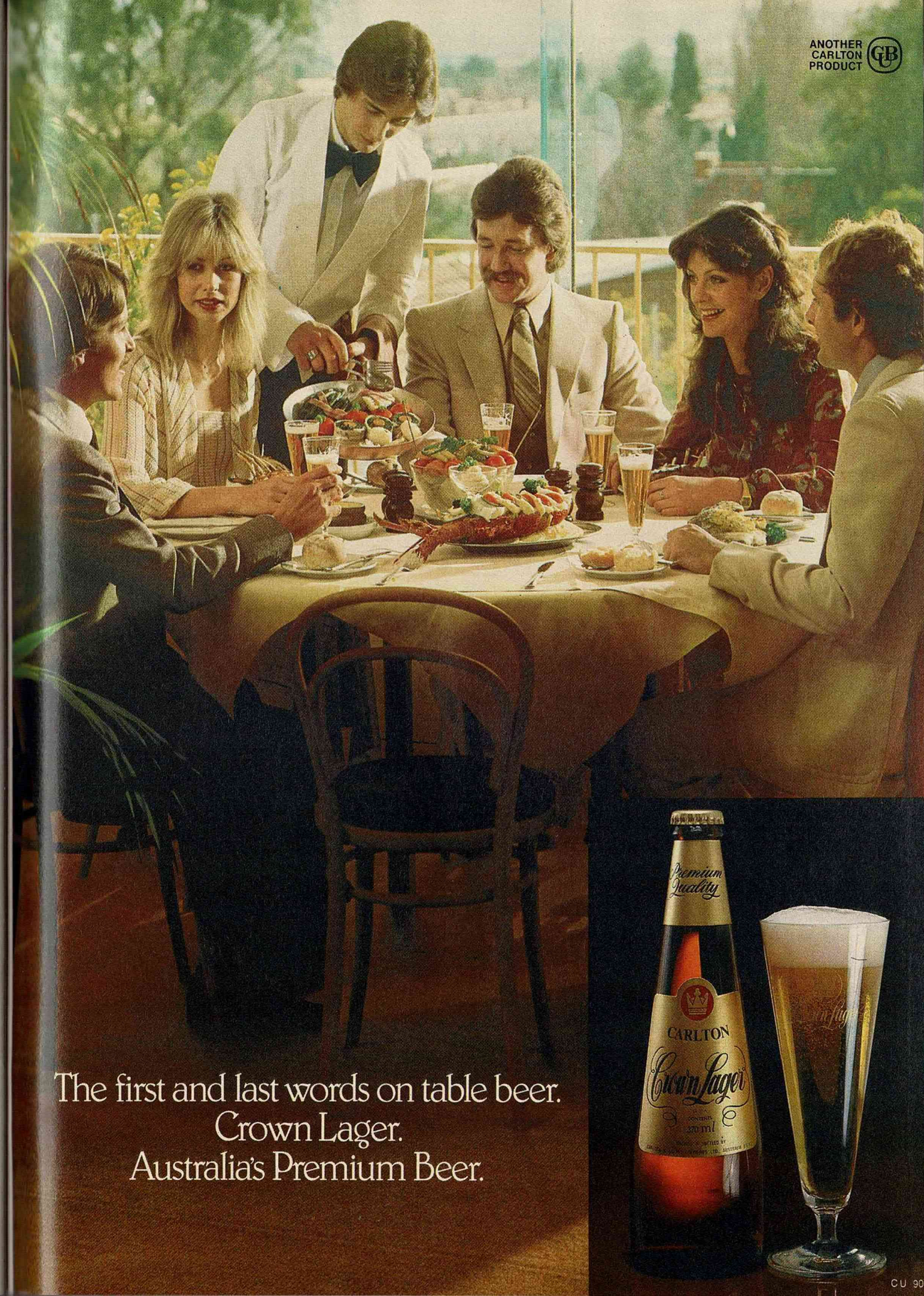
Back at the hotel a minor drama — weekends are full of minor dramas. Muggins has forgotten his toothpaste . . . an oversight that the chain-smoking Alison views with some importance. (I discover next morning that I also forgot shaving cream, vitamin pills, shampoo, razor and my own toothbrush. Ever tried shaving with bubble bath?) Decide that a pre-bed cognac would be a good idea in lieu of toothpaste. Discover I also forgot to bring the Courvoisier. St Agnes brandy out of the automatic bar has to suffice.

•

In spite of the fact that I seem to have told you about most of my life already, some things really should be left a little in the mists. Let us just say that the St Agnes brandy and the Hilton's outsized bed performed magic and wonders . . .

In a large city you can also turn out all the lights and rip back the curtains and just lie there after the event watching the city's lights winking and blinking before you have a fondle again and perhaps a shower together or, even better, a luxurious and foamy bath.

There could have been a few other touches. I could have copied a couple of those great French hotels and bought just one bar of high quality French soap or even a touch of the old goanna oil for strains and torn ligaments. Or even a pair of — yuk — crutchless panties plus a selection of those idiotic rubber things with spikes on them that you are supposed to strap on



"for her absolute pleasure". Even if nothing works, you get a moment of light comic relief when she suddenly starts to giggle. Or, as one girl said: "Stop, for God's sake! It's got all caught up in my pubes."

In our somewhat brandy-filled, toothpaste-less and perhaps sedate evening, the moment of comedy came at the start.

As we walked to the bed, Alison stopped in naked mid-stride, then looked suspiciously, first at the bed and then at me.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"I usually sleep on *that* side."

She won.

•

Saturday morning ... far, far too early ... the phone rang. A moment of panic. Nobody is supposed to know we are here.

"Room 4206?" An exceedingly tentative "Yeeeesss."

"Did youse call about laundry?"

We surface again at noon and head for Eliza's at Double Bay for brunch. The bill with tip: $28.30.

And then back to the hotel where the bed is freshly made and ready, allowing for more sensuous action until hunger strikes again.

•

Without a doubt the best restaurant in Sydney is Le Café Nouveau in Oxford street. It is operated with passionate care and dedication by Patric and Chrissy Juillet. On any romping weekend it is about the only restaurant that could possibly lure you off the pillows and out for Saturday night dinner.

The main courses the night we were there featured such gems as wild duck with strawberry vinegar sauce ... fresh mudcrabs with coral sauce ... yabbies in puff pastry and reduced sauce. We dined like Tom Jones. Well, not quite, but close. Bill with tip: $70.30.

•

Sunday morning is crisp and sunny. It's a great time for snuggling down with the Sunday papers. And for some people Sunday isn't Sunday without brunch at Butler's in Potts Point. The ebullient owner, Harry Wakeham, makes his own brand of Sunday bloody marys and we sat in the sun on the restaurant's open deck and ate eggs benedict and argued about how they should have toasted muffins under the eggs — not toast. Then we basked in the sun and Melbourne seemed as far away as Antarctica. Bill with tip: a total of $24.60.

Back to the Hilton for a snooze and those last hours of almost suspended animation when you know something is coming to an end ... but you're still not quite prepared for the final minutes.

"Well, it's goodbye then," she said.

"Just for now ... don't make it sound so final."

"No. It *is* final. It's been a wonderful weekend, but I just can't handle the deception or the guilt or whatever. I'm going back to Robert."

"But ... but ..."

"No 'but'. Let's put this one in a silver box and remember it. Ciao."

I watched the small shoulders go down the corridor, along the crazy multi-colored Hilton carpet that looks like it was designed by Helen Keller. She never looked back.

That's not the way these weekends are supposed to end. But then again, maybe that was one of the hidden costs I hadn't bargained for.

Tie up your own pleasure package

to get the best deal you'll have to bank your fires for 21 days

By Richard Beckett

WHILE the affable Derryn Hinch has, in great detail, revealed the secrets of how to spend an enormous amount on a dirty weekend, not all of us can play millionaires — even for two days. So to ensure that you do not lose heart, here is a slightly more abstemious guide to help you realise your very own weekend fantasy.

It should be pointed out that, in spite of the claims of the travel industry, Australia is a very expensive place for a holiday. For instance, if you live on the eastern seaboard it's almost as cheap to go to New Zealand as it is to get to Perth — and Noumea isn't all that far away, either. Motel accommodation costs here vary wildly but be prepared to pay up to $50 a night in most capitals for a standard double room with few frills (except for a free packet of foaming bubble bath and a plastic shower cap.) Further down the line, for around $25 you are likely to find yourself half way out of town with no access to anything — and no shower cap either.

Assuming your relationship is stable enough to plan a dirty weekend in advance, you can score with package deals offered by both domestic airlines in all of the capital cities. Certain rules most be observed. These weekend packages have to be paid for in full 21 days in advance and even when making the initial booking you have to lay out $20 before the man behind the desk will speak to you. This means that you can't pick up some lovely and head off for an *immediate* cheap weekend. What you have to say is: "Look, I love you dearly but let's be sensible and adult about this whole thing and meet again in 21 days time when I can give you an economy package of lust." You can, for about another $50, indulge yourself with a car as well, not including petrol, but generally you will not be charged for kilometres.

Now for individual cities. First, **Canberra** is right out. The place is so dully antiseptic that it would put all thoughts of sex into file No 966 and have them wrapped in red tape in a jiffy. Besides which if you arrived there on a Friday night you would be trampled to death at the airport by the hordes of public servants attempting to get out of the place.

So we will start with **Hobart.** The one weekend package offered by both airlines is the Wrest Point Casino deal. From Sydney it is around $240 a person, from Melbourne about $150 and from Adelaide $230. This includes air fares and accommodation in the tower block on the basis that two people are sharing a room. It is a standard two-night weekend, either

"The only thing I haven't been able to get enough of is sleep. They ought to introduce a 36 hour day." Melinda Shelton, Avalon, N.S.W.

"Everytime you sit down for a drink someone comes over and introduces themselves and before you know it you've got a party going. Breakfast? I hear it's good."

If you want to find out what Club Med is really like, ask someone who's been there. They'll tell you about the new friends they made, their Polynesian hut by the lagoon, the smorgasbord lunches which stretch for miles and the disco which doesn't close until the last person leaves.

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Friday and Saturday or Saturday and Sunday nights.

If it all sounds like great fun, with both carefree gambling and sex, read a little of the fine print before you decide whether you are good enough for Wrest Point. TAA's chummy little blurb on the place states under the heading of Dress Requirements – "Denim or corduroy (including denim suits) of any description are not permitted in bars and gaming areas. A jacket and tie must be worn after 6pm in gaming areas and the Revolving Restaurant." If you want to escape the formality of it all, grab a hire car ($50). Hobart is a pretty city with good pubs and some tolerable seafood restaurants. Historic Port Arthur is an easy drive and there are no regulations about jeans being worn on the streets of the city as far as I am aware.

Perth isn't really in the weekend business for your average easterner, but instead offers both high and low season packages over seven days. These, however, can be broken down. Seven days a person from Sydney will set you back about $450 each, rising to about $650 a person in the high season and, quite frankly, a long or three-day weekend isn't going to cost much less. If you are flying from Adelaide you'll spend from $350 in the low season to $470 in the high, depending on where you decide to stay.

Now assuming the pair of you are not too exhausted from all that damned flying, and you don't particularly want to look over Perth from Kings Park (something that every eastern visitor is made to do at least once during each visit), you could take a trip to Rottnest Island, home of the quokka (which basically is a fat and furry jumping rat). A day visit will cost you about $8 each, although if you bring a bike it's $2 extra and if you take a trunk or a tea chest it's another $1. Surfboards also are $1. No mention is made of charges for stolen quokkas.

Now to **Adelaide.** Once again using Sydney as the base, two nights, staying at either the Hotel Australia or the Grosvenor, will set you back about $220 each, three nights around $240. You may also take what is known as the "Adelaide Wine weekend", in which you are dragged out of your comfortable hotel at some ungodly hour, packed into a coach with a lot of other irritated people and driven into the Barossa Valley, where every winemaker will try to sell you a dubious liquid that either has gone bad or he has a lot of by mistake. By nightfall most of the other passengers will be totally drunk and either singing or fighting or doing both, to your detriment. You will have had a *terrible* time. Instead of wasting $270 on this little gem, spend $50 on a hire car and head off to the Barossa on your own. You can stop at one of several German restaurants (Die Galerie at Tanunda, Die Weinstube, near Nuriootpa, or Gramps Weinkeller at Tanunda). If you are up to it, on your second day take a half hour's drive to McLaren Vale, which really is quite beautiful, and visit the wineries there. The town itself has a more than decent restaurant and most of the wineries there are outstanding.

I'm putting in all these little tours to make sure that you don't die of sexual exhaustion or become bored silly and have a nasty argument which ruins the whole thing. I mean, you can't gaze into each other's eyes for 48 hours, can you?

Melbourne is dead easy. Disregard all package offers and stay at the Windsor, one of those great Melbourne institutions that has been revitalised, although entering it can sometimes give you a time warp. Noel Coward seems to be alive and well. The bathrooms are splendid and very old fashioned (you can almost drown in the baths, which means there is a lot of room for the two of you to manoeuvre). The Windsor, however, is not cheap. Once in the company of a very friendly lady – dinner for two, breakfast for one (she left early), tea and toast at 1am and some additional warming brandy – I spent $175 for one night.

If you want to dine out in style eat at Fanny's or try Clichy in Collingwood, which does a Sunday hors d'oeuvre selection of about 10 courses that is nothing short of sensational.

There's nothing better than a rowdy Saturday morning walk in the city markets. You can buy a multitude of deli offerings and picnic in the Botanic Gardens, which are the finest in Australia. All in all, Melbourne makes for a very satisfactory dirty weekend. The Windsor and the gardens offer real romance. Mind you, I wouldn't overdo eating at the Windsor. The dining room is no more than adequate.

Now we get to **Sydney.** As Mr Hinch has given you the details of the Hilton costs I'll give you a few others. If you are coming from Adelaide and are staying at the very comfortable Wentworth, it is going to set you back say $230; about $250 if you fly from Hobart and a cool $510 from Perth – that's for the two-night weekend.

TAA also does a wine and seafood package, which includes the stay at the Wentworth Hotel, a coach trip to the Hunter Valley (see warning about Adelaide's similar offering) and an overnight stay in the area, plus an enforced tour of Newcastle "with its many interesting features", finishing up at some joint known as Moffat's Oyster Barn with "free 'palate-pleasing' oyster dishes for sampling". They jam you on a boat and drag you all over the oyster leases for only $230.

I would prefer to take a trip into nostalgia and go to the Jenolan Caves but you have to book well in advance, as it seems you have to do with everything else, including the bird. Having managed all this you will find that "rooms with private facilities" are $35 a night, while those without – which means they have no toilet – are $28. Other rates are for dinner, bed and breakfast; dinner and bed; bed, breakfast and lunch; and bed and breakfast. As there is absolutely nowhere else to eat apart from the Caves House Hotel, you'd better take the lot or starve.

Outside Sydney you can weekend at that venerable old institution, the Hydro Majestic, at Medlow Bath, the Carrington, in Katoomba, or even go as far afield as Bowral. These establishments cost $40-plus a day for each person for all accommodation and meals, assuming you have a room with your own bath. They're all slightly old fashioned, the meals are plain but filling and in winter they give you a marvellous feeling of well-being.

I'd also advise the Elfin Hill motel in the Hunter as a nice place to while away a weekend. Double rooms are $25, you are in the middle of the wine country and there are a couple of excellent restaurants in the area. But be warned about the restaurants: most of them are closed on Sunday nights for some obscure reason. However, there is a Chinese eatery in nearby Cessnock that sells both food and alcoholic beverages.

Finally, we get to the **Gold Coast,** which is better than **Brisbane.** It would have been nice to be able to talk about the Barrier Reef but I'm afraid that it is just a little too complicated for a weekend. Most of the packages offered are on a seven-day basis and it is just too frantic to attempt a weekend, unless you have a private plane all to yourself.

From Adelaide the two-nighter on the Gold Coast is going to cost you about $310 a person. It's more than $150 from Sydney and $250 from Melbourne. And once again we're talking about packages. All offer standard facilities, including the use of the hotel's swimming pool and tea and coffee making facilities in your room. But outside package tours, the prices tend to soar.

To sum up. For the average couple coming from almost anywhere and going to almost anywhere, you will not get a great deal of change out of $500. So she had better be worth it.

How to win a girl with style

in which an old-fashioned lady takes a whimsical look at the art of being a gentleman

article **By Sally-Ann Johnston**

MOST WOMEN have a price and the pert blonde working as a temporary secretary for the Arab businessman staying at a plush Sydney hotel was no exception. At day's end, as she was about to leave, he raised an eyebrow and said he had one further favor to ask. He needed a woman. The blonde looked askance at first, then blushed and suggested he take a stroll through Kings Cross, where he could be obliged by any number of street-walkers.

The Arab shook his head. Clearly, she didn't understand. He wanted her. The blonde pointed out, firmly, that she was happily married and happily monogamous. He wasn't convinced. "I'll give you $10,000."

"No thanks," she said. Without hesitation.

"All right then, $20,000."

She paused in the doorway, reflecting for several seconds. "No-o-o," she said.

"My final offer is $25,000."

•

Few men have the money – maybe even the inclination – to prize a woman so highly. How many women would appreciate the compliment, let alone the cash, poses two interesting questions. The second is: how does a woman really want to be won? Different strokes suit different folks; there are any number of winning combinations. Some like it hot, others play it cool. Some like to be swept off their feet in a frenzy of passion, others like a slow courtship.

The permutations are almost endless – but an indecent assault is the bitter end. Sprawling across a bar, reeking of booze, plunging a hand up a woman's skirt, giving her the wink and bellowing "It's me or nothing – your last chance" is likely to result in a black eye to match next morning's throbbing head. It isn't stylish, and there *are* fates worse than death.

Most women, like Eartha Kitt's Englishman, need time. "Anyone who has instant sex belongs in the pages of pornography," says Melbourne psychologist Maurice Whitta. "It's against modern mores to say so, but I believe modern mores aren't actually practised as much as they are preached. And when they are practised, it's a case of the tail wagging the dog. Not the way to a good relationship."

The "me Tarzan – you Jane – there bed" routine went out with the cavemen and their bludgeons. Granted the scenario may appear in women's fantasies, but it's as out-dated as knights in shining armor or Prince Charmings on white chargers. Today ladies prefer gentlemen.

But a gentleman need not conform to the dictionary definition of a man entitled to bear arms but not of the nobility. Nor need he comply with the more pedantic dictates about gentlemen not taking soup for lunch, not wearing brown suits and not being rude to waiters. (Though Lord Salisbury had a point in saying that a gentleman is never rude unintentionally). To be a gentleman simply means showing respect, consideration and some chivalry.

"Good manners are still important," says Sydney psychologist Trish Butterworth. "Both

Illustration by Peter Dawson

Can a 66" blonde find true happiness with a 5'2" chartered accountant?

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young girls and women still like to feel pampered and well-treated by men." That includes such courtesies as lighting their cigarettes, hailing their taxis and observing the time-honored order of "women first," whether they're entering a lift or a lifeboat.

It's the old, old story. To begin at the beginning, a gentleman traditionally prefers blondes and formal introductions, but he doesn't have to stand on ceremony. If a lady takes his fancy, he needn't be an experienced lady-killer to take the initiative. He can walk over and strike up a conversation or, more subtly, pass her a clever note, leaving space for an RSVP. The come-on however, should not be overtly sexual.

"While young girls enjoy fast living, the thrills and excitements of the time, they basically are seeking friendly relationships," says Ms Butterworth. "More mature women are looking for love and affection. Neither is primarily after sex." The emphasis, therefore, is on friendship and romance. An added bonus is style. Sending her a bottle of wine in a restaurant or a spring posy in the office can be stylish. Style, after all, is the unexpected, the imaginative.

Making any approach, all a man risks is a snub and, perhaps, a bruised ego. But the odds can be shortened if he takes the right tack. "The friendly approach, seemingly without intent, is best," says Trish Butterworth. "A woman feels more at ease if she's being chatted *to,* not chatted *up.*" That doesn't, however, rule out flattery. Sincere – and not overdone – flattery makes a girl feel good whether she's a mental fluff-ball, a blue-stockinged feminist, a Plain Jane or a ravishing beauty. And feeling good is a great equaliser. If she's pretty, tell her. If she's not, don't lie. If she has fashion flair, notice. If she's amusing, laugh. If she's intelligent, listen. If she's fascinating, say so.

"Women generally look for a man who gives them some approval, who likes and appreciates them and who is neither critical nor patronising," says Maurice Whitta. "Someone who is relaxing company and accepts women as they are, for themselves." Younger girls like "spunky" men, guys their own age with virile good looks, according to Trish Butterworth. A man with a great personality rates second best. He's the type who dances well, has an out-going manner and a good sense of humor. Older women usually prefer qualities of the head and heart, and rate good looks a lower priority in their search for the happy relationship.

But these criteria need not discourage men with no such attributes. Just don't pretend you are what you aren't. Women usually respond well to the man who is strong enough to admit his weaknesses. If he's shy, for instance, he should says so. It will put a woman totally at ease.

"The shy man, too, may see himself as the lonely hunter without realising that women want to meet men as much as men want to meet women," says Maurice Whitta. "He would be surprised at the number of girls, beautiful girls, who have low opinions of themselves and believe they can't get a man. The girls are looking, too, but they're more reticent in these matters, unless they're the type to sit unescorted in a bar with the obvious intention of being picked up. All a man needs is to be poised enough to speak and listen, to look clean and decent, and to circulate around for his chances to be good."

His chances will be even better if he knows how to flirt. There are two types of flirting. True flirting has no ulterior motive. It's simply a harmless game that establishes how attractive you find a person, or how amusing, intelligent, interesting, entertaining or sympathetic. There's no morning after.

The second type accentuates the physical rather than mental. "Nowadays flirting is usually shaded with intent," says Maurice Whitta. "I don't think flirting takes place between people who could not become lovers. People who won't flirt probably can't find any middle ground between distance and intimacy."

Bridging that gap becomes easier if a prospective pair share similar hobbies and interests. It oils the conversational wheels and gives a good excuse for a further rendezvous. "Would you like to come sailing next Saturday?" somehow sounds more enticing than "What are you doing next weekend if it's raining?"

Traditionally, the courting ritual begins with wining and dining but it doesn't have to begin in a candlelit French bistro where you're on first-name terms with Jacques, the suave proprietor. That's too trendy to be really stylish. If you do sail, why not anchor off a moonlit beach, swim ashore and light a barbecue? It may appear a movie cliché, but it's romantic. Or maybe take caviar and champagne in a cooler to the drive-in. The offbeat makes a better impression, while dining in a smart restaurant can make a girl feel like a tax write-off.

Any evening can be as enchanting as you make it, as intimate as you both desire. Some girls respond to passion, others are more restrained. "A man has to read body language, sense a lot of signals to determine how far he can go," says Trish Butterworth. "We all have what we term 'body space' and different people have different ideas about who can enter that space and to what degree." You won't need to ask: "Do you fancy a screw?" If she does, you'll know about it.

What she almost certainly will fancy are the stylish gestures that make her feel special, be they hearts and flowers, poetry or prose. Psychologists call them "strokes", expressions of admiration that make people feel good. They don't have to be lavish. Forget the ostentatious tycoons who bedazzle with Lear jets, Rolls-Royces, jewels, furs, yachting odysseys round the Pacific and other calculated excesses. Without finesse, they usually get the girls they deserve – gold-diggers.

Diamonds aren't every girl's best friend. Violets say as much as a dozen long-stemmed red roses. Joy doesn't have to cost $142 for 30ml. Love letters are less fattening than chocolates.

These warm gestures are all-important in keeping a relationship alive. "Taking one another for granted can become a problem," says Maurice Whitta, "especially when the man becomes pre-occupied with his work. If, for instance, he's studying for exams it's selfish of her to nag that she wants to go out." By the same token, however, she can get the impression that all he wants her for is a household sex aid. A fresh heart from the butcher's for Valentine's Day may be going a little far, but why not send her rose petals to sprinkle in her bath?

•

Winning a girl is one thing; keeping her is another question altogether. But if she should stray from the marital bed, you could do worse than react similarly to the husband of the pert blonde offered $25,000 to experience an Arabian night. She arrived home late, tearful and fearful, trying to avoid her husband's gaze.

"You're late, darling," he said.

"Uh-huh."

He helped her with her coat and took the briefcase she carried. "That's heavy. What's in it?"

"$25,000 . . . in cash."

Incredulous, he snapped open the catches and whistled at the piles of $20 notes. "Rob a bank, did you?"

"No, I slept with an Arab." She burst into tears, anticipating drama, even divorce. She wasn't expecting him to scoop her up in his arms and twirl her round the room shouting: "Darling, you're terrific, abso-lutely wonder-ful, bloody f-a-n-t-a-s-t-i-c."

"You mean you aren't mad at me?" she whimpered once her feet touched the floor.

"Good heavens no. Why should I be? Now we can pay off the mortgage."

That's a man who can make a girl feel good – with style.

Mini Interview Chantal Contouri

international stardom is the target of the little greek girl who dares to be great

EVEN a publicity agent with a fertile imagination could hardly have thought up a more colorful background for actress Chantal Contouri than the one she has. Born in an obscure Greek village, she migrated to Australia with her parents when she was three and grew up in an Adelaide suburb she describes as "a ghetto populated mainly by Greeks, Italians and Aborigines". At 16 she parted from her family via a marriage of convenience, worked her way to London, got a job as a waitress and went to drama school. Later, she worked on ships in the Mediterranean and the Caribbean, lived with a brotherhood of gigolos in the Greek Islands and made spaghetti westerns in Italy. After seven years of adventure, and after adding French and Italian to the Greek and English she already spoke, she returned to Australia, where her father had become a prosperous opal miner, and proceeded to establish herself as an actress. She worked her way through a legion of parts in most of the popular TV series and finally established herself as a fine actress with her portrayal of Melina, the Greek resistance fighter, in TV's The Sullivans. *This part won her the Logie for Best Supporting Actress. She starred in the movie* Snapshot *and more recently played the lead opposite David Hemmings in* Thirst, *a bizarre thriller due for release this month. Writer/photographer* ***Rennie Ellis*** *says she is "a delightfully garrulous and outspoken personality with a strong sense of self-awareness. At times she exudes a girlish candor which provides just the right foil for her unconcealed determination to do well."*

Following her demanding role in *Thirst,* Chantal Contouri wanted a new identity. Peter Carette captured her before the change (top) and Rennie Ellis afterwards.

PLAYBOY: In all your films and TV roles to date you've had long hair. You established a Chantal Contouri look which was familiar to thousands of Australians. Why the shock change to short hair?

CONTOURI: I had it done after I finished doing *Thirst.* I suppose you could say it is my way of exorcising the character of Kate Davis. In many ways it was a very exhausting film for me, both physically and emotionally. As Kate Davis I am manipulated and conditioned by a cult of blood drinkers who want me to get the thirst for blood and become their leader. The director, Rod Hardy, put me through some horrendous stuff to get the right effect on the screen. He was killing at times. At the end he said to me: "I really bled, I cried within. But I knew I could get results that way." And it's true. A good director can make me putty in his hands. When it was over, the cutting of my hair somehow reestablished my independence. It reaffirmed my identity.

PLAYBOY: Which acting role have you enjoyed the most?

CONTOURI: Enjoyed? None. I'm too busy trying to do my best to enjoy what I'm doing; pushing myself all the time. But satisfying? The last two. The roles of Melina in *The Sullivans* and Kate in *Thirst.* Everything preceding *The Sullivans* was a step towards my working as an actress rather than as a decorative piece. But I'm never really fulfilled. I never think anything I do is that good. I'm always striving for better, better, better. I am always learning. I'm very insecure when I'm working. I exist on adrenalin.

PLAYBOY: How do you think of yourself as a person?

CONTOURI: I'm very independent. I've had to be. I like to get my own way. I'm volatile. Very Mediterranean. When I lose my temper, it's a real stunner. I throw dishes, ashtrays, anything that's handy. I should add that I never lose my temper at work. In many ways I'm very vulnerable and I go to great lengths to protect that side of me. It's hard to get to my core, to the real person underneath, because I put up barriers on both a personal level and a professional level. And I know that sometimes I'm so busy protecting my vulnerability that I might seem cold and insensitive.

PLAYBOY: You and your family emigrated from Greece to Australia when you were three. Do you still think of yourself as Greek?

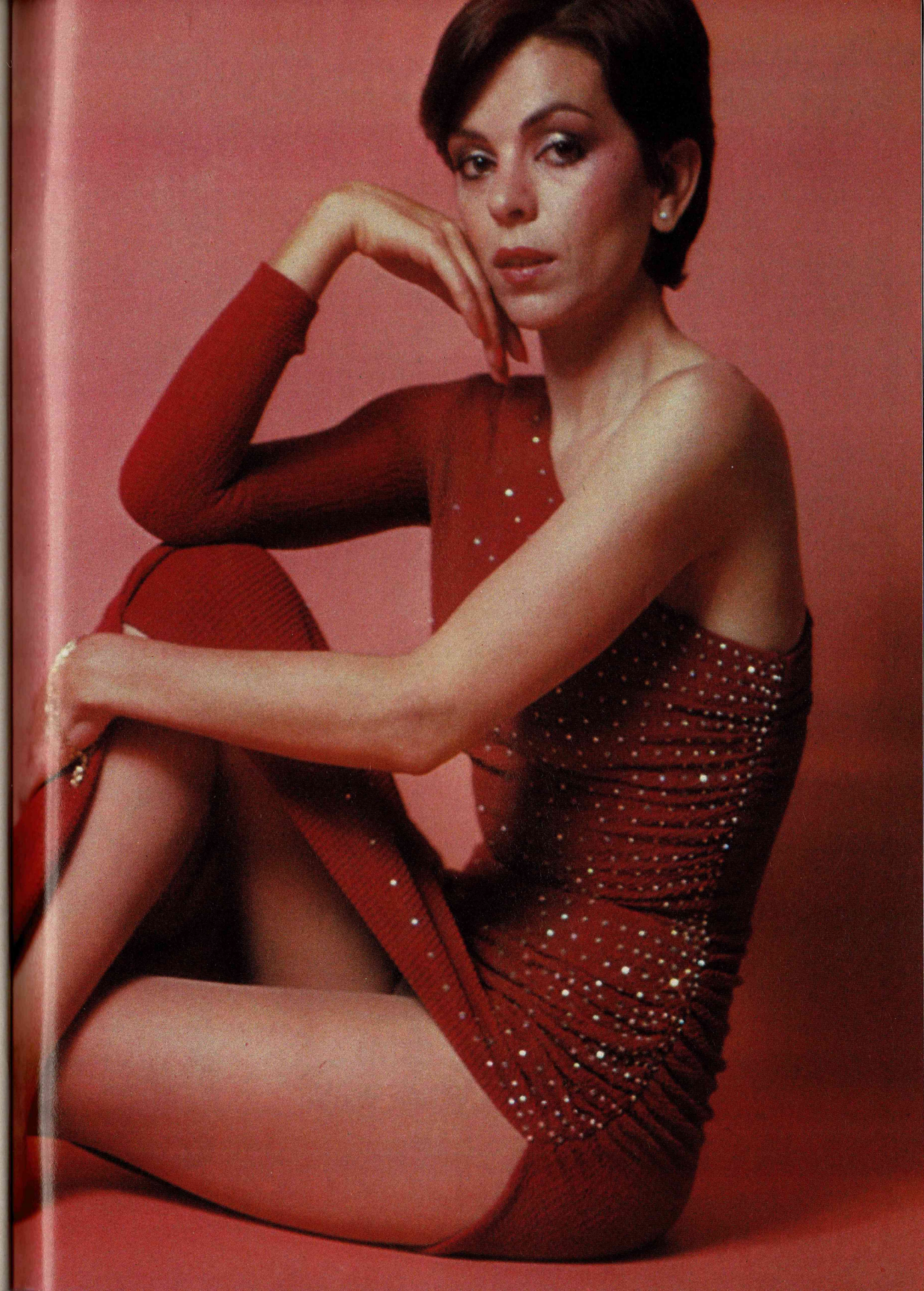
CONTOURI: I'm what you would call a Greek Australian. But I'm still basically Greek. It is an inherent part of me and I was brought up as a Greek. But from an early age I tried to make both my parents understand that things were different in this country. I broke out of the heavy Greek family and community structure by getting married two weeks after my 16th birthday, and three days later I took off. As a married woman no one could touch me. In the end my parents had to have faith and trust in me as a person as opposed to the Greek girl who had to abide by Greek rules.

PLAYBOY: Escaping your environment in that manner must have created a few waves.

CONTOURI: It created a lot of problems for my family; for them, it was a disaster. I took off overseas and my parents were left to bear the brunt of a lot of criticism, which they took very seriously because Greeks are very proud. They even had human manure, to put it gently, deposited on their doorstep to indicate what people thought of my upbringing.

PLAYBOY: So what is your position now with your family and the Greek community?

CONTOURI: Well, it's come the full circle. Last Greek National Day I was invited back to that neighborhood as guest of honor in front of 70,000 people. People



were crying and kissing me and shaking my hand. Because of my success I had given them cause to feel proud.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself playing a significant role in the emerging Australian film industry?

CONTOURI: I certainly hope so. My ambitions are pretty high. I want to get into a position where I can work from Australia on an international level. My philosophy says that difficult things take a long time, the impossible takes a little longer.

PLAYBOY: What brought you back to Australia after seven years overseas?

CONTOURI: Australia is my country. It's my home. It's a yearning. And, of course, I had to see my family. And, once I was back, I thought why not start where I originally wanted to anyway? Why should I have to go over there? Anyway, things had changed so much in Australia. I came back here to find my mother growing a lawn and flowers and Aussies growing vegetables in their gardens and my father was drinking beer and Aussies were drinking wine.

PLAYBOY: Have you come across the casting couch syndrome at all in your career?

CONTOURI: Never, never. Maybe I give the appearance of not being approachable on that level. If anyone tried a casting couch number of me, they'd get a good Greek hook to the jaw.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about doing nude scenes on the screen?

CONTOURI: My professional attitude is that more often than not nudity is unnecessary. But if it were done in a way that made sense; that is, in context – and I know every actress says this – then maybe. I don't like nudity that is too explicit or vulgar. But if it is done with sensitivity, and photographed in such a way that it makes you feel your body is beautiful, I don't see anything wrong with it.

PLAYBOY: Who has had the biggest influence on your life personally and professionally?

CONTOURI: Me. I have set myself the challenges. I have dared myself to do many things.

PLAYBOY: If you fancied a man, say at a party, how would you let him know?

CONTOURI: Well, there is a certain contact between two people. It is almost like radar. You can send off a signal, usually through your eyes.

PLAYBOY: What you're really saying is women call the shots.

CONTOURI: No. No, they don't . . . well, I'm talking to a man and there's no way you can understand my logic about men and women. I hope to God men never will understand female logic because, when that happens, the game-playing stops.

PLAYBOY: Do you flirt?

CONTOURI: I think I'm a bit of a flirt, yes. Harmlessly so. I like to see who is playing the game and who isn't. Flirting is healthy.

PLAYBOY: But is flirting sending out the signals and not following through?

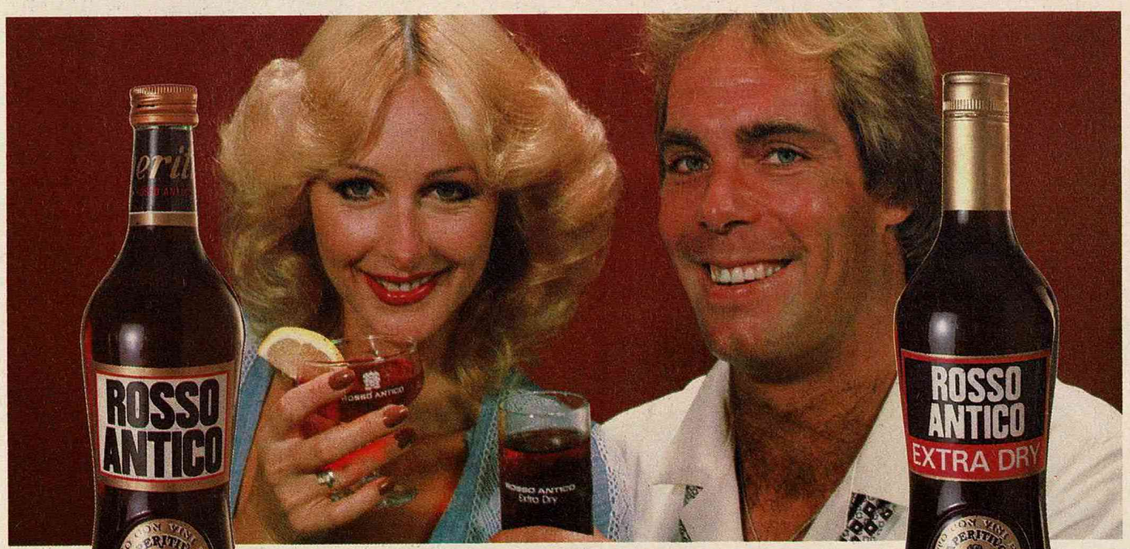
CONTOURI: Flirting is different from sending out signals. Flirting is really saying: "You're a man and I'm a woman." Men know the difference between flirting and a very pointed I-like-you-a-lot look.

PLAYBOY: Then you are quite happy to be pursued?

CONTOURI: Sure. But then it depends on how fast the hunter is to catch me and how much I slow up to let him.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude to sex?

CONTOURI: My father used to tell me that if he caught me with a boy I'd get a shotgun at my head. But that didn't frustrate me or intimidate me about sex at all. Sex cures everything – even insomnia. You know, it's funny what people say about Greek women. They are supposed to be suppressed. But Greek women have to be some of the randiest around. And they don't have to read books about it.



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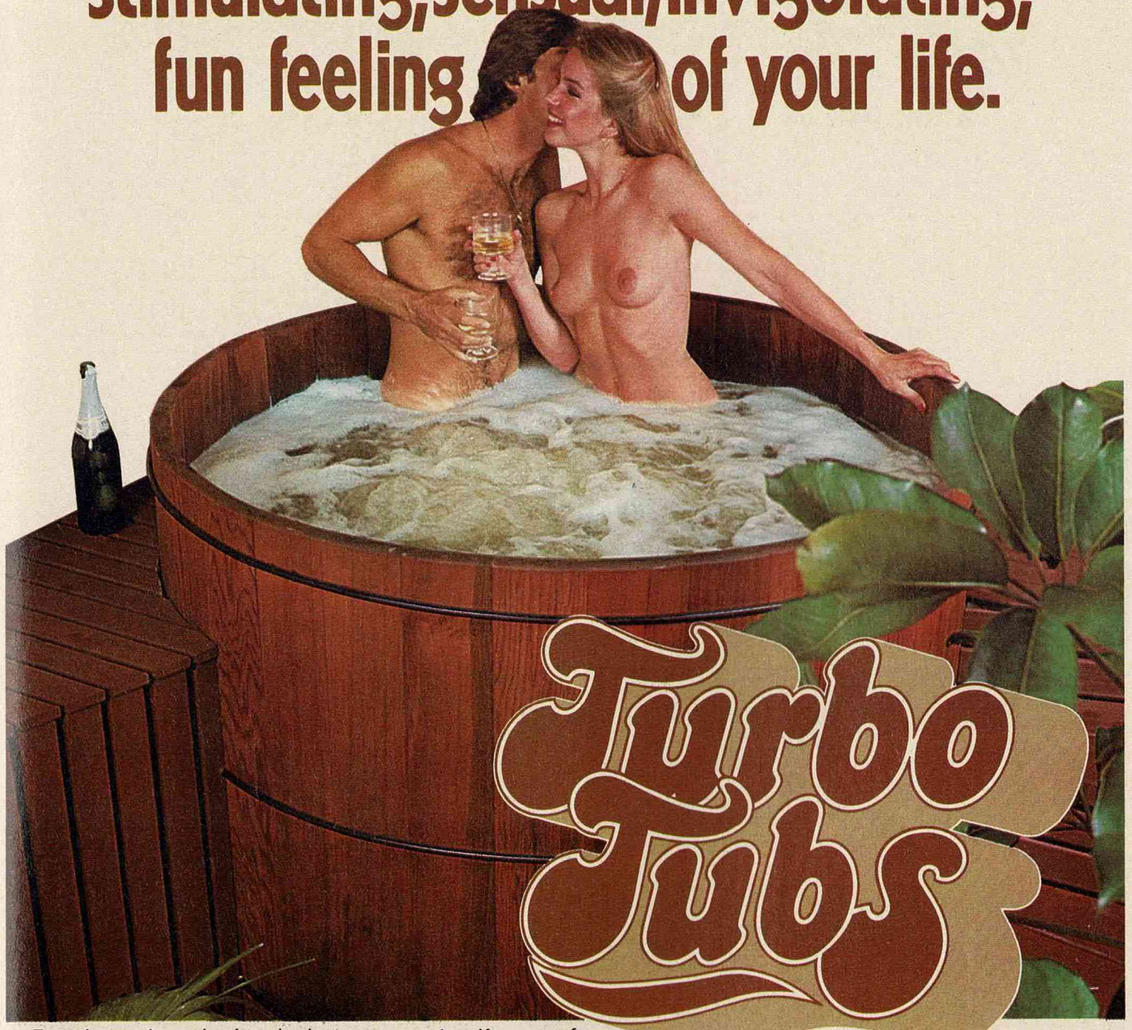

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BOAC621/1178

WONDERLUST

the hottest mind jockey on the planet's thought waves couldn't get himself out of one lascivious lady's head

fiction **By PETER FORD**

Illustration by Otto and Chris

BATHED IN soft white, Tycho Seer settled into his station couch and felt it mould into his body contours. He waited for FRED to swing the console into reach and lower his headset before willing the colors down. The headset fitted snugly in a gentle, curving band across his skull, hugging each temple, where contacts connected his cerebral electrodes to FRED'S pre-transmission amplifiers. The console, still as white as the close spherical walls of the studio, had three manual keys. One was marked MOOD, another COMMERCIAL and the third AUX.

Tycho felt the faintly pleasant tingle at his temples as the headset contacts mated with his implanted electrodes, and FRED began receiving his warm-up commands. Then Tycho touched the MOOD key, and commanded the colors down by willing them. FRED — an archaic but universal acronym (for Frightfully Ridiculous Electronic Device) distinguishing Earth Computer's Commercial Bank — brought down the colors of the studio and, with his eyes closed, Tycho saw his world change from soft white to a gentle amber, run through with interweaving blue lines. Tycho began yoga breathing and the amber warmed to dark blood red. The blue lines, like the venous system of a womb, darkened and began pulsing in time with his own heartbeats.

As he relaxed into the couch, with his eyes still shut, Tycho became aware of FRED'S voice — a gentle, soothing bass — counting him down.

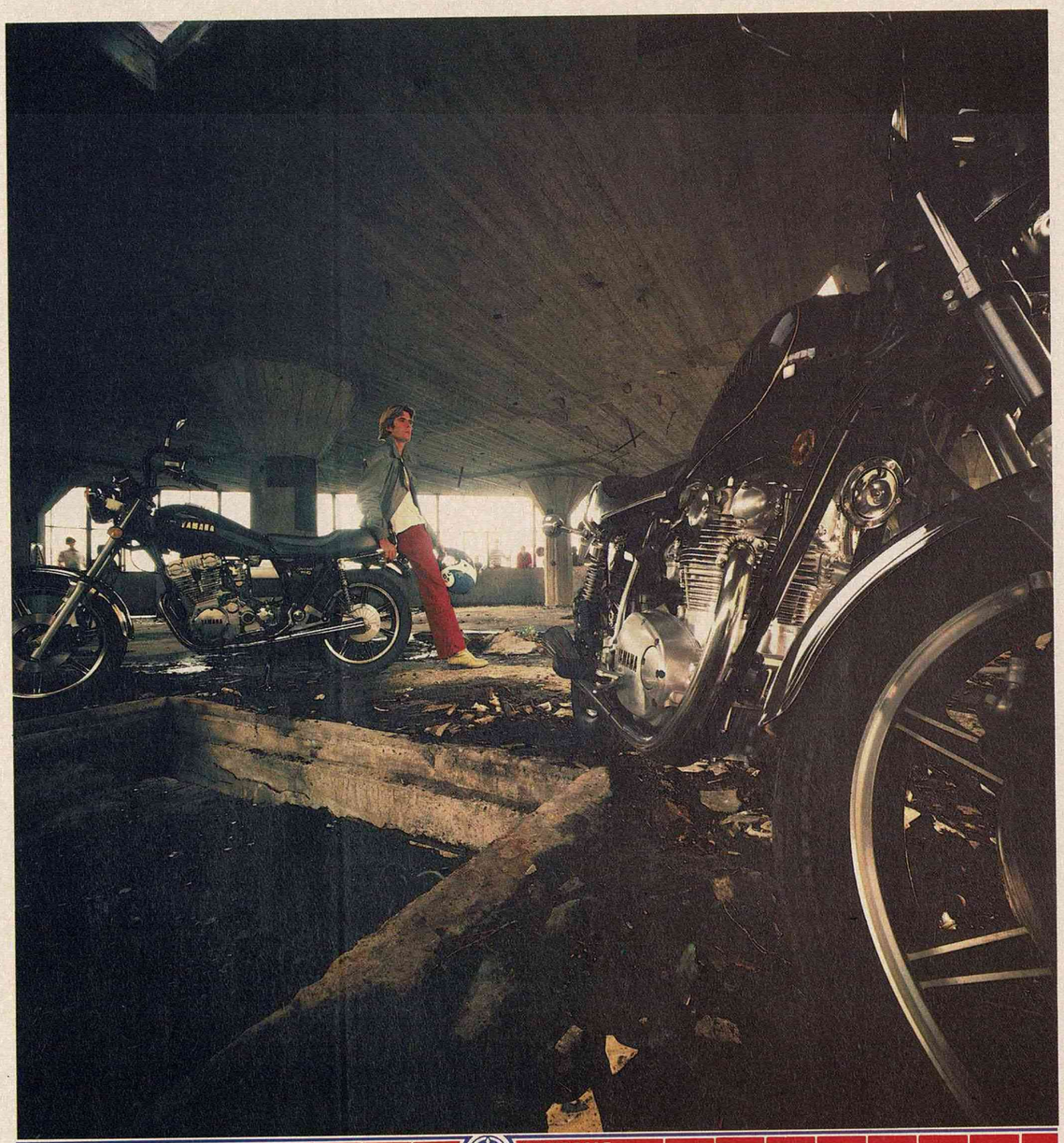
"Five minutes, Tycho," FRED said.

"Roger, FRED. Lower the blinds, will you?" Tycho thought.

"Certainly, Tycho. A further four minutes 50."

FRED gently slid an eye mask out from the headset and placed it against Tycho's eyelids. Tycho felt the pulse of the blue veins settle down to 54 beats a minute, and continued his rhythmic breathing pattern.

At FRED'S monitoring bank, the computer readout on Tycho's electro encephalograph steadied to Alpha Level — the frequency most suited to extended telepathy. At another bank



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The new 750 boasts the same generous chroming and opulent paintwork that made the 650 such a sensation. This is the way to take to the highways; aboard a super-smooth, classy cruiser that has power to spare!

The new 'Specials' are truly individual motorcycles for the individual rider, so be tolerant of the crowds of admirers. We can't all own one.

The New XS650 SP and XS750 SP are at your Yamaha Dealer now.

YAMAHA

NEW JAPANESE CUSTOMS

YD006P

inside FRED, the monitors indicated the winding up of Wren McGregor's rock and roll program.

At this moment, Wren was wrapped in his own contoured station couch in an adjacent studio. Wren's heartbeats had remained at 62 a minute for the hour-long rock shift – a mentally and physically exhausting one. Wren was Earth's top rating rock jockey, partly because of his extraordinary knowledge of the persistent music cult which had lasted a good century since its birth in the 1950s, but mainly because of his almost superhuman ability to stay on Alpha Level during the entire length of the program.

The music content of Wren's program sent his pulse to a controlled 62, but the young jock had learned to stay down on Alpha Level and provide the clearest telepathic signal of any rock merchant on the planet.

"Four minutes, Tycho."

"Roger, FRED."

"You've had a number of callers today, Tycho. Three 55."

"Ommm. Anything interesting?"

"Thirteen requests for private transmissions from Russia, seven from England, 22 from China, 31 from Japan, 12 from Antarctica, eight from Australia, 17 from South America, and 13 from North America. And I have a special surprise for you."

FRED's last statement came into Tycho's mind as a smooth input of awareness – the words weren't spoken in any language. The information was transmitted by the headset electrodes and fed on to Tycho's brain as one bloc of information.

The requests for private transmissions came from fans who wanted Tycho to mix with them individually. The client who contracted a private transmission from Tycho Seer paid the station $100,000, to cover the use of FRED's banks and a profit margin. The fan also paid $100,000 directly to Tycho's own private CC (Computer Credit account in the central memory bank located in Zurich). A private transmission lasted 15 minutes.

"Well? What's the surprise?"

"You have a request for a Special Private."

FRED's monitors registered Tycho's pulse increase to 55, and saw the Alpha Line waver before settling back.

"One hour?"

"Right, Tycho. At full penalty rates. Three minutes 50."

"Male or female?"

"Female."

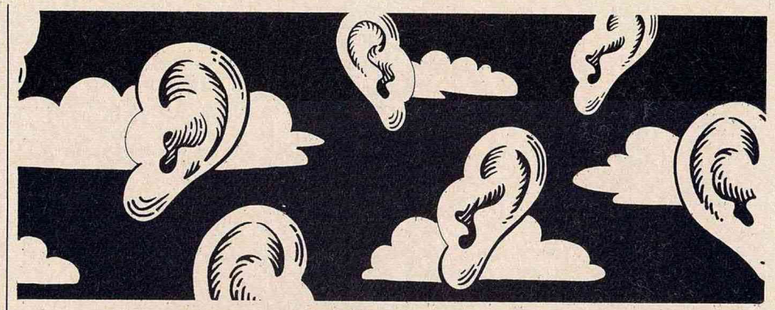
"$500,000, right?"

"$500,000, Tycho."

"Who is she?"

"She filed her request in code, Tycho. Three minutes 45."

"Okay, FRED. We'll discuss it after



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R341

the program. How are my readouts going now?"

"You're down to womb temperature, Tycho."

"If I ever find the bastards who gave you rustbuckets a sense of humor circuit, I'll laser them. Okay, FRED, silent countdown to one minute. I'm going down."

"Very good, Tycho. Have a nice show." FRED's monitors confirmed his joke. Tycho's metabolic signs coincided with those of a healthy foetus. Tycho's transmissions steadied to an even, blood-dark pulse.

Tycho Seer began expanding his awareness to cover the planet — and its several million lascivious Seer fans, waiting quietly on their clasping contour couches, their headsets gently fitted in place.

•

Venus Morrow stretched full length on her couch and willed her colors down to soft pink. She kept her eyes open, and saw the gentle white of her suite change down. The same hue filled her mind when she closed her eyes and received the signals through her headset. But she chose to remain conscious until Tycho Seer's one-hour rock program started.

The temperature of the suite remained steady at one degree Celsius below blood heat. She preferred the slightly cool tingle this provided when she received the Seer's show.

For the last moments before the program, she chose to look at herself, so she could remember the sight as vividly as possible during the show. As always, she was completely naked and hairless. The light-distorting makeup she normally wore on her lips, eyelids and smooth-skinned skull had been removed, and her body glowed warmly under an enveloping film of Chanel No 80 — an extraordinarily expensive balm manufactured from the nucleic extracts of an amoeba culture known to exist only on Phobos, one of the Martian moons.

Venus Morrow . . . felt her nerves tingle as the air of the suite flowed over her warming body. Her pores began to contract.

She enjoyed the sensuous slide of the balm, and the skin-level warmth it generated. The surface cells of her skin mated quasi-sexually with the cells of the balm to produce a surrogate film chemically similar to amniotic fluid. The feel and aroma of this film was sworn by Earth's haute parfumiers to be the most arousing and exotic combination known to man.

Venus Morrow endorsed the claim, and felt her nerves tingle as the air of the suite flowed over her warming body. Her pores began to contract, and her glands from her smooth pubis to her throat began to swell with her throbbing pulse.

Venus Morrow was said by many to be the most ravishing woman under the sun. She was only 15 years old. And she was the wife of the most powerful man on Earth.

•

"One minute, Tycho."

"Roger, FRED," Tycho thought, and he reached accurately for the console. For the second time in five minutes, he pressed the MOOD key on his console, now glowing dark blood red, like the spherical studio and the images behind his closed eyelids.

FRED's banks registered the second MOOD impulse and merged them with the closing phase of Wren McGregor's rock program.

Through several million headsets across the planet, a subliminal impulse

On the west coast of Ireland they make a brew that's the sweetest drop y'ever tasted.

Irish Mead they call it.

Mind you it's not exactly legal, so the local boyo's began lacing their pipe tobacco with the stuff.

And when they play Oh Danny Boy the pipes, the pipes are calling, you can be sure it's the Irish Mead inside they're talkin' about.

So if you're lookin' for a fine pipefull, ask your local man for a packet of Irish Mead.

He's bound to have some— under the counter.

ST164

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But right now, by present standards, there simply isn't anything that looks better on paper or sounds better at home than an AR9.

The AR9 is a 4-way floor standing speaker, which incorporates a kind of electronic automatic transmission to improve bass response. From bass notes below the audible range, to over 20,000 Hz, its frequency response curve looks flat as a Kansas wheatfield.

Compare it with bigger speakers that cost even more and you'll be stunned at the difference you hear.

The AR9 is capable of painful sound pressure levels. You can pump 400 watts per channel through it (with the usual cautions — driven to clipping 10% of the time; normal source material).

AR
Truth In Listening

But most of all, the sound of it is simply staggering. Beyond description really, with beautiful dispersion and precise stereo imagery. Words and notes emerge from your own records you may never have heard before.

At about $1350 each, the AR9 is an expensive speaker.

But, if you can afford perfection, it's the bargain of the century.

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began phasing in the mellower, more sensual atmosphere of the *Seer Show*. This standard practice by all Earth commercial stations encouraged audiences to stay on channel for the next program, rather than switch to another. The practice, called pointering, had become an exquisite art over half a century, since the Commercial Broadcasting Council of the World Congress had finally legalised the previously prohibited practice of totally subliminal advertising.

FRED counted down by seconds. When he reached 20, he signalled to Tycho Seer. "Twenty, Tycho. Wren's signing off now."

FRED's monitors registered Wren McGregor pressing his COMMERCIAL key, which transmitted an impulse signing off the rock program and running a commercial.

Wren McGregor's show was sponsored by Fleet Tonics, a division of General Kinetics Corporation. Fleet Tonics monopolised the world markets in skin preparations, entertainment centres and swingers' resorts for the puberty-aged consumer. While Fleet Tonics operated a monopoly, it was necessary to advertise to control the finely-balanced level of consumption of each product.

Fleet's advertisements usually featured azure blue and clear crimson colors and seductive male voice impulses to inspire excitement and confidence. The combination produced a sophistication to which most of Earth's pubescent consumers aspired. The pubescent consumer market represented 22 percent of the planet's spending power, and justified Fleet Tonic's elaborate sponsorship of Wren McGregor's rock program and three others like it.

"Five seconds, Tycho."

"Roger, FRED."

"Four . . . three . . . two . . . you're on circuit, Tycho."

Tycho Seer's pulse lifted one point, and he willed a spinning star of pure shining gold into the central image of blood red. The star grew and spun faster, and over the visual impulses transmitted through FRED to the millions of headset-clasped brains came Tycho Seer's deep, pulsing, sensual voice.

"I am with you. Blend with me tonight. I am what you are. I will be what you desire. Blend with me now, for this next hour, brought to you by Modo Uno, a division of the General Kinetics Corporation. I am Tycho Seer. Lie back, and blend with me. Here's Icelandia Symphonia, and their latest piece, Erogenous Drive, already looking to top the charts around the world . . ."

As he ended the introduction, Tycho felt FRED cue in the Teletape of Icelandia Symphonia's newest track, and transmit it out to the headsets.

The Teletapes transmitted image and sound impulses, and in the three minutes during which Erogenous Drive played, Tycho relaxed. He began to feel the audience blending with him.

•

In 1974, speed reading teachers on Earth announced that the human brain could read, absorb, correlate and comprehend 100,000 words of information a minute. In the following century, para-psychologists departed from the use of spoken words and increased that human capacity to the equivalent of 350 million words every second.

As a mind jockey at his psycho-physical peak age of 26, Tycho Seer transmitted and received at 369 million word-equivalents a second. He could maintain that rate for three hours, and did it more erotically than any other jock on Earth.

As he began blending with his audience, through the transmission of Erogenous Drive, he became aware of their personalities, reaching for him

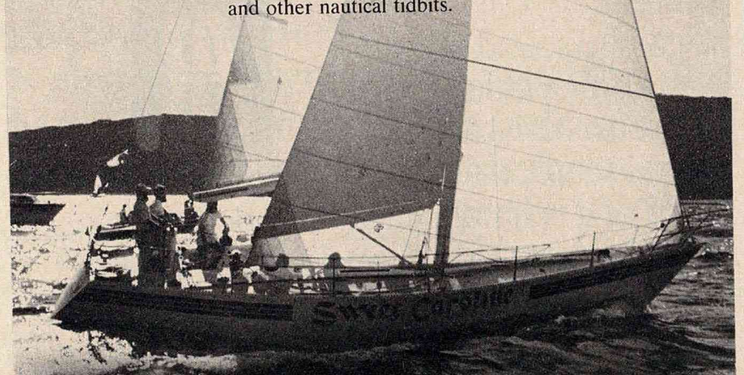
Modern boating & Seacraft

Big
The biggest, most comprehensive magazine of its kind. The first issue contains 250 pages, including a bonus lift-out catalogue and a new special brokerage section.

Bright
Reviews, tips, new design trends. In-depth stories on sailing achievements, and personalities of the sea. Boating for leisure — from racing thrills and spills to luxury cruising.

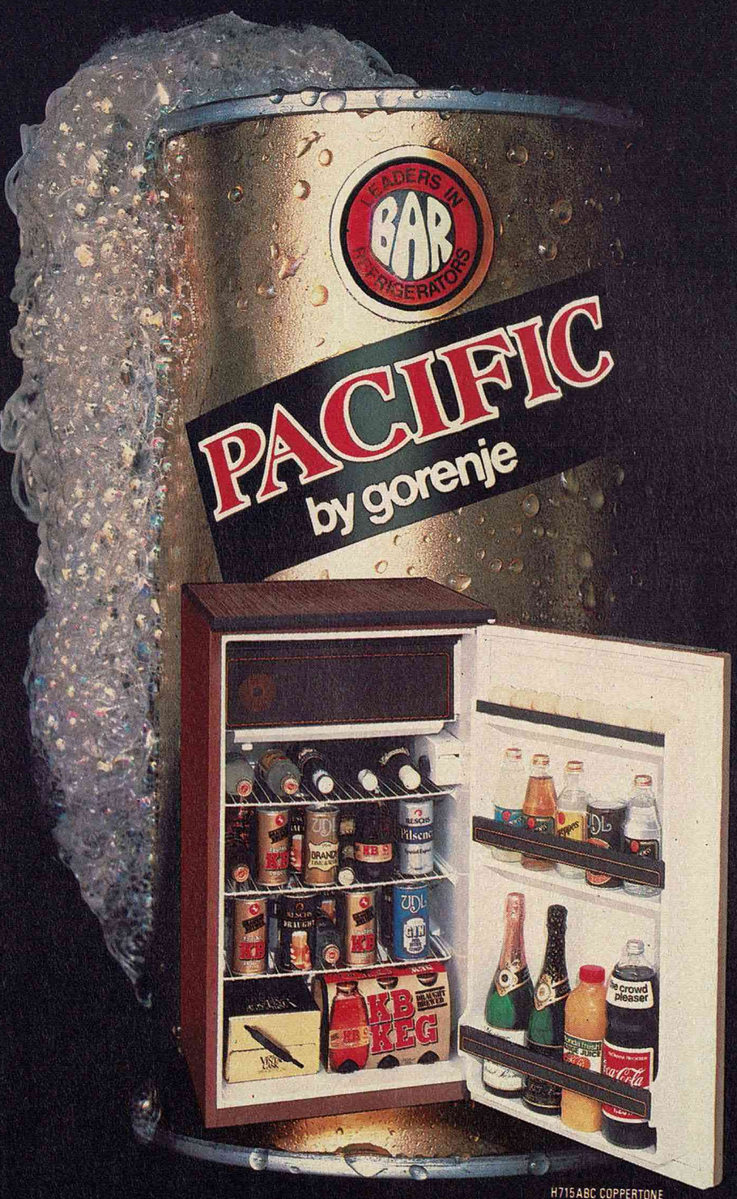
Colourful
Superb action colour photography from all over the world covering international, and national events, beautifully reproduced on big glossy pages.

Breezy
The fun and glamour side of boating. Step-Ashore Eateries reviewed by Sam Orr. Hollywood afloat and other nautical tidbits.



The best magazine for boat-lovers
Because it covers everything that floats

Pacific Bar Refrigerators



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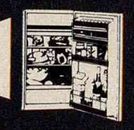
make great things happen~cooler

PACIFIC by gorenje Leaders in Bar Refrigerators



ESE 63

—REVOLUTIONARY.—

Philips Direct Control Turntables.

In yet another step closer to sound perfection, Philips proudly present a revolutionary new concept in high fidelity turntables–Direct Control.

This unique Philips development is a challenging alternative to the traditional Direct Drive and Belt Drive systems.

What Philips Direct Control offers is this: absolute precision in the regulation of the speed of the turntable, which results in remarkable rumble and wow & flutter figures.

Here's how Philips Direct Control works. The platter, which is belt-driven from a separate d.c. motor, has a tachometer built under it. The output of the tachometer is converted very accurately into a d.c. voltage whose level is proportional to the actual speed of the turntable. This signal is continuously compared with a stable d.c. reference signal. If anything tends to alter the turntable speed, the tacho-derived signal will differ from the reference. This difference causes the Direct Control electronics to immediately accelerate or slow down the drive motor so as to correct the speed of the turntable.

The resultant reductions in noise level are dramatic, to say the least. Rumble is better than –70 dB (DIN B). And wow & flutter is less than 0.03% (weighted rms). In addition to improving rumble, wow & flutter and drift specifications, Direct Control has the important advantage that the record speed is unaffected by external influences such as the use of a cleaning device or different stylus force. Similarly, the Direct Control electronics compensate for fluctuations in temperature or mains voltage and frequency.

The AF877 is typical of the new breed of Philips Direct Control turntables. Magnificent in appearance. Superb in performance. Yet amazingly simple to operate. Just look at the features:

- Shock-proof, free-floating sub-chassis.
- Straight tubular-aluminium tonearm with de-coupled adjustable counterweight.
- Very low-friction tonearm bearings.
- Light detachable headshell with Super M Mark II GP 401 cartridge.
- Automatic stop, arm lift and return at end of record.
- Hydraulically-damped arm lift.
- Anti-skating adjustment for spherical, elliptical and CD-4 styli.
- Direct readout of stylus force.
- Antimagnetic die-cast platter.
- Touch controls for 33⅓ and 45rpm, REJECT and OFF.
- Pitch controls with 9-LED-bar actual speed indication.
- Attractive tinted dust cover with friction hinges.

Other models available: AF777, AF677.

PHILIPS

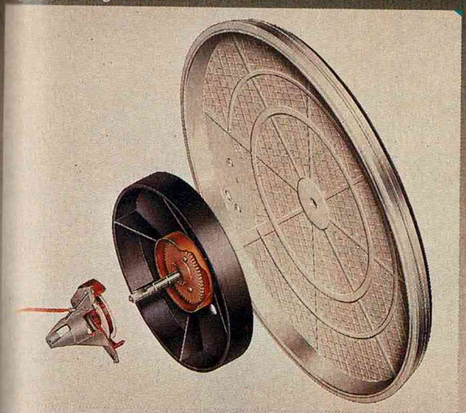
Technical specifications AF877

Turntable speeds	33⅓ and 45rpm
Wow & flutter	
DIN:	Better than 0.05%
Weighted rms:	Better than 0.03%
Rumble	
DIN A:	Better than 50 dB
DIN B:	Better than 70 dB
Pitch control range	±3%
Speed indication	9-element LED-bar
Tonearm	Tubular-aluminium
Trackability (with GP 401 II):	90μm at 315Hz
Tracking error	Better than 0°9/cm
Bearing friction	Better than 15mg. vertically and horizontally
Resonant frequency (with GP 401 II):	10Hz
Effective arm length	215mm
Effective moving mass	16.5g
Anti-skating adjustment	For spherical, elliptical and CD-4 styli
Cueing lever	Hydraulically-damped
Headshell	Die-cast aluminium
Cartridge	Super M Mark II GP 401
Stylus force	
Range:	0.75-3gf
Recommended setting:	1.7gf
Indication:	Direct readout
Turntable	
Material:	Die-cast aluminium
Diameter:	320mm approx.
Power supply voltage	240V; 50/Hz
Power consumption	3.5W
Dimensions	
With dust cover closed:	141 (h) x 420 (w) x 348 (d) mm
With dust cover open:	335 (h) x 420 (w) x 385 (d) mm
Weight	5.8kg

All specifications are subject to modification without notice.

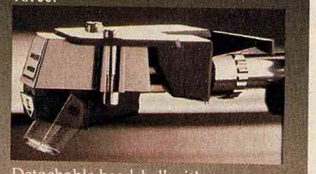
Philips Direct Control Turntables. A step closer to sound perfection.

Exploded view of turntable assembly showing speed-sensing tachometer.



Top-quality tonearm and precision controls.

Direct readout panels for pitch control and adjustable stylus force.



Detachable headshell with GP 401 II cartridge.

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Philips Hi-Fi Stereo specialists are located at:

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Forster: FORSTER COLOUR TELEVISION Wallis Street.
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Lindfield: BUYERS WORLD (NSW) PTY. LTD. 307 Pacific H'Way
Maroubra Junction: UNITED ELECTRICAL 926 Anzac Parade.
Mona Vale: WARRINGAH HI-FI PTY. LTD. Shop 5, Mona Vale Court, Bungan Street.
Mudgee: DARRYL ADAMS T.V. & RADIO SERVICE PTY. LTD. 100 Church Street.
Parramatta: HI-FI CITY 251 Church Street.
Summer Hill: FIDELA SOUND 93 Liverpool Road.
Sydney: HI-FI CITY 269 Elizabeth Street.
Sydney: QUALITY HI-FI PTY. LTD. 400 Kent Street.
Sydney (North): NORTHPOINT HI-FI P23 Northpoint Street.
Sydney: STRAND ELECTRONICS PTY LTD. 317 Pitt Street.
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Camberwell: SELIM ELECTRONICS 493 Burke Road.
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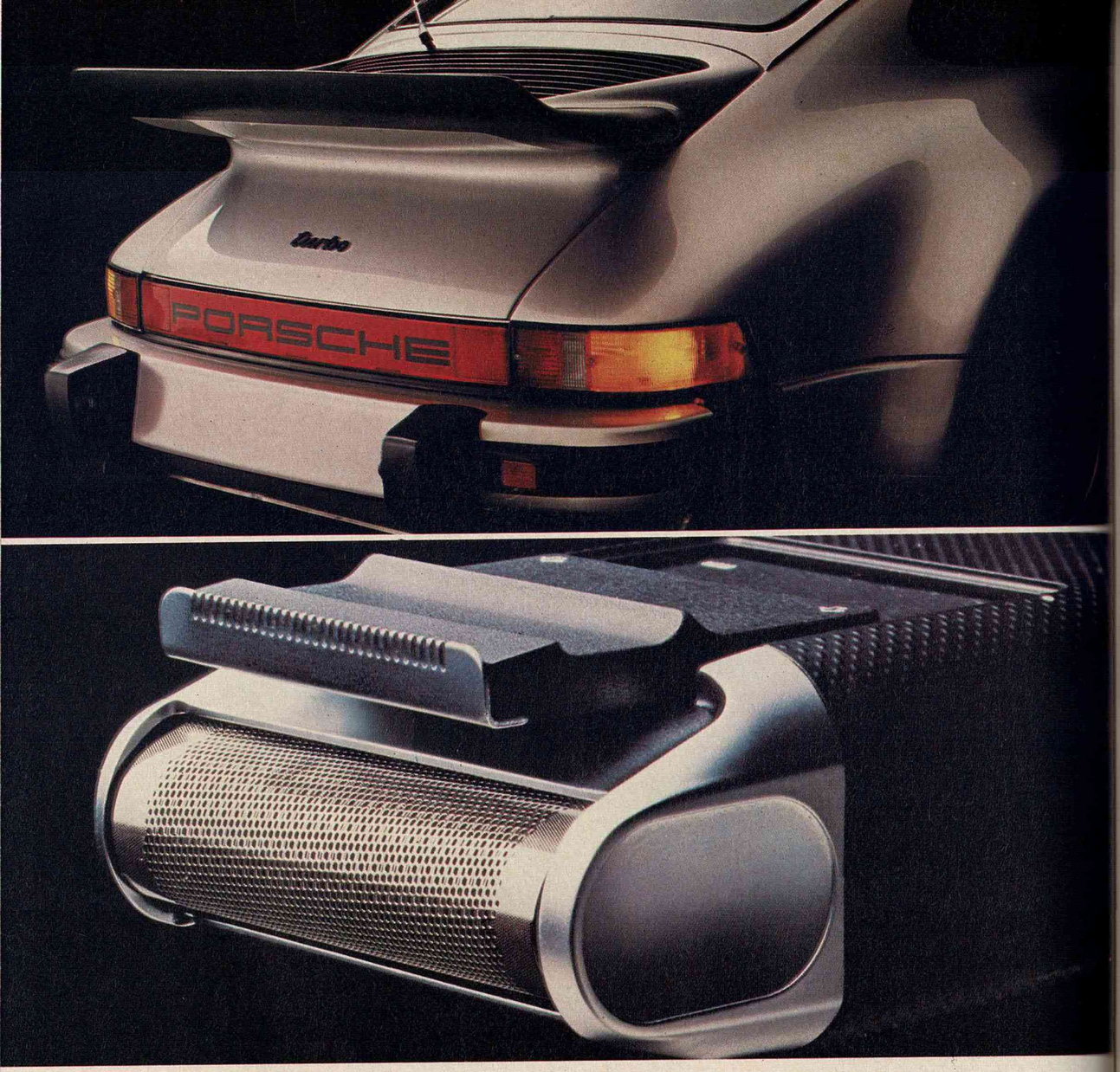
Cnr. Young and Devenport Streets.



TWO LUXURIOUS PIECES OF GERMAN PRECISION.

If you look closely you'll find the Porsche Turbo and Braun Micron very similar.

The rear airfoil on the Turbo acts as a stabilizer and increases tyre traction for high speed motoring. The Micron's platinum foil has 1900 six angled holes that trap and cut whiskers for very close, very fast shaving.

The Turbo boasts extremely accurate handling, reducing driver strain and tension. Similarly, using the Micron each morning is very relaxing as it massages the skin to reduce facial wrinkles.

The Turbo incorporates the most advanced engineering skills. So does the Micron with it's extendible long hair trimmer, for example. And there's no doubt that both are beautifully styled and most desirous.

Isn't it time you owned a piece of German excellence?

BRAUN Sold and serviced throughout Australia by Breville.

through the telepathic ether and the global circuits of FRED.

The Anderson World Survey Service, a division of General Kinetics Corporation, assured his station that he rated an impressive 53 points. And his audience, aged from 14 to 30 – the adult range – represented a massive 62 percent of the world consumer market.

These statistics justified Modo Uno's massive advertising budget with the *Seer Show*. Modo Uno held the world monopoly on packages ranging from aphrodisiacs, surrogate narcotics, interplanetary mating services, interstellar resorts, body transplants, toiletries, credit finance, career training and tailoring and environmental planning for individuals and communes, to euthanasia and the death preparation psychology clinics.

Tycho felt the personalities touch his mind, like soft, prying fingers of ectoplasm. They were male, female and androgynous – exploring, yearning.

He felt the familiar slithering excitement of several million erotic stimuli, fed in from his audience. The combination was warming – his experience allowed him to differentiate the inputs. The gentle tongue-warm sliding touch of his Asian fans, the cool, vigorous stimulations of his Scandinavian and Antarctic followers, and the warm throbbing sensuality of his hot-blooded African and South American adorers.

FRED's monitors registered an increase in cellular activity in the film of Chanel 88 (Pour Homme) covering Tycho's naked body, and a .04C rise in blood temperature. His pulse, however, remained at 54 beats, controlled by FRED's physiological feedback monitors. It was one thing for the mind jockey to become sexually stimulated by his audience; it was quite another for him to become aroused beyond control, and lose the show. The station therefore programmed FRED to keep the jocks' physiological levels at a controllable state of activity.

It was one thing for the mind jockey to become sexually stimulated. It was quite another for him to lose the show.

•

Garnett Morrow glared through the for'ard porthole of his private space shuttle. At the centre of the star-sparked blackness before the luxury ship, the Moon grew slowly. Already, 107,000 kilometres out from Moonpad 8, the network of domes and communications chutes was clear to Garnett Morrow's fierce, naked eyes.

He reached into a capped recess in his armrest, took out a compressed air syringe, placed it against his left wrist and pressed the INJECT key. A small, measured dose of DX 35 entered his bloodstream, and almost immediately he felt the surrogate narcotic calm him, while simultaneously increasing his rational judgment coefficient.

"How long have these transactions been going on?" Garnett Morrow growled. The dose of DX 35 took the edge off his voice, but his aide shivered at the grim tone nevertheless.

"We're still decoding the tapes from Zurich, Mr President. But we believe two months at the most."

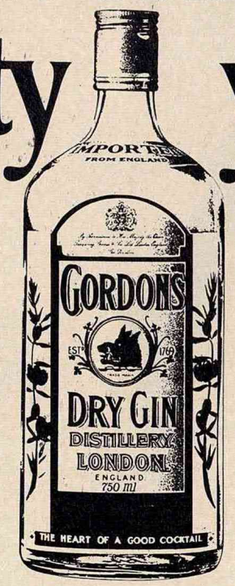
"How much is involved?"

"The total to date, Mr President, is $9,787,000. We believe there will be more as we find the codes."

"The bastard's an amateur. With the knowledge he must have, he could have traded more in a week than this. He's found a leak and doesn't know how to use it."

"Sir. Either that, or he's got more in

Gordon's Dry Gin. Quality you can still get your hands on. And afford.

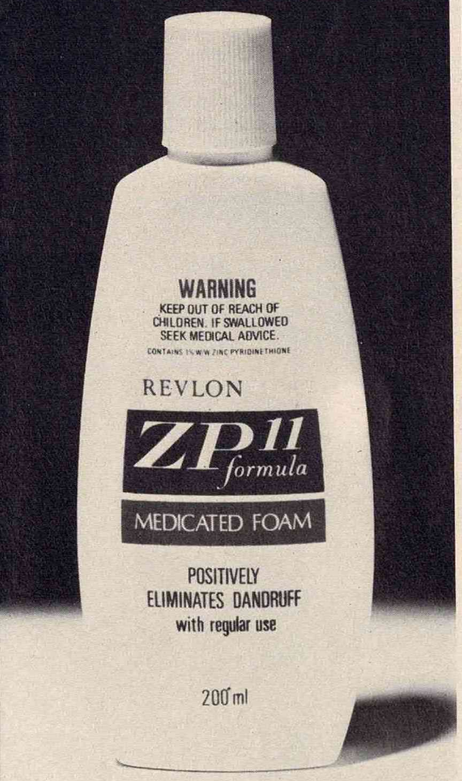


IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND.

GS4297

Now with regular use...
a medically proven way to

Overcome Dandruff



ZP11. The Dandruff Fighter

Why does ZP11 succeed in eliminating dandruff in most cases, with regular use? Because Revlon's ZP11 Medicated Foam contains Zinc Pyrithione, the remarkable dandruff-control agent. ZP11 Medicated Foam is rich-lathering and clean-smelling. Leaves your scalp clean and your hair looking Revlon great. Now – don't put up with dandruff. Fight it. With the Dandruff Fighter by Revlon.

REVLON

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coded transactions than we have discovered, Mr President."

"Right! You sons of bitches find those bloody accounts. Then you find the cosmic craphead who's behind this and get rid of him."

"Yes sir, Mr President," the aide said quietly. He waited for his dismissal so he could return to his own cockpit and take a shot of DX 35. "Then you find who's behind these leaks, and we'll fix him, too."

"Sir."

"Right. That's all."

Garnett Morrow stared back to the growing Moon approaching the for'ard porthole and reached again for his compressed air syringe.

The transactions had been detected by Central Currency Bank (Zurich) an hour after Garnett Morrow's shuttle lifted off for Moonpad 8.

While world currency was standardised to the dollar unit, commercial manipulations by General Kinetics' manifold divisions temporarily altered intracontinental exchange values each trading hour. The worldwide divisions of General Kinetics Corporation stood to make no gains by manipulating on their own exchange rates. After all it was the sole monopolising conglomerate on the planet. But an outsider could profit if the fluctuations were released. The exchanges were given maximum security classification by General Kinetics' divisions.

Garnett Morrow's conclusion that the troublesome transactions just encountered were based on information leaks was rationally made.

The paltry amount involved was of little concern to him. But as president of General Kinetics Corporation, and hence the nominal commander in chief of the World Congress, the security leaks they represented presented a critical situation. Someone in General Kinetics – and, more important, someone with access to maximum security material – had become a threat to the corporation.

And a threat to General Kinetics was a danger – however great or insignificant – to Earth.

Garnett Morrow shifted the selector on his syringe to Z^n, pressed the INJECT key, and had just enough time to replace the device in its capped recess before sliding gently into a deep and euphoric sleep.

He wanted to restore his energy before landing on Moonpad 8 and catching a chute out to his private Villadome on Darkside, where his ravishing wife was waiting to greet him for the first time in three months.

•

"I am with you, Venus. Blend with me now. I am what you are. I shall be what you desire." Tycho Seer's thoughts flowed through the gently clasping headset.

The impulses had travelled through 922,112 silicon chips in FRED's banks, a GKC Positronic Scrambler, out on a High Priority Tightbeam Personal (HipeTeePee) Channel, across half a million kilometres of space to the compatible scrambler on Darkside, and into the domestic computer bank at the Morrow Villadome.

Venus Morrow's vital signs rose by a Mean Factor of 27 percent as Tycho Seer began his Special Private session – the eighth one with her in less than three months.

Tycho felt her mind open with the familiarity bred during their previous sessions. Their thoughts slid into each other and slowly spiralled in a gentle vortex of cerebral foreplay. As they became one mental entity, each paced the other – knowing that by impeding their final climax together they could build sufficient energy to carry them into a completely unique dimension.

What had begun as a casually intriguing – and highly rewarding – Special Private for Tycho Seer nearly 10 weeks earlier had developed into a torrid *cause cerebrale*. The cautious intermingling of thoughts, directed towards an inevitably erotic finale in that very first hour, had staggered even Tycho Seer.

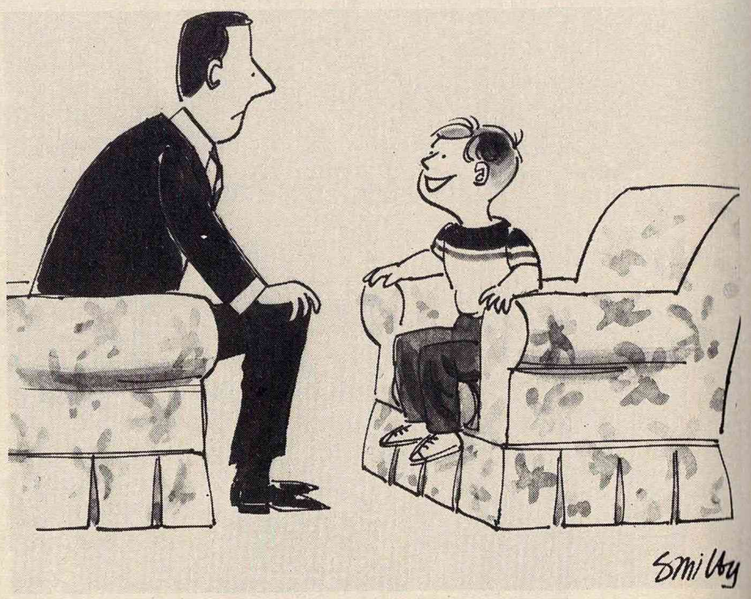
He had mixed socially with enough groupies around the planet to become accustomed – he thought – to almost every sensual variation literally imaginable. He had discovered entirely new realms of mixing with private sessions on Asia and Antarctica, and one inestimably aged lubra of the Pannawonikka tribe in Central Australia had shocked him deliciously with the realisation that experience and legend – not youth and beauty – were entirely more exciting in telepathic sex than physical coupling.

And coupling had become an "in" joke to the planet's Blend Set.

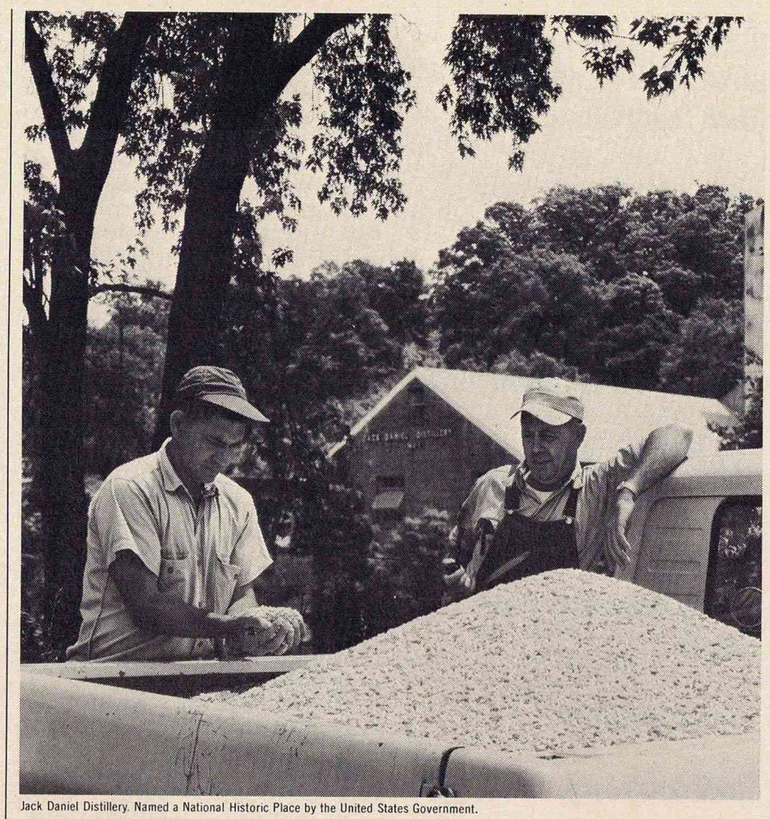
Schizophrenics and multiple personalities – natural or narcotic induced – were considered frightfully supra dig.

But in the first hour of his first Special Private with Venus Morrow, Tycho Seer had discovered experiences he had never dreamed of – not even during extended periods on Z^n. He came away, so to speak, convinced that she was a unique psychic animal.

She absorbed him, became him and twisted his mind so that he became her. He graduated from the mental analogies of physical sex – where he experienced having her body and she his – to purely Universal incontinence. They merged as galaxies spinning through each other. They inverted and turned inside out the parameters of physical existence, and created their own energy vortices – blazing suns and supernovas, colliding and exploding. Black holes in space, absorbing all energy, and compressing each other's awareness into crushing gravity, suddenly releasing in belts of power that

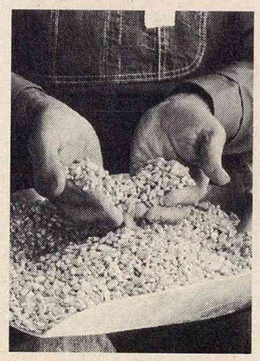


"Gee, dad. Seems to me the bees have it real good – forever flitting from flower to flower."



Jack Daniel Distillery. Named a National Historic Place by the United States Government.

AT THE JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY, we use America's finest grain to make the world's smoothest whiskey.



Flavored by America's finest grain.

Our miller is very experienced. And very careful. He inspects each delivery of grain to make sure he is buying the best. Then, and only then, he takes care to dry it and clean it before cooking it in a mash. Our golden grain– from America's finest farms– is a good reason why Jack Daniel's has won taste competitions in four different countries. And why, we believe, it will gain your acclaim no matter where you taste it.

Our short panatella is a long cigar.

We call it our short panatella because it's not as long as our long panatella.

Or our slim panatella.

Our short panatella, nevertheless, is long.

It is also an exceptionally fine cigar.

Not too short.

Not too long.

Just right.

So try our short (but long enough) panatella by Henri Wintermans

156/SA

radiated out to the farthest parameters of their minds.

That was during their first session.

Since then, they had flown to new dimensions of mixing – both convinced that they had created entirely unimagined vectors and components of intercourse. As lovers do, they made their own pet names. They called this new range of experience Interforce. Sensual Interforce. Thucking had been rejected on the grounds of being rather too gauche.

And as lovers since the dawn of man, they swore eternal allegiance each to the other. For Venus Morrow and Tycho Seer had fallen, flown, nay, fulminated deeply in love.

Which raised the very important point of money.

•

Venus's private expense account – eked out to her by a wise and distrustful husband before whom Earth bowed – could stand the cost of only two Special Privates.

With the delicious irresponsibility of young lovers through time, they quickly plotted to raise a private account to finance their computer time on FRED's circuits. The necessary precautions of the Positronic Scramblers and HipeTeePees required additional revenue.

Venus simply used her influence as the First Lady of Earth to learn from an ageing and admiring accountant in Zurich the intracontinental exchange fluctuations. Several coded accounts were opened, and Tycho and Venus played the fluctuations with a single-mindedness born of their parapsychological passions.

The First Law of Robotics prevented FRED from spilling their secret to Garnett Morrow – FRED's tapes held the information that could bring about the execution of both Tycho and Venus. But a robot could not do anything that would endanger a human.

Venus and Tycho considered themselves magnificently secure.

•

Venus's vital signs soared to a Mean Factor increase of 44 percent as the end of their deliciously exhausting hour arrived – simultaneously with the arrival by chute of Garnett Morrow and his entourage of Earth Security Service bodyguards, financial advisers and the Congressional Director of State at the Villadome on Darkside.

Venus signed off to Tycho with a last ethereal sigh, broke the circuit with Earth, and injected a dose of Z^n so that her husband found her sleeping deeply – a touchingly serene smile on her ravishing, slumbering lips.

•

Tycho Seer lay back in the contour couch of his domestic suite and waited for the ESS operative to speak. Tycho found the woman's presence disquieting. She was too confident, too clinical, for his liking.

"Certain financial transactions have come to our notice, Mr Seer."

"Oh? Nothing to worry about, I hope, Agent, er, Himmla."

"I am afraid so, Mr Seer."

Tycho felt his stomach contract and resisted the temptation to reach for his DX 35 syringe. His voice had already betrayed his foreboding.

"Oh. Perhaps you would like a shot, Agent Himmla. DX 35? Ace 22? I'm a terrible host."

"Thank you, no, Mr Seer. To be brief. A certain person of great importance has learned of your indiscretions. I'm afraid there is no alternative but to accede to his most generous commutation of sentence."

Tycho's heart leaped. Venus! She must have thought in her sleep!

"Generous commutation of sentence, Agent Himmla? And what sentence is that?

"You and another person, not a resident on Earth, have been found conjointly guilty of a grave breach of Earth security. The penalty is public trial and termination. The person of great importance has been extraordinarily generous in allowing you to be spared the publicity."

"And . . . ?"

"You have both been programmed to take the euthanasia clinic course."

"Both?"

The ESS woman smiled coldly. "I don't think you wish me to mention the other party's name."

Tycho could see that there was no delusion. This woman in the black and hot pink uniform of the Earth Security Service knew everything. Venus!

"Is the, um, 'other party' aware of the situation?"

"An ESS director – by the way my rank is director also, Mr Seer, not agent – is with the other party on Darkside now."

They do know! he thought. His eyes darted to the syringe but, with a mighty effort for composure, he resisted its temptation.

"When will this take place, Director Himmla?" he said calmly.

"In an hour."

•

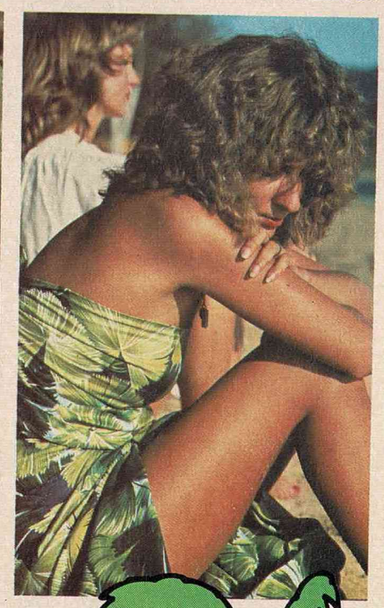
As Tycho Seer rode with his ESS escort guards to the euthanasia clinic, he smiled.

Eternity with Venus.

Infinite Interforce.

And no Special Private rates to worry about. Already, he felt her presence closing with him, from the dark side of the Moon.

Queensland is Australia's largest wild life reserve.



Ask anyone who's been on a Queensland holiday to the Gold Coast, Noosa or the Barrier Reef. They'll talk about unreal beaches, sunny skies . . . and the fabulous wild life.

Restaurants, discos, tropical islands – no matter where you go, you'll be amazed at the variety of wild life Queensland is famous for. You've probably never seen so much suntanned skin in one place before!

It all adds up to a holiday you'll remember, a holiday you'll be talking about for a long time to come.

Phone or call at the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau or your travel agent.
SYDNEY, N.S.W. 149 King Street.
Phone: 232 1788
MELBOURNE, Victoria. M.L.C. Building,
Cnr. Elizabeth & Collins Streets.
Phone: 61 2611
ADELAIDE, South Australia.
12a Grenfell Street. Phone: 51 2397
CANBERRA CITY, A.C.T.
28–36 Ainslie Avenue. Phone: 48 8411
BRISBANE, Queensland.
Cnr. Adelaide & Edward Streets.
Phone: 31 2211
Also at Alexandra Headland, Cairns, Coolangatta, Mackay, Newcastle, Rockhampton, Surfers Paradise, Toowoomba & Townsville.

Queensland

A2830/W

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

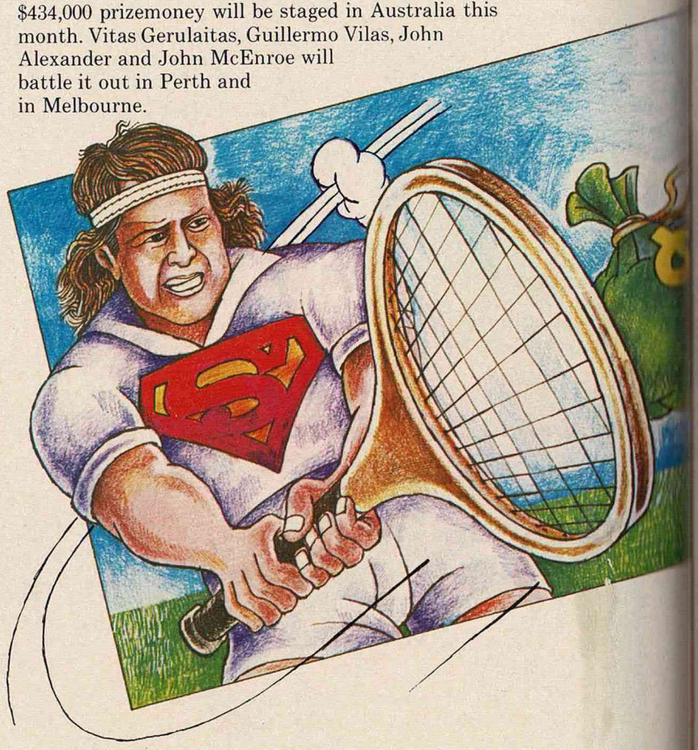
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

BURNING BRIGHT

For novelty value it would be hard to beat this stained glass panel entitled *Tiger, Tiger* by Sydney artist Warren Langley. He also accepts commissions for contemporary feature windows, room dividing screens and unusual door panes with prices starting at $60 for 1000 sq cm. *Tiger, Tiger* is going for $350. Write to the artist at 40 Greycliffe street, Queenscliff, NSW 2066.

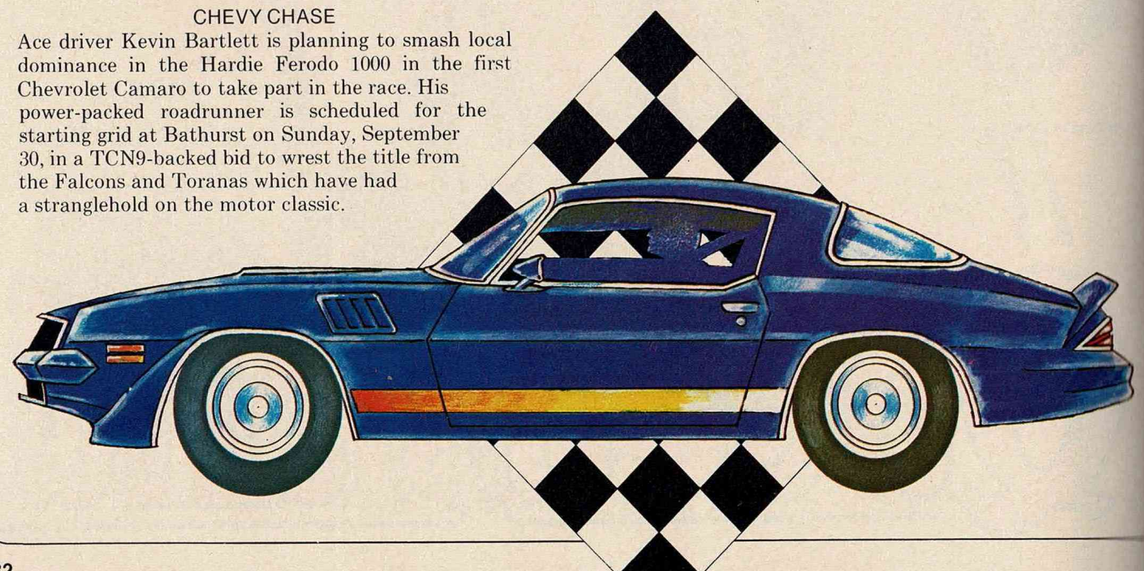
NET PROFIT

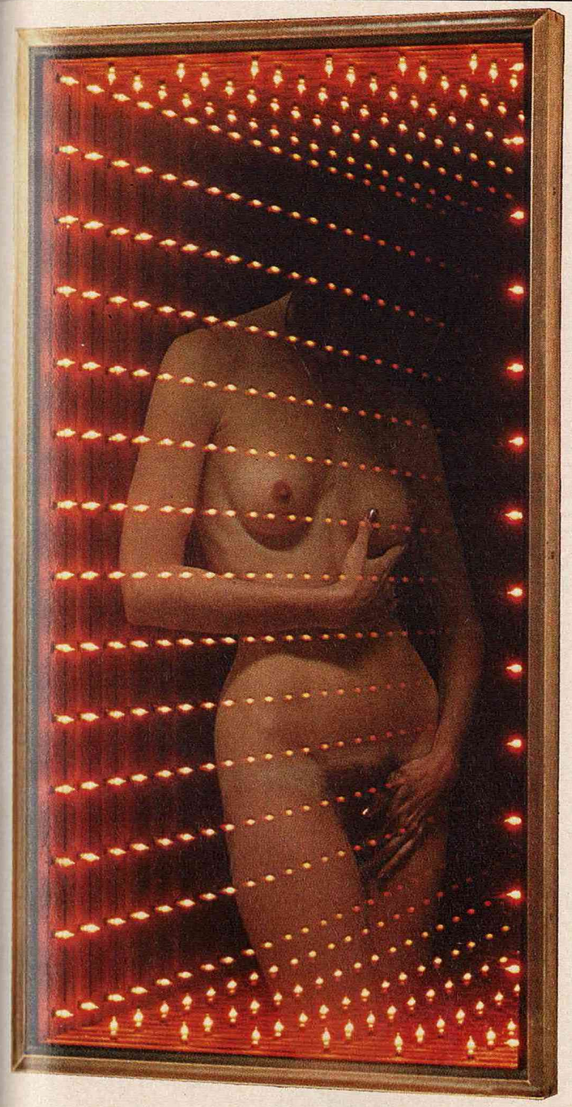
The world's richest men's tennis tournament with $434,000 prizemoney will be staged in Australia this month. Vitas Gerulaitas, Guillermo Vilas, John Alexander and John McEnroe will battle it out in Perth and in Melbourne.



CHEVY CHASE

Ace driver Kevin Bartlett is planning to smash local dominance in the Hardie Ferodo 1000 in the first Chevrolet Camaro to take part in the race. His power-packed roadrunner is scheduled for the starting grid at Bathurst on Sunday, September 30, in a TCN9-backed bid to wrest the title from the Falcons and Toranas which have had a stranglehold on the motor classic.





LOOK INTO IT

How about lighting up your life with an infinity mirror? The body beautiful is our addition, but you can reflect whatever image takes your fancy, providing she'll stay still long enough. You can look into buying one of the mirrors at $250 for the small size and $450 for the larger size at Let's Play Games shops in the major centres throughout Australia.

WINDFALL

Take the wind out of her sails by displaying your style on a wave-skipping craft for $1180 from Alpha Windsurfer Australia, 10 Kolara road, Heidelberg 3081.

ROOTIN', TOOTIN', CHUTE IN

Bored with sun, sea, sand, snow and sex? Why not register with travel agents Thomas Cook for a down-to-earth holiday? They're seeking adventurous people ("but not the crazy pioneer type") willing and able to parachute on to the rugged west coast of Tasmania, the highlands of Yemen or the jungles of Brazil. If you can survive all that, other targets are in the pipeline.

Small is Beautiful

Realistic's System Seven ... a new size and shape for stereo

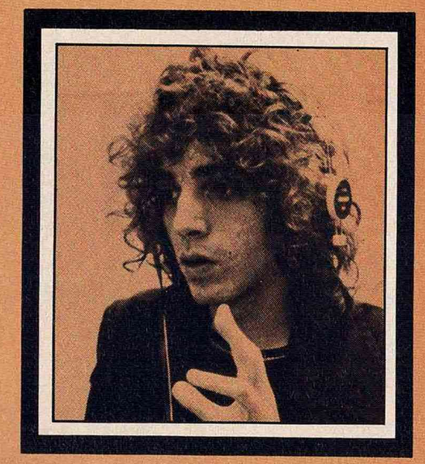
Miniaturization breakthrough! Realistic's fabulous new System Seven combines beauty: elegant small size and a level of acoustical quality you've never heard, until now, in low-priced book-shelf stereo. System Seven includes our new STA-7 AM/FM receiver (10 watts per channel minimum RMS into 8 ohms, 20-20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion) and a pair of our amazing Minimus® -7 speaker systems — featuring large-excursion woofers and soft-dome tweeters in diecast enclosures, only 17.9cm high.

Bass without bulk. Despite its small size, System Seven delivers rich satisfying bass to 50 Hz and sound levels up to 90 dB for **accurate** reproduction of anything from classical to rock music. What's the secret? The receiver has a unique equalization network engineered especially for the speakers. And its switchable so you can use full-size speakers, if you wish.

Compact, but with no compromises. You get "full-size" high fidelity features with System Seven — magnetic and aux inputs, tape monitor, A/B speaker switching, even 75 and 300-ohm FM inputs. Housed in a stunning jet-black metal cabinet with blackout dial. The price for all this may be the surprise of your audio life — only $339*, a saving of $40.85 off the "each" price! Audition System Seven. Small has **never** been so beautiful!

TANDY ELECTRONICS

Available from any Tandy Store or Participating Dealer



HI-FI IS RUNNING OUT OF CONTROLS

THE hi-fi buff need be confused no longer by the array of knobs needed to extract the best from his equipment. The day of waveform fidelity is here. This new trend has led to a dramatic reduction in the number of controls and switches on control units epitomised by such outfits as the Meridian 101, which has just three switches and one knob, the latter controlling power, volume and balance.

The reasoning behind such sparsely-equipped control units – including the excellent HSA from Perth, the Modular Electronics and Audiolab from Sydney, the Naim from England and Mark Levinson and Audio Research from the US – is to reduce distortion-creating circuitry to a minimum.

A reciprocal trend, making up for the lack of inbuilt facilities, is toward add-on units connected through the tape-monitor path of the control unit, allowing them to be switched in or out of circuit at will. If you want to use these units, a "no-control" control unit makes a lot of sense because there's no chance of duplicating facilities, thus saving both money and distortion. In addition, the add-ons are designed to do a single job and do it well, with no compromise in performance. Squeezing all the available add-on facilities into one control unit would result in an astronomically expensive system. With add-ons, you get what you want when you want it.

One of the most popular add-ons is the graphic equaliser, designed to replace the normal bass and treble controls. You simply connect it to the tape input/output terminals on your amplifier.

GRAPHIC INDICATION

One of the best-sounding graphics on the market is the compact MXR, designed originally for arduous public address applications but increasingly popular with hi-fi enthusiasts. There's also a splendid JVC SEA equaliser from Japan, as well as several other good ones from the US and Europe. Graphics provide tremendous flexibility of tone control, enabling you to adjust levels of selected portions of the audible frequency spectrum. They're called graphics, incidentally, because the positions of the multiple slider controls give a graphic indication of frequency response.

Graphic equalisers are only one type of add-on for bending the signals you've taken so much trouble to preserve. Dynamic range enhancers also have become popular. These devices are intended to increase the ratio of loud to quiet, adding extra impact to the sound and reducing recorded background noise at the same time. Several models are available from DBX, Phase Linear and a local manufacturer, Jaycar. Some of these also can be used as noise-reduction systems for tape recorders, solving two problems with one unit.

While on the subject of noise reduction, one of the most annoying types of noise is the snap-crackle-pop from dirty or damaged records. A couple of units have been developed to reduce the effects of this noise. They work by recognising the very sudden increase of energy characteristic of snap-crackle-pop. The noise literally is snipped out and because this also removes the wanted signal mixed inseparably with the noise, the device simply fills the gap with a signal derived from information before and after it. The SAE Impulse Noise Reduction System (about $600) is available in Australia and the Garrard unit from England will be soon.

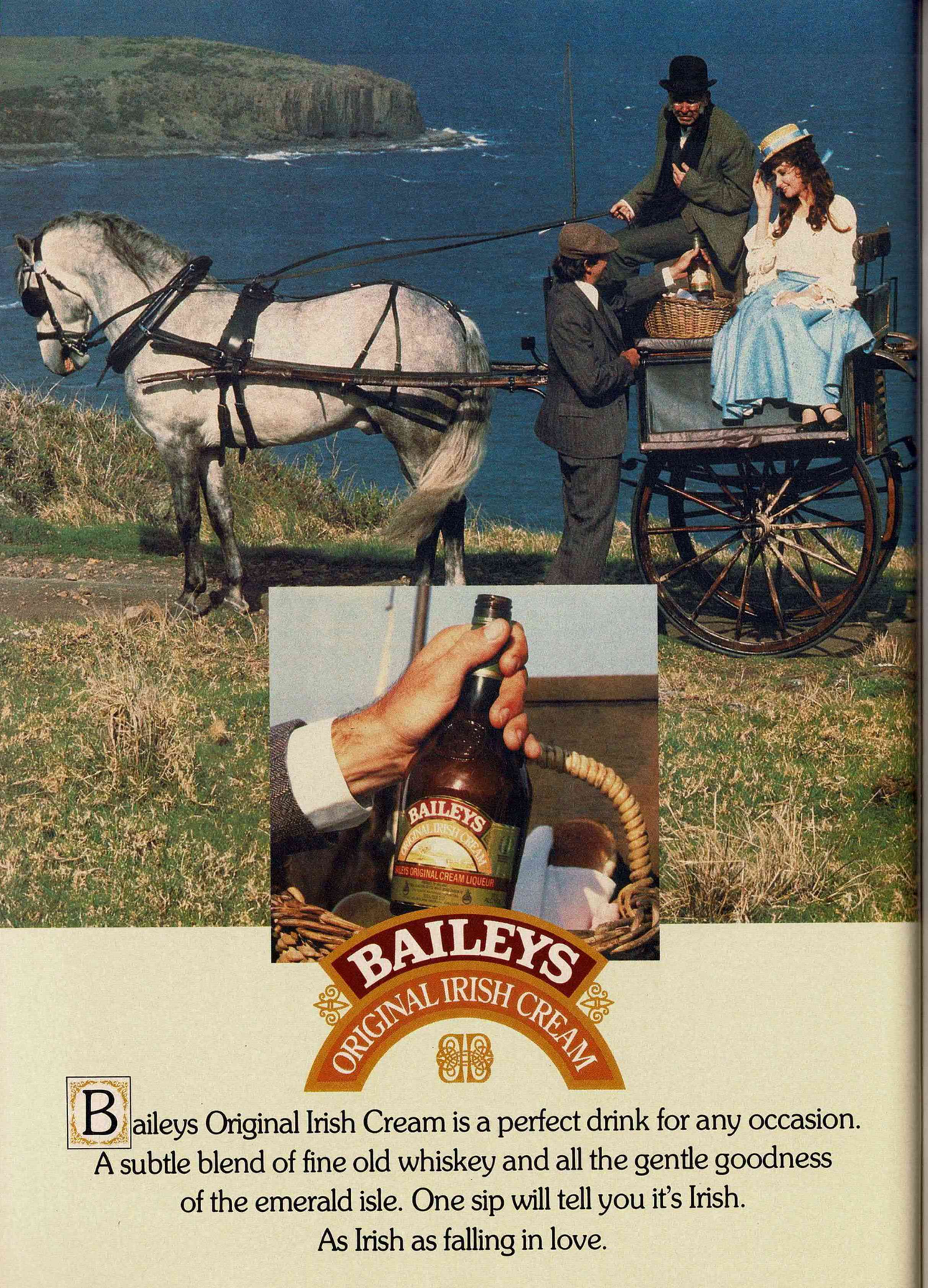
THE BOOM BOX

Also on their way are ambience-generators, which are supposed to recover the information hidden in recordings to add an impression of spaciousness and ambience lost in reproduction. There's also a sub-harmonic generator from DBX. This little machine looks at the bass content of signals passing through it and adds sub-harmonics – that is, bass one octave below the bass already in the signal. Known as the "boom box" (which speaks for itself), the sub-harmonic generator is fitted with controls to adjust sensitivity and the amount of extra bass. It's essential to use the boom box with great care since the extra bass could well be beyond the capacity of many smaller speakers and amplifiers.

Back to the "front end" of the system. Modular Electronics produce a preamp/equaliser intended to provide an optimum load for a range of cartridges, to give accurate compensation for the so-called RIAA characteristic of records. This is a standard signal-bending technique to increase playing time and improve noise performance from discs. Output of the preamp-equaliser is taken to a line-level input (such as tuner, tape or auxiliary) of the preamp or amplifier, by-passing the inbuilt pickup input circuitry which often is not as good as it should be. A range of plug-in cards is available for different cartridges and, as with the Meridian module system, changeover is quick and easy.

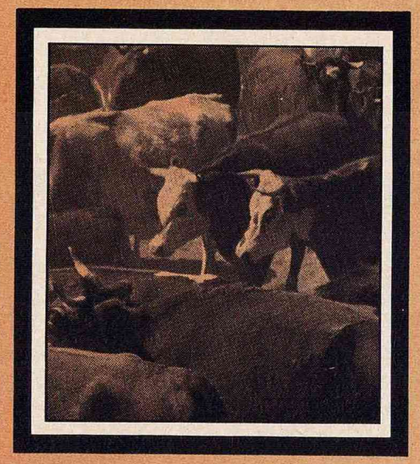
With the best of today's systems, noises such as hiss and snap-crackle-pop seem to vanish almost completely. This is because these systems reproduce both the program and accompanying noise with such clarity that the ears are able to recognise noise as an entirely separate component and can ignore it. It's still there, but you don't notice it.

– RICHARD TIMMINS



Baileys Original Irish Cream is a perfect drink for any occasion.
A subtle blend of fine old whiskey and all the gentle goodness
of the emerald isle. One sip will tell you it's Irish.
As Irish as falling in love.

HWCE 10140



A GREAT PLACE TO RIDE A HOBBY HORSE

PICTURE yourself heading out of the city on Friday evening for your own weekender tucked away in the country. After one or two hours' driving you could be in a log cabin with an open fire, surrounded by natural bush or a scenic valley. Or imagine taking your mates on a hunting trip or the girlfriend camping on your very own rural retreat.

An expensive dream? No, not necessarily. The search by people for a quiet weekender or holiday hideaway that doubles as a property investment has led to the rise of a new squattocracy in Australia. A new generation of landholders is buying up tracts of rural land as hobby farms. Usually they are small blocks either not big enough or unsuitable for a commercial agricultural enterprise. They range in size from around five hectares to more than 100 hectares.

Hobby farms can be put to a wide range of uses. Some owners prefer to do nothing with their land, leaving it as a peaceful retreat for a weekend's camping or hunting, although hunting is possible only on some of the larger hobby farms in forest or semi-forest country. Other owners pursue secret ambitions to become part-time farmers. Market gardening is one of the most popular forms of agriculture practised on hobby farms. A few hectares can grow vegetables or fruit, not only for personal consumption but also as a local cottage industry. Some of the more ambitious hobby farmers have established orchards, market gardens, mini-dairies and even horse studs on their miniature ventures.

But as in most land ventures, there are pitfalls and hidden dangers for the uninitiated and unwary. The first golden rule is: don't expect to make a fortune from a hobby farm. The NSW Department of Agriculture publishes a booklet on hobby farms which shows the average income is $1500 a year – not exactly wealthy landholder class. Ninety percent of hobby farms are precisely what their name suggests – hobbies. However, a well-run hobby farm can provide a small, second income, a lot of fun and a long-term investment.

TAKE A CLOSE LOOK

When hobby farms first became popular a few years ago, there was a spate of rip-off land deals involving people who bought sight unseen. And the second golden rule is: *never* buy land without a close inspection. Talk to neighbors about flooding in the area and proposed road developments. Some hobby farms have turned out to be patches of raw sand or swamp.

Other hobby farms have been criticised because they were run badly, or even neglected completely, by their city owners. If you buy a hobby farm, you have to be prepared to visit it regularly and comply with local agricultural requirements such as fencing, spraying for noxious weeds and bushfire prevention. A special study by the Federal Government in 1975 said that noxious weed infestations or animal diseases originating on a hobby farm could go undetected because of the inexperience of the owner and could thus jeopardise Australia's entire primary industry.

Another potential pitfall in owning a hobby farm is deciding if you want to run animals. Many people who invest in hobby farms do so for the prime purpose of buying a horse or pony for the children. Others want to have a cow to supply their own fresh milk, or a few hens for fresh eggs. But animals take looking after and the RSPCA has a file on abuses of livestock on hobby farms, both accidental and through neglect. If you are not at the farm through the week a cow could get caught in a fence and die of starvation before you return at the weekend. Horses and all domestic animals need regular care and attention – much more than most people think. If you can't be there regularly, one way out is to arrange for a neighbor to make a daily check. Otherwise, beware of running animals on a hobby farm.

A SOUND INVESTMENT

If you are still interested in buying your own little plot somewhere, in spite of all the pitfalls and dangers, look around for a farm that suits your needs. Land available for hobby farms varies from rugged, mountainous countryside to cleared river flats. Unfenced, uncleared land is cheaper than developed blocks, as non-arable hill country is much lower priced than fertile flats. Prices vary almost beyond classification. Some hobby farms close to capital cities sell for up to $5000 a hectare. But land should be selected to suit the buyer's purpose. If you want only a quiet rural retreat, retaining the natural forest, and don't mind a few steep slopes, land can be found for $250 to $500 a hectare.

Farmlets around Mudgee in NSW – a big hobby farm centre – sell in a variety of packages. For example: 14 hectares for $7500; 46 hectares for $11,000; 16 hectares for $9250, to quote some advertised recently. In general terms, the better the land, the higher the price. And the price rises with proximity to major metropolitan areas.

Most States have favorite areas for hobby farms. In NSW, Mudgee, Goulburn, Penrith, Windsor and the north and south coast are popular. Fringe areas of the Darling Downs in Queensland also have seen hobby farm subdivision.

—JIM MACNAMARA

STRIKE 1

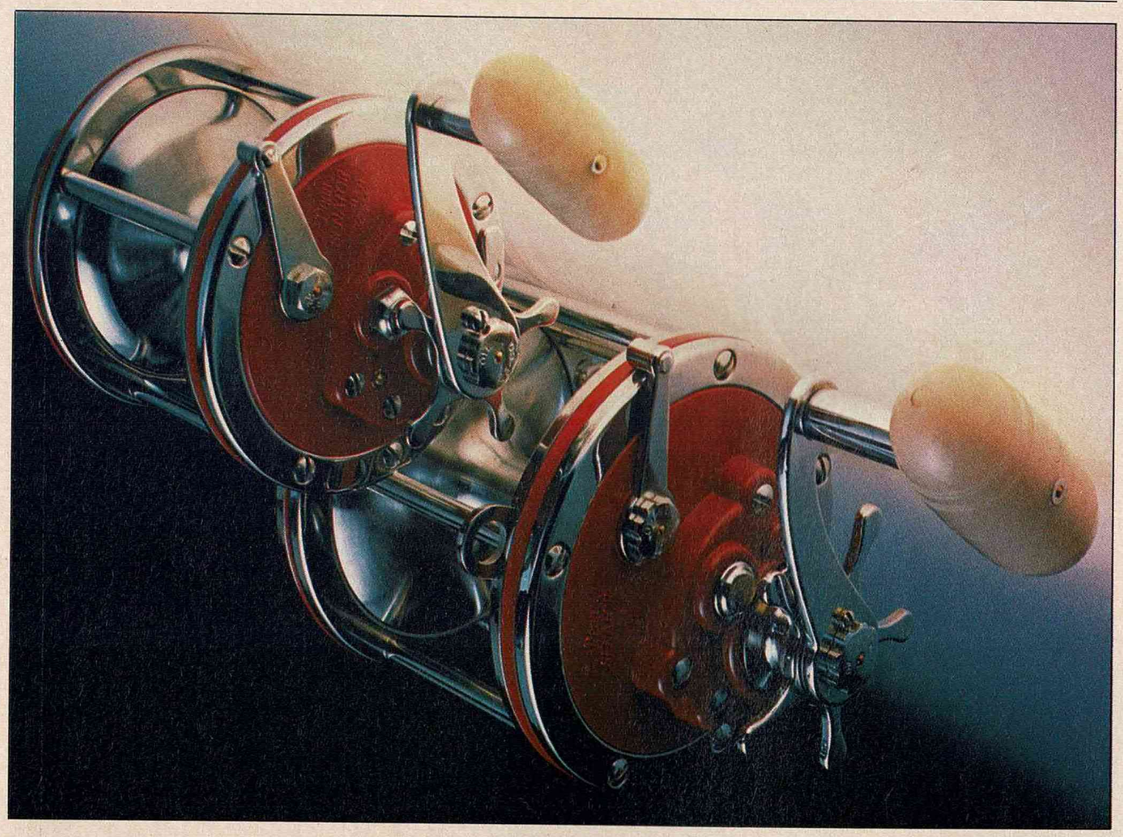
You might say revolutionary, we say fashion: Pants for the guy who likes fashion freedom, exciting designs, today's ease of style. He doesn't need to be avant-garde, but must be original.

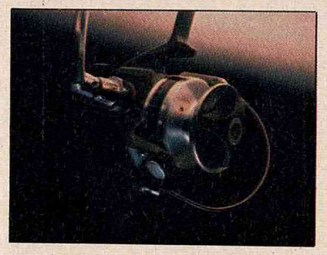
Strike 1 pants. Clothes that distinguish the men from the boys.

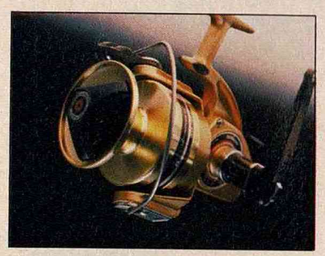
ON·THE·SCENE

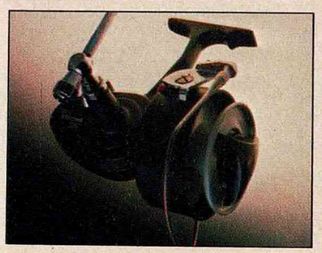
what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen

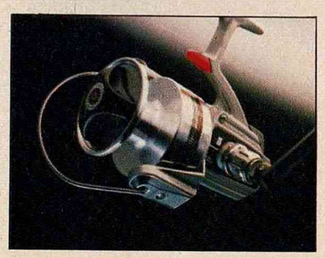
THE REEL THING











Photography by Colin Stead

UNTIL you land your fish, it's not caught. And, as any fisherman will tell you, the whole essence of the sport is the way the fish fights, twists and twirls. Top gear lands the top fish and nothing is more critical to a good haul than a smooth-running reel. Whether you are chasing marlin or minnows, there's a reel for every purpose – for fresh or salt water, trolling for the big 'uns outside, bottom fishing for harbor beauties or chasing mountain trout. The length of rod and the weight of line also are important in ensuring you have a balanced outfit. Reels come in a huge range of prices and sizes locally and from Japan, Korea, France and the US. For the beginner it can be bewildering but sports shop chains such as Mick Simmons in NSW are always prepared to give you advice.

Top: Penn game reels. Model 112H ($85.99), 114H ($109.50). Centre left: Daiwa A 150RL ($21.05). Centre right: Daiwa GS9 ($59.70). Below left: Mitchell 307 ($49.39). Below right: Daiwa 7000C ($50.99).

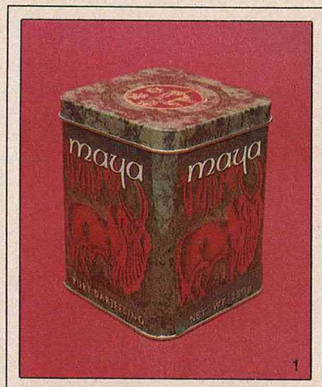
TEA TOTAL

to counter the effects of the demon drink, sip the elixir of the gods

WILLIAM COWPER wrote of "the cups that cheer but not inebriate". Waltzing Matilda is all about waiting for a billy to boil. Tea originally was grown in South-east Asia but its cultivation and use spread under the patronage of Buddhist monks seeking a means to counter intemperance. The Dutch introduced the drink to Europe, the British Down Under. And tea sparked the American Revolution. For centuries, tea has been celebrated in literature and fine arts. Its consumption has been ritualised by the Japanese and the utensils have been displayed in museums.

The mystique around tea has hooked people into a whole way of life – from sipping gracefully out of bone china cups to tapping a soot-smeared billy or grabbing for the first cup the morning after. Australians long have been some of the world's most avid gulpers and now have a wide choice of blends. Some are household names, others the top-of-the-market products of skilful English, Indian and Chinese merchants.

If you think tea is just for blue-rinsed dowagers or outback drovers, try one of the legends of its origin. A Buddhist saint, having fallen asleep over his devotions, cut off his eyelids when he woke and threw them on the ground. They took root and grew into a bush whose leaves, when dried and then infused in hot water, produced a drink that banished sleep.



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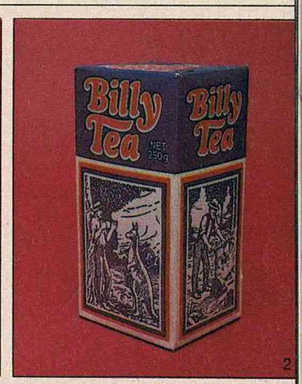

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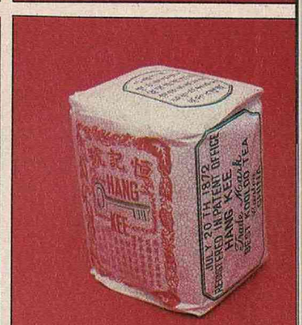
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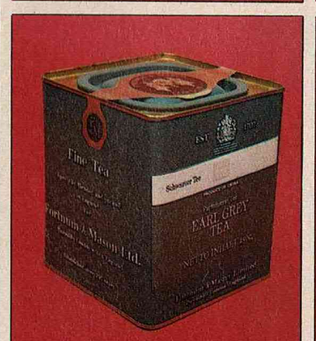

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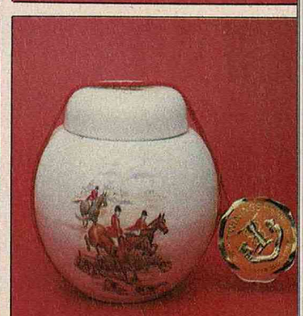
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1. Maya from the Tea Trading Corporation of India, $2.50.
2. Good old Aussie standby, Billy Tea for 80 cents.
3. Irish Breakfast Tea from Twinings, $1.85.
4. Hang Kee Kooloo Tea from Canton, 70 cents.
5. Fortnum & Mason's Earl Grey blend, up to $6.35.
6. Twinings of London decorated jar, $10.80.
7. Duncan's Darjeeling, $4.75 at Indian Tea Centres.

All prices approximate.

Photography by Colin Stead and Neville Waller

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

some new versions of the classic short story

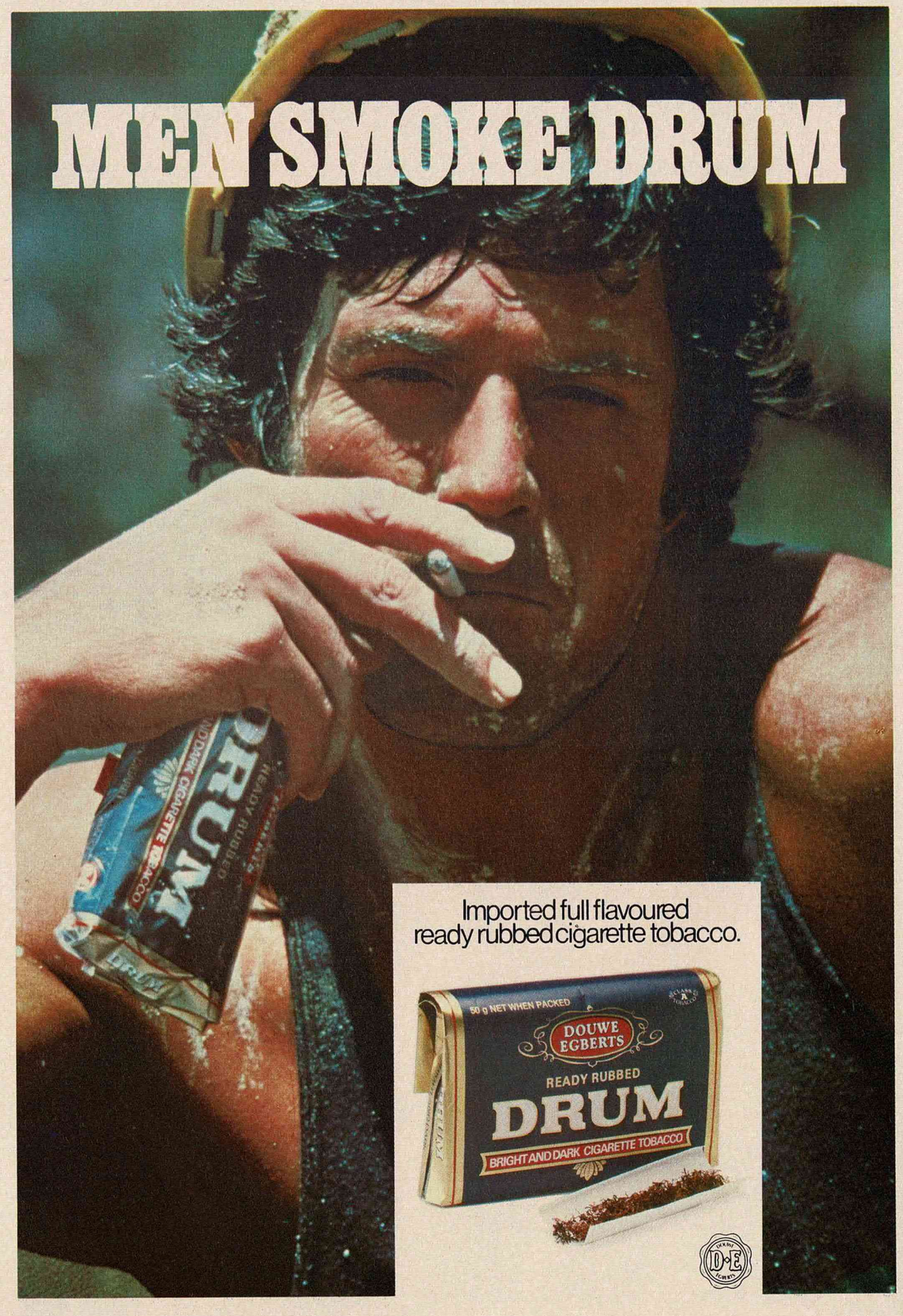
BENEATH a tame exterior could lurk a raging lion. Or a cat. Or a Mack truck. Or even ants. Such is the variety of designs and patterns in men's underpants on the market that even the most mild-mannered clerk can now let go with all his fantasies by using the range available from menswear stores. Styles range from the racy and raunchy to the placid and paunchy. They're a great way to let your inhibitions go knowing that, even if you wear a conservative grey suit, underneath you are a taut, tantalising tearaway. Bright colors are the most popular, stretch nylon or cotton the preferred materials. The biggest sellers are hipster briefs, bikini style with a 5cm to 7.5cm rise, followed by the semi-brief. The current offering includes from left: Bond's Dynamite, $2.50; Bond's lo-rise sports brief, $2.75; Jockey semi-brief, $2.99; Holeproof PTUs, $3.25. The prices quoted are approximate.

Photography by Colin Stead

The very cool Gin and Tonic.
Very dry. Very Gilbey's.

GILBEY'S
SPECIAL DRY
GIN

LB4 0969



MOVIES

the decline and fall of the cinema – in a building sense at least

AMONG the simple pleasures of life which modern civilisation, with all its manifold blessings (such as fast food and slow petrol), is filching from us steadily is the old-fashioned enjoyment of going to the movies. I don't mean *seeing* movies; I mean *going* to the movies, with all the romance and excitement which that innocent pastime once entailed. For those of us whose addiction to the cinema began in wartime or earlier, the great rococo picture palaces of that era were the temples of our idolatry. The more extravagant of these edifices displayed every architectural style from the Parthenon to the Taj Mahal, from Byzantine court to Arabian mosque and Roman forum, with the best cinemas not infrequently combining elements of all these styles at once.

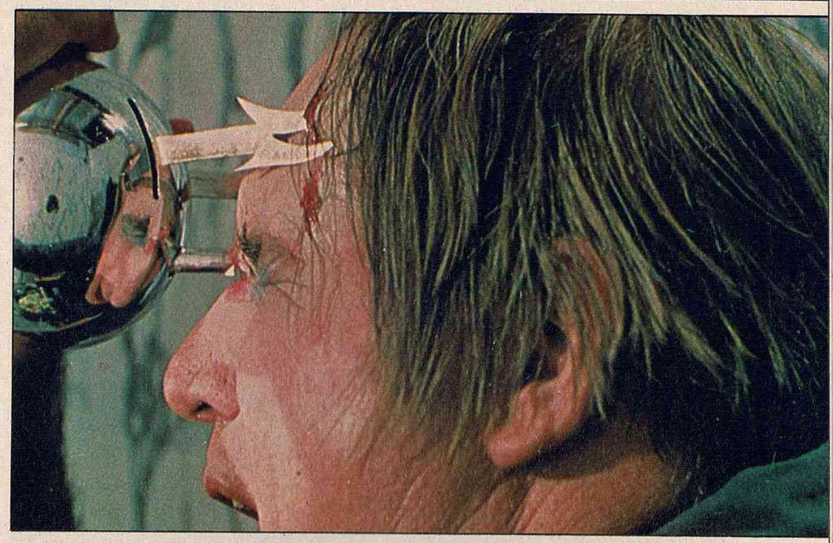
And how I loved them! When you added to the architectural follies a profusion of statuary, an opulence of multi-colored illumination, an abundance of velvet and silken drapery, and the cloying smell of trapped warm air and stale confectionery, the Aladdin's cave of wonders was complete. In such surroundings it was scarcely necessary to see a film at all. The magic of the movie houses more than compensated for the deficiencies of the films.

The most splendid of these cinemas was the Capitol in Sydney, whose interior was styled as some kind of Turkish or eastern bazaar (complete, as I recall, with a couple of plaster elephants), all surmounted by a papier-mâché dome of painted blue sky, through which celestial bodies twinkled. There was recently an impudent suggestion from the Lord Mayor of Sydney, Nelson Meers, that the Capitol be pulled down to make way for another opera house. Imagine it. If anyone were to suggest that Covent Garden in London or La Scala in Milan should be demolished to make way for another Hoyts Entertainment Centre he would correctly be branded as a barbarian. Why should other rules apply for the art houses of moviedom?

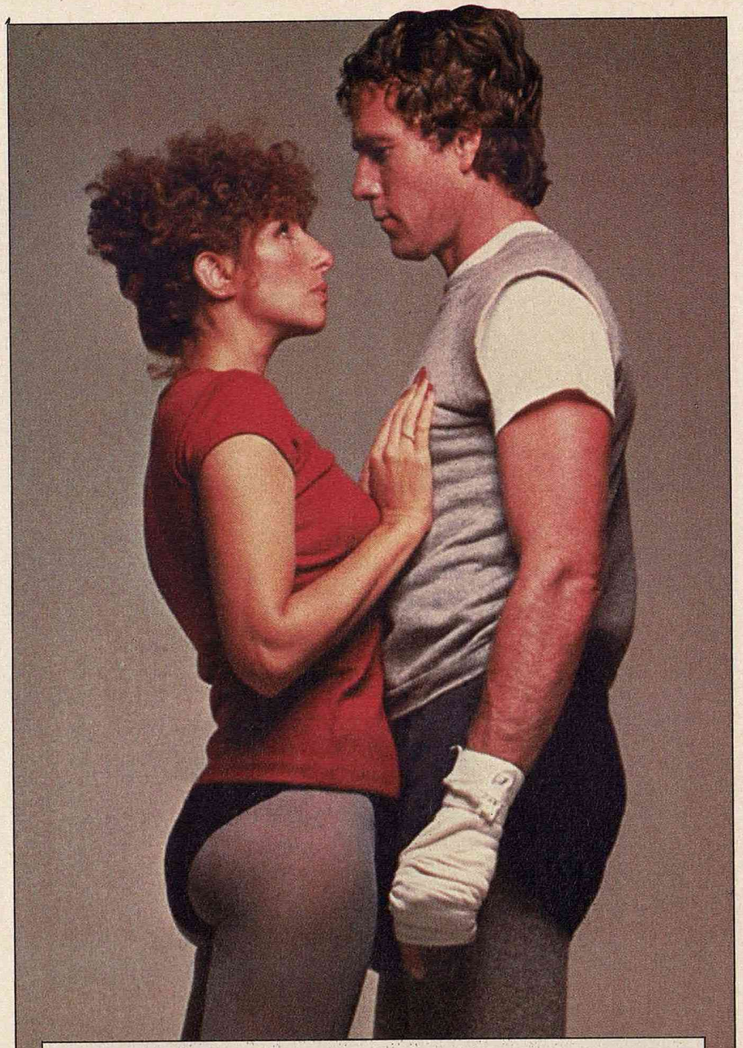
We can only assume that the Lord Mayor of Sydney, however varied his experience of life's joys and sorrows, never munched chocolates with his girlfriend in the back stalls of the Capitol and watched the original James Whale version of *Frankenstein,* or the late John Wayne in *Flying Tigers,* or the late and great George Wallace in *Gone to the Dogs.*

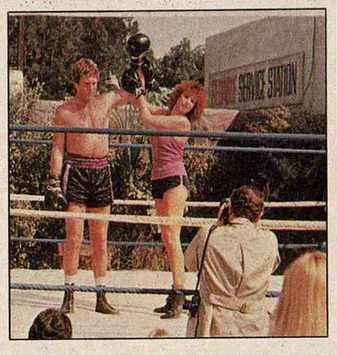
It must seem to the devoted filmgoer (if I may be permitted this long digression) that as movies get progressively more costly and ambitious the surroundings in which they are shown get progressively more dismal and uncomfortable. We are accustomed to seeing films on television without stopping to reflect on the damage being done to the medium (or, if you like, the art form). Who would tolerate a play or an opera chopped up by commercials? To reduce an image designed for a screen 10 metres wide to the proportions of a flickering box is the visual equivalent of a symphony concert heard on a cheap transistor.

It is almost as bad as a drive-in theatre. Those huge, dimly-lit screens look even murkier through an unwashed windscreen. For me there is always the hazard that, after sitting for three hours in the chilly night air, peering through the rim of the steering wheel and a windscreen of frosty glass, my eagerness to get home to a comfortable bed will induce me to roar off with the speaker cord still attached to the car. I



As a horror film, *The Never Dead* is a good laugh. A strange flying object goes around burrowing into people's heads, and there are assorted bloody goings-on centred around a mysterious funeral parlor staffed by zombies.





Mismatched Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal get through plenty of sparring in *The Main Event*, but by the last round the movie doesn't quite live up to its title.

once saw *Satyricon* during a hailstorm at a local drive-in theatre in Sydney, an experience which left me with a permanent antipathy to the works of Federico Fellini.

Again, anyone who watches an in-flight movie to the accompaniment of droning jets and a moderate degree of air turbulence invariably will find his enjoyment slightly impaired. (Most airlines take the sensible precaution of ensuring that a good film is not spoilt for their passengers by showing only the worst films in flight.)

Not content with these indignities, the movie companies are now building giant cinema complexes, the showbiz equivalent of our airport lounges. Escalators and flashing signs lead customers to their chosen destinations, through an amorphous landscape of junk food restaurants, souvenir shops, bookstalls, pinball machines, candy bars and the rest. Filmgoers in these surroundings have a growing sense of emotional dislocation. A softly amplified female voice reminds you that your movie is taking off in three minutes and at the back of your mind, after sitting through interminable film trailers and cigarette commercials, is a nagging resentment at the price of your ticket.

It is not uncommon for customers in these places to be seized with a sudden fear that they have been shepherded to the wrong auditorium. I heard of a chap who took his auntie to see *Death on the Nile* and finished up watching *Elvis the Movie*. Twice in recent weeks I have found myself wondering if I had gone to the wrong film by mistake. The first time was when I saw *The Never Dead*, a horror movie which easily surpasses the normal standards of imbecility and bad taste associated with recent examples of this genre. Arriving late at the cinema and finding my way, after careful inquiry, to the appropriate auditorium, I was assailed from the screen by the image of a long-haired youth on a motorcycle uttering the word "shit". Had I stumbled on a rerun of *Mad Max?* It took me a moment to realise that the film's dialogue was perhaps too sophisticated for Dr George Miller. When a character remarked, for perhaps the fifth time, "We've got to get out of here quick!", I was inclined to agree with him.

For those in the right frame of mind, *The Never Dead* can be recommended as a quasi-surrealist comedy. As a horror film it is about as scary as the Two Ronnies. There's a mysterious funeral parlor from which bodies keep disappearing, and a rather unpleasant gentleman who stalks the corridors reducing corpses to dwarf-size proportions for subsequent employment as

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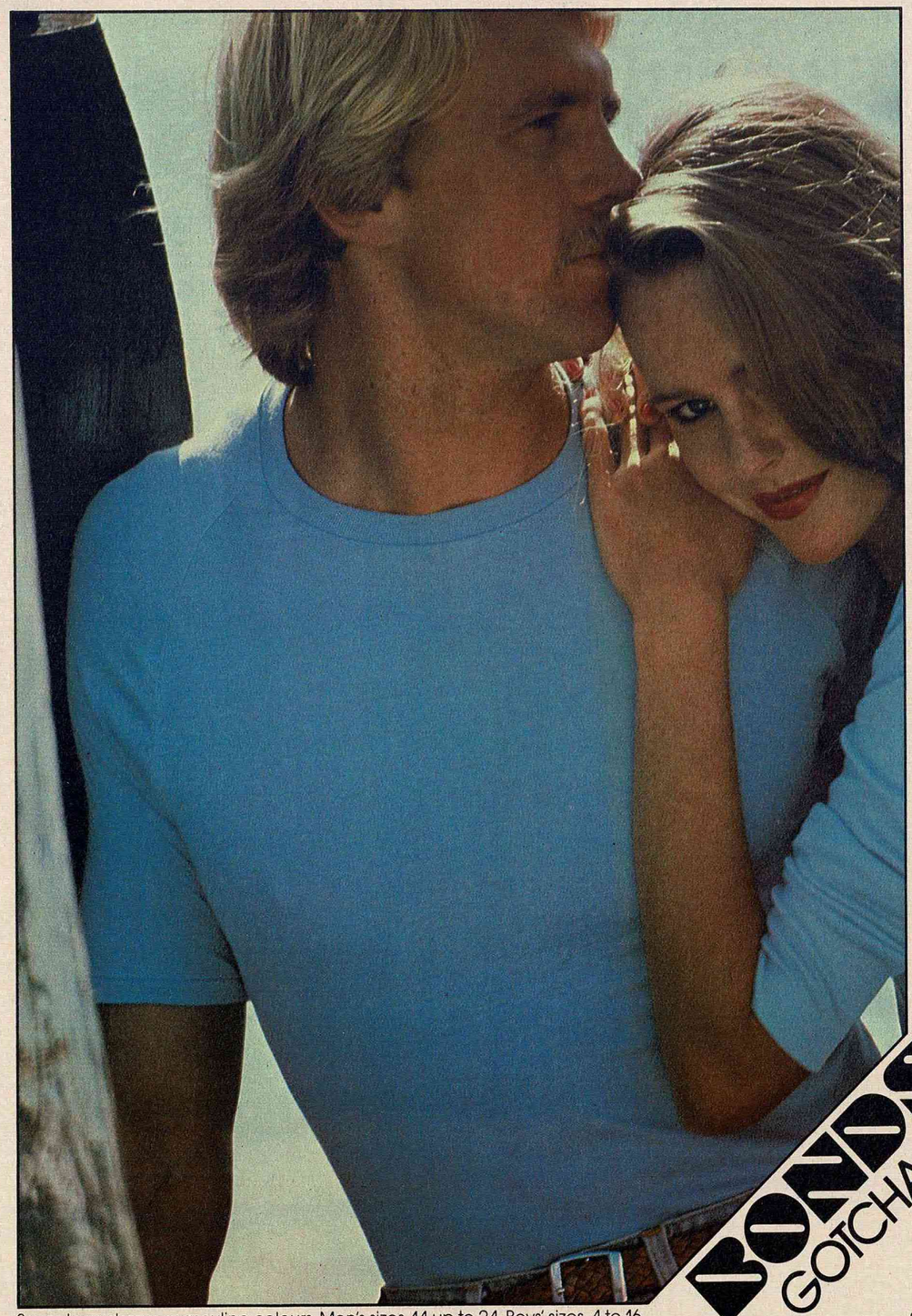

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zombie slaves. The establishment is also frequented by a weird steel spherical object which attaches itself to the faces of its victims and bores nasty holes through their skulls, producing rich, red fountains of gushing blood.

I mention this ridiculous film (whose director and cast had better remain anonymous) only to illustrate the decline of the modern horror movie. Sociologists will no doubt find reasons to account for the current horror and occult vogue in films. It may have something to do with the decline of religion or the fluoridation of water. More likely it has to do with studios making money. I find the craze regrettable because the more films of this kind that are made, the worse they seem to get. The silliest examples are overlaid with a pretentious religiosity even more nauseating than the monsters and mummified bodies. The worst thing about *The Exorcist* was the way it persuaded horror film makers to take themselves seriously. I have always held firmly to the view that priests should stay out of films, except for brief appearances in Bing Crosby musicals and death row sequences in gangster pictures.

•

A slightly more stylish example of the macabre thriller is *Halloween,* directed by John Carpenter, in which a psychopathic killer terrorises a cosy neighborhood in suburban Illinois. At the opening of the film the camera gives us a killer's-eye view of a crime. He prowls at night through one of those pretty, white-painted timber houses that make American suburbs so attractive, in search of his teenage victim, who is dispatched briskly with a carving knife in her bedroom upstairs. The parents arrive home, remove the Halloween mask from the murderer's face and reveal the staring eyes of a six-year-old boy. That turns out to be a flashback. The real story starts 16 years later when the grown-up killer escapes from a prison ambulance and returns to his home town for a repeat performance. (Someone in the meantime has taught him to drive a car, a fact which is not explained, leaving the viewer to work it out.)

Sociologists will no doubt find reasons to account for the current horror and occult vogue in films. I find the craze regrettable.

If Carpenter had settled for a straight-out thriller we might have finished up with a worthy successor to *Psycho,* reminders of which are everywhere apparent. Unfortunately we are given a heavy dose of psychic mumbo-jumbo. A weary prison doctor (wearily played by Donald Pleasence) makes several portentous comments about "pure evil", and there's some nonsense involving a stolen tombstone and bodies that won't lie down. I liked the oppressive mood conveyed by falling leaves and leaden autumn skies, but won't spoil what passes for the rest of the plot. Laurie Lee Curtis (the daughter of Janet Leigh, the shower victim in *Psycho)* is the pretty babysitter who nearly meets the same fate as her mum. (Am I the first smart-alec critic to remark that Sam Loomis, the name of the doctor in *Halloween,* was also the name of Janet Leigh's boyfriend in *Psycho?* It must signify something.)

•

I have qualified enthusiasm for *The Main Event,* an appealing comedy with Ryan O'Neal and Barbra Streisand which somehow isn't quite as funny as it should be. The film exudes a strong whiff of studio contrivance. Watching it, I imagined a big pre-production

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conference where everyone got together to work over the formula. Someone remembered *Rocky* and decided that people love boxing movies; someone remembered *What's Up Doc?* and decided that Streisand and O'Neal could make even a lacklustre script seem as funny as the Marx Brothers; and someone decided that if you put the two together you'd have the biggest hit on your hands since *Love Story*. (O'Neal would be a lot paunchier, of course, but that would be part of the plot.) It all goes to prove that the first thing you need for a funny picture is a funny script. I tried to jot down in the dark a few samples of funny lines to put in my review. It proved to be very hard going.

Streisand is a zany lady-tycoon who runs a perfume business and finds herself swindled out of all her properties and investments except for a contract on a has-been boxer, Eddie "Kid Natural" Scanlon (O'Neal), whom she decides to manage and put back on the road to wealth and stardom. O'Neal to Streisand: "Do you want my body on your head for the rest of your life?" Streisand to O'Neal: "Maybe I can open up something in disinfectants." That gives you some idea of what I mean.

But there are excellent moments. O'Neal has a clinging, tarty girlfriend (Patti D'Arbanville) with the most alarming smoker's cough since the ads for Buckley's Canadiol Mixture. At a couple of points Streisand weaves her way through a sleazy gym, picking a path through forests of solitary pugs sparring ferociously with the empty air. I laughed and felt a guilty excitement during the boxing sequences, which are just a shade too realistically done. – EVAN WILLIAMS

•

As a period piece set in the '50s, *Wanda Nevada* provides a title role for the most precocious child-woman of our time, Brooke Shields. Her male co-star, Peter Fonda, also directed this comic adventure (he plays a tumbleweed gambling man who wins the kid in a poker game), and it's weird. Man and girl take off toward the Grand Canyon to find a lost gold mine, with a couple of cold-blooded killers in pursuit, and their misadventures become part fantasy, part scenic tour, part showcase for the budding beauty of Brooke. A cameo appearance by Peter's pa, Henry Fonda, as a grizzled old prospector, adds a touch of respectability to the enterprise.

The main business afoot, of course, is a none-too-subtle sexual guessing game. Dirty old men from 18 to 80 inevitably identify with Fonda the younger – will he or won't he succumb to lust for his nubile ward? And what about the ruthless bank robber who has vowed that *he's* going to be the one to have her?

Watching the remarkable Brooke Shields as a 13-and-a-half-year-old temptress becomes almost a test of integrity, separating the men in the audience from the child molesters. Yet Brooke's overdone come-hither act is one of her principal charms. Like all great screen sex symbols, she plays at being bad so naively that her sweetness and vulnerability shine through. Although *Wanda Nevada* exploits her shamelessly, Brooke just shrugs off the film as if she were making another notch in her gun.

•

For pure escapism combined with splendid effects, *Alien* has been compared to every science-fiction epic and surreal shocker of the past decade. Well, *Alien* can't match the philosophical depth of *2001,* the straightforward fun of *Star Wars* or the mystical overtones of *The Exorcist.* But you are apt to enjoy it, just the same, as an edge-of-the-seat monster flick full of futuristic hardware and a bagful of old tricks cleverly re-used by director Ridley Scott (who also worked wonders, a year or so ago, with a feebly-written swashbuckler called *The Duellists).*

Sigourney Weaver, a strong Jane Fonda-ish actress, whose heroics put the men in the company to shame, tests her instinct for survival aboard a space freighter where a hideous blob of extraterrestrial matter grows into quite a problem for Tom Skerritt, Yaphet Kotto, John Hurt, Veronica Cartwright and other unlucky crew members. *Alien* ultimately makes very little sense, but you will get your share of goose flesh.

•

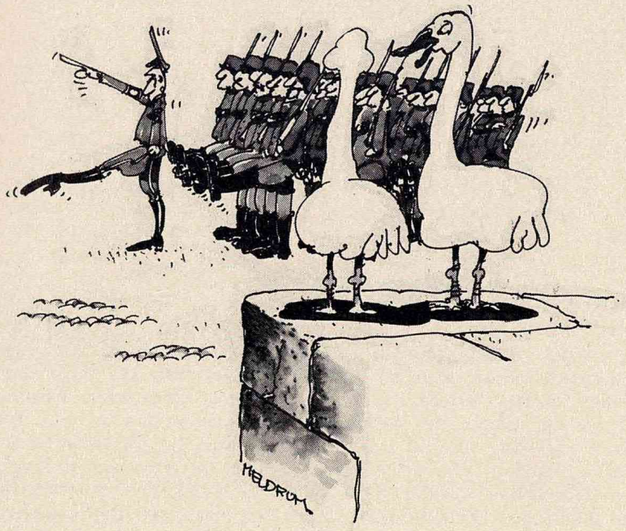
There must be something wrong with mindless escapism, however, when you sit in a theatre feeling trapped. *Beyond the Poseidon Adventure* brings back that upside-down ocean liner, still foundering after all these years, with Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, Jack Warden and other unfortunates aboard. This time around, everyone has a venal reason for returning to the stricken ship – Caine and his chums to loot the purser's office, Savalas and his band of terrorists to salvage some previously stolen plutonium.

Producer-director Irwin Allen, who gave us *The Towering Inferno* and *The Swarm,* apparently spent mere peanuts on the script for *Poseidon.* Let's hope the actors were paid handsomely for having to sink so low and bail so hard on Allen's ship of fools.

•

Peter Sellers and Peter Sellers in *The Prisoner of Zenda.* That's how the billing goes in the latest rehash of Anthony Hope's classic novel (there have been at least three previous screen versions, the best of them in 1937 with Ronald Colman) about a captive king-to-be and the commoner who impersonates him.

Under director Richard Quine, this flatulent *Zenda* is so puffed up with stale jokes and sight gags that Peter Sellers often appears to be impersonating himself. – BRUCE WILLIAMSON

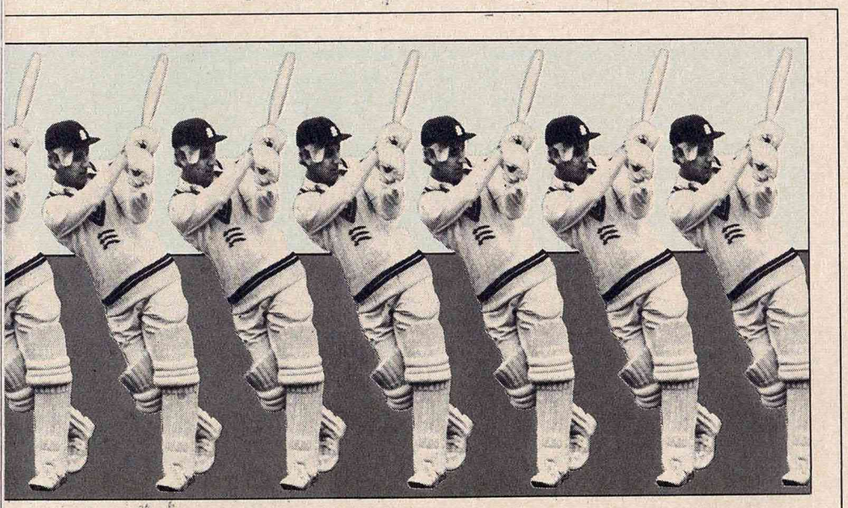


"That's ridiculous."

BOOKS

two post mortems lift the coffin lid for every morbid cricket enthusiast

THE 1978-79 Ashes series between Australia and England was one of the most important in the annals of cricket. The series, played in the cold war atmosphere of the Establishment's mini-confrontation with World Series Cricket, revealed much of the subtle drama, tension and humor which make cricket such intriguing theatre for the addicted. *A Testing Time* (Hutchinson) by Peter McFarline, and *The Ashes Retained* (Hodder and Stoughton), by Mike Brearley and Dudley Doust, put under the microscope the series and its principal players. Both



England skipper Mike Brearley, master tactician and struggling batsman, runs an expert eye and pen over the Ashes series in his new book.

McFarline, of the Melbourne *Age,* and Doust, of the *Sunday Times,* are cricket writers with access to press box, locker room and hotel lobby. Thus they have perspectives hidden normally from the public gaze.

McFarline, understandably, has viewed the proceedings through Australian eyes and he dissects accurately a series in which Australia, in spite of winning five of the six tosses and having a record-breaking wicket taker in its ranks, was slaughtered by the experience, professionalism and dedication of the England side. The benefit of hindsight affords the writer the luxury of being critical of some selection decisions and situations as they were allowed to develop on the field. McFarline discloses that the Australians could have had Bobby Simpson who, as captain, certainly would have been a match for England's Brearley. But the selectors would not agree to Simpson's stipulation that he be guaranteed selection until mid-1979. Instead, the unfortunate Graham Yallop was left to become one of the greatest fall guys of modern cricket.

When McFarline deals with the series through a ball-by-ball account, his work falls into the "just-another-cricket-book" category. But its real value can be drawn from its strength as a time exposure of a climactic period in cricket history.

The Ashes Retained is the first book to be written by a reigning captain of England while on tour and, for that reason, it stands as a highly entertaining and clear account of England's successful defence of the Ashes. Brearley, philosopher and master tactician, offers his views of the weaknesses and strengths of individual players and the non-stop war of nerves in maintaining morale and confidence. He is more successful than McFarline in portraying team mates and opponents as individuals with various levels of ability and composure. It is Brearley's insight, provided by his knowledge of his side and the opposition, which presents *The Ashes Retained* as a textbook on how to win a Test series. Ironically, if England's selectors had taken the same view of Brearley that their Australian counterparts did of Simpson, the Englishman probably would have missed selection because his batting was hardly good enough.

Perhaps because he was so involved in his role as England's captain or possibly because of his somewhat lofty disposition, Mr Brearley is not overgenerous in his appraisals of the Australian players and, in many cases, they are reduced to mere bit players in England's romp to victory. McFarline, much closer to the Australian camp, gives more attention to such items as the infuriating spate of run-outs and the running personality clash between fast bowler Rodney Hogg and Yallop.

The books complement each other, but if comparisons need be made, the Brearley-Doust effort, complete with a humorous foreword by John Cleese, is the more entertaining. With Brearley's academic thoroughness and cricket insight, supported by Doust's journalistic skills, *The Ashes Retained* stands as one of the most complete studies of a touring cricket party yet published.

– NEIL JAMESON

•

Since I, too, faced the difficult task of writing a book about Johannes Bjelke-Petersen I feel hesitant about criticising the latest work on the Queensland Premier, *The Deep North,* by Deane Wells (Outback Press). Bjelke-Petersen evokes such feelings that those who comment on his life and politics must, inevitably, cross many people.

The 40 or so reviews I read of my book – *Joh, The Life and Political Adventures of Johannes Bjelke-Petersen* – ran from accusing me of being too nice to saying I was plain anti-Joh. So you will understand my hesitation in condemning Mr Wells, as several newspaper reviewers have done already at some length.

On the positive side, at least Mr Wells put his views in a book, for others to read and learn from or condemn. His critics probably can manage to put their views only across the bar. And Wells makes some good points. For instance, his research brought out the fact that three recent Liberal cabinet appointees were men who voted for the appointment of Albert Field to the Senate, when the entire Liberal cabinet of that time crossed the floor against Bjelke-Petersen's Field appointment. It is a point journalists seem to have missed.

But there's one real problem for this book. Whether by oversight or design, Wells has produced a work that will be read only by people already strongly against Bjelke-Petersen, and therefore it will not have any major political significance. His much-publicised – might I say strained – efforts to equate

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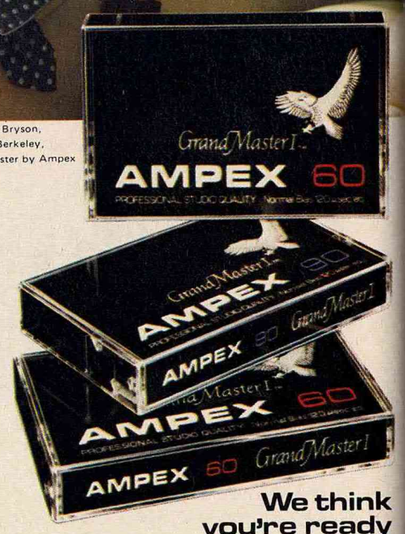

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Bjelke-Petersen with Adolf Hitler will make sure of that. And, anyway, even half the Labor voters in Queensland would, I believe, be put off a book that by imputation condemns Queensland in its title.

The second criticism that can be made is that the book is a "quickie" and relies exclusively on newspaper clippings, which caused two errors that should be corrected. First, in the book and on the back cover, Bjelke-Petersen is quoted as saying to a woman at a political meeting: "If you look like a crow, squawk like a crow and fly like a crow, you can't complain if you're shot with the crows."

I am no fan of Bjelke-Petersen, but let us be just. That is what a woman *said* he said – a woman who believed herself insulted. I know he didn't say that because – though no journalist was there – he has used the old saying many times. And what he says has a slight but very important difference: "If you look like a crow, squawk like a crow and fly like a crow, you can't yell out if you get shot at."

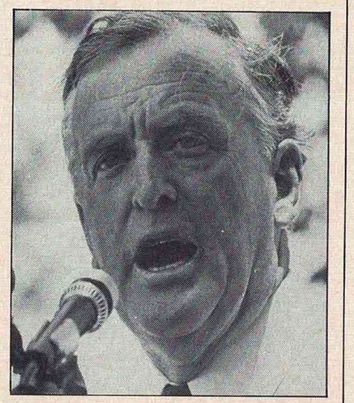
Second, Mr Wells blames Bjelke-Petersen's power on "the greatest electoral gerrymander in Australia's history". Rubbish. Queensland has a gerrymander but, because the Liberals won't let it go too far, it is not as bad as Victoria's and – on the official gerrymander index – is much fairer than that which existed when Labor split in Queensland in 1957.

If Deane Wells had really wanted to hurt Bjelke-Petersen he should have written a book that would have been read widely in Queensland and, as Alexander Pope wrote: "Just hint a fault and hesitate dislike – and without sneering teach the rest to sneer." Mr Wells went to excess. But then he does happen to live in the Deep North himself. – HUGH LUNN

•

Roland Perry is an Australian journalist-turned-author (yes, folks, another one) who has spent most of his working life writing about politics and computers. His first novel, *Programme For A Puppet* (Hutchinson) is about an Australian journalist who becomes involved in a web of intrigue involving – wait for it – politics and computers. In spite of this and Perry's annoying comic-book characterisation of his alter-ego hero, *Puppet* is a good read. A pretty basic spy thriller with social overtones I could do without, but Perry obviously has a first-rate knowledge of computers and their application in space-age espionage, and the chilling reality of Big Brother provides a good foil for the more traditional cloak and dagger antics.

Not to give anything away, Ed Graham is covering a US presidential



Joh Bjelke-Petersen: Deane Wells' new biography of the Queensland Premier preaches to the converts.

election when his journalist girlfriend (printers' ink runs deep in this book) is knocked off while investigating computer black-marketeering in Europe. Graham drops everything, mourns for a good three paragraphs, then gets on with the serious business of picking up the story his girl hadn't been man enough to handle. Computergate, as it turns out, is the story of the century, incorporating presidential assassination, corporate blackmail, terrorism, love, sex and death. In short, a little bit of Forsyth, a dash of Arthur Hailey, a smidgin of Susann and just enough Roland Perry for the reader to forgive him his excesses. – PHIL JARRATT

•

The beautiful photographs of handmade houses in *Living Shelter* (MacMillan) will make you want to go bush to build your own, but this book won't tell you how. As its editors explain, textbook-type instruction just isn't the spirit of the thing. And they are right, up to a point. But I for one would have liked more information on the techniques of alternative shelter than the scant text provided. Still, the photos, shot over the past few years along the Australian east coast, tell a story of imagination and inventiveness.

Of a more practical nature is Ken Ussher's *Handbook For The Alternative Home Builder,* distributed by the author and available from craft and alternative bookshops. Ussher, a pioneer New Settler from the Monsalvat colony, has put down all the basics of shelter. How to saw a shingle, pick a site, buy the right axe, fell the right tree and square a pole. He covers all the materials currently in vogue and some that soon will be. And best of all, Ussher admits at the end he wrote the whole lot off the top of his head during a wet week. With luck a far-sighted publisher will be able to persuade Mr Ussher to spend a little more time in the future putting together a new and expanded edition for general bookstore release. – JACKIE SADLER

•

It is sad that in an age of tumescent liberation, civilised, educated people can still be bound by a morality which dictates denial of pleasure. Perhaps even sadder when such strictures are inculcated into the minds of children in the name of Christianity. The sexual arena is a favorite with religious zealots. God knows how many potentially happy lives they've screwed up with their proscription of sexuality.

Reading Desmond O'Grady's latest collection of short stories, *Valid For All Countries* (Queensland University Press), reminded me inescapably of an acquaintance in his late 20s, unmarried and fairly well off. The product of segregated, religiously-sponsored education, he believed quite sincerely that you didn't sleep with nice girls, and nice girls didn't sleep with anyone. To contemplate marriage with a bird he fancied would, one assumed, be anathema. That the act of love could be the ultimate expression of the emotion, irrespective of whether you were churched, seemed utterly lost on him and, presumably, on the brothers who taught him.

O'Grady's unmemorable anthology underlines in several of its snippets the hopelessness and hypocrisy of Establishment Christianity, and its irrelevance to the philosophy of the man whose name it takes in vain. I suspect the exposé is totally coincidental.

In simpering tones O'Grady outlines the fortunes of a priest who is obsessed with gambling to the extent that he plunders the parish kitty to plunge on a horse. The nag, needless to say, is called Golgotha and the winnings are intended to clear the parish debt. Somehow the author makes it all so noble and understandable. If a company manager tickled the Peter to pay Paul he'd have more to face than divine retribution. One law for them and another for us?

Other stories revolve around the confessional, the blind faithful, Mass at 9am, the church against Marxism, sexual no-nos and that lovely, shocking old chestnut, the priest who quits and marries. An immortal quote there from the mother of the lucky girl: " 'Butter, when it goes bad, doesn't turn back to milk,' one of our parish priests used to say, 'it just gets more and more rancid'." O'Grady's theme seems to be that it's all right to question the laws of God as interpreted by one or other of the Christian churches as long as you end up toeing the party line. I find this disturbing.

Back in the secular world, O'Grady gives us a handful of pretty ordinary

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DRALLE

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stories which serve as a vehicle for his knowledge of various places OS, and provide a tenuous justification for the title. The tedium (te deum?) is relieved imperceptibly by the penultimate and last stories, which at least breathe a little reality into the characterisations.

O'Grady's style is short on depth, which is okay if there's humor or action or *anything* to replace it. There isn't. A feast of literal errors is an added irritant in this lack-lustre collection. I was more than happy to get to the end. – TONY REES

•

As Juliet said to Romeo: "What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." But most people cited in *Remarkable Names of Real People* (Flare Books) by John Train would probably think theirs stink. Well, some of them anyway. Sharon Willfahrt probably catches her breath every time she mentions her name, and fancy being chained with the monicker Hugh Pughe! Author Train, president of an investment counselling firm in New York, has gone to a lot of trouble to unearth the unearthly names. And he adds a humorous footnote or two.

A lot of thought must have gone into many of the names. Only doting parents could have clamped the nomenclature of Mustafa Kunt on a one-time Turkish Military Attache to the USSR. According to Train he was the subject of much ribald official cable traffic along with one vis-à-vis, Major R. Rectanus, who was also stationed in Moscow at the time. One bon mot attributed to Churchill when he heard of a Greek general called Plastiras was that he hoped he did not "have feet of clay".

Unlikely as it would be for Australia to come up with French authoress, Madame Fouqueau de Pussy, some parent could perhaps stumble on a Friendly Ley, as did those of a lady living in Mission Hills, California.

Not all the names are ribald, however. How many executives climbing into their sleek Learjets know that one of the executives of the company which manufacturers the planes is Shanda Lear? Or that the editor of the prestigious *Christian Science Monitor* is Silence Bellows? In culling such names as these from files of newspapers, magazines and educational institutions, Train and his network of informants have not added a lot to human knowledge. At least they've shown some of the pitfalls, and it's all a giggle. – JOHN COCKERILL

•

BOOKENDS

The 1980 version of Australia's biggest selling annual publication, the Larry Pickering Pudenda Calendar, will go on sale on November 6. And the word is that the master of dangling lampoonery will be breaking virgin territory this time round. Befitting her unique accomplishments in a man's world, a lady has been chosen to decorate this year's calendar. It is not, as Pickering tipped in his woman-baiting interview (PLAYBOY, May), Margaret Guilfoyle. But we hear that the honored lady is cast in the same mettle. The spies are also tipping that, barring legal wrangles, another State premier will join the Pickering gallery. The faces will be different, the bodies and appendages more bizarre, but we gather the price will be stable at $7.50. Even with the held price, advance orders suggest Pickering will be able to buy another couple of Cessnas from the proceeds . . . Macmillans are rush-releasing *Mountbatten – 80 Years In Pictures* to commemorate the assassination of the grand old man of the British Royal Family. Lord Mountbatten's memoirs were prepared as photographic captions to sidestep the royal convention of withholding memoirs until after the death of the subject, but now the 30,000 words are hot publishing property. Macmillans are understood to have doubled their print order and pushed publication in Australia forward a month . . . Outback Press, still breathless after the runaway success of *The Complete Book Of Running* (45,000 hardcovers sold in Australia in its first year) is looking for a repeat performance with *The Complete Book Of Walking* by Charles T. Kuntzleman. Kuntzleman's book might seem like a statement of the obvious but early US sales indicate there is a huge market for the gentle alternative to jogging. What next? The Complete Book Of Standing Still? . . . Outback is also branching into children's publishing with the establishment in Melbourne of Jumbuck House. Jumbuck, a joint venture with illustrator Ron Brooks, will function as a publishing house, writers' and artists' collective and gallery . . . The noble and still trendy art of restoring ancient terrace houses gets fresh treatment from Sydney architect Ian Evans in *Restoring And Renovating Australian Terrace Houses And Cottages,* out this month from Macmillan. Evans' illustrated guide gives all the tips on exposing beams, spiralling staircases and the things you need to know if you're going to live in Balmain or Carlton . . . Also coming from Macmillan, *The World Of Norman Lindsay,* a collection of previously unpublished written and illustrated works dug out of the Lindsay family attic and collated by Lin Bloomfield.

CHINON

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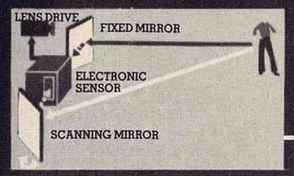

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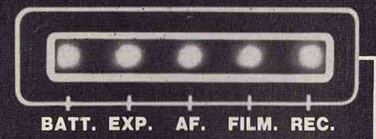

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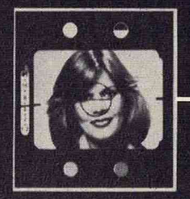

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MUSIC

cock an ear to a sparkling technique that brings you even the swear words

YOU'RE GOING to hear things on your favorite records that you have never heard before," promised Peter Ryan. The Renaissance Records chief was singing the praises of a recording technique which can improve the sound quality of almost any popular album. Ryan has good reason to be happy about the system; Renaissance have the Australian import rights for Mobile Fidelity's "Original Master Recordings" from the US. The discs are processed from the original master tapes which Mobile Fidelity lease from the record companies on the proviso that they press no more than 200,000 copies of any one recording.

Mobile Fidelity's system is relatively simple. It involves cutting the record at 16⅔rpm instead of 33⅓. The new master is then sent to Japan where less restrictive pollution laws permit the JVC company to use a higher quality vinyl in the pressing. Because of health regulations in the US, companies are not allowed to handle this material which, in the unfinished state, contains some nasty toxics.

Almost any comparison test reveals that the Mobile Fidelity technique enhances clarity dramatically. According to tests, the thing that is most obvious is the extension of frequency response at both the high and low ends of the spectrum as well as the extremely low noise level on the discs. Peter Ryan cites an example: "A lot of people are familiar with Supertramp's *Crime of the Century* album but if they listen to the Mobile Fidelity version they will hear conversations, lyrics and instruments that they didn't even know were there."

Mobile Fidelity are fussy people and they have knocked back a number of popular recordings because the master product has not been accurate enough to provide a quality transfer.

Many quality hi-fi and record stores are finding space for the MF discs on their shelves and the price tag – around $19.95 – is not likely to daunt those who prefer quality sound. If the whole business suggests an exercise in recording elitism, it is worth remembering that the technique is nothing new. The major companies could easily do it themselves.

And if the MF product can carve a big enough niche in the record market, we just might see the big companies hanging on to the master tapes to do their own quality recordings. In the meantime, Renaissance are doing a lively trade in re-vamped Beatles, Van Morrison, Doors and Poco, plus jazz and classics.

•

Larrikin Records, another Australian concern, is opening up the market to record labels which previously have been strangers to our shelves. Some of their eye-catching imports to fall on PLAYBOY'S desk this month include blues gems from the Son Seals Blues Band, the Lonnie Brooks Blues Band and Pinetop Perkins with Sammy Lawhorn, all on the Sonet label. Sonet have some brilliant jazz artists in their stable and some of their works have been given the Kym Bonython test further on in this month's reviews. Another that grabbed the imagination was *Songs of Seduction* (Topic), a valuable addition to the Folk Songs of Britain series. Larrikin are dealing in everything from folk songs to Frank Sinatra and have thrown out an interstate net to guarantee that copies and catalogues are available in all major cities.

Carly Simon: a steamy delivery, a nice voice – and what a body.

•

Probably because she's such a horny looking lady, Ms Carly Simon's considerable musical talents have tended to be overlooked. Nice voice, but what a body. That sort of one-eyed MCP comment. *Spy* (Elektra) features further proof of the lady's physical charms on the sleeve, but inside the good news is that her music and voice are equally attractive.

Carly, who hasn't had a hit since You're So Vain some years ago, doesn't mess around. Side One, Cut One – a disco rocker called Vengeance – is the hit, the rest is serious. Backed by some of New York's finest session men (Randy Brecker and David Sanborn), helped out on vocals by hubby James Taylor, Tim Curry and others and produced sensitively by Arif Mardin, all Carly had to do was come up with the songs and the steamy delivery. She makes it on both counts, although Ms Simon's lyrics careen dangerously from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Here we have to put up with "I wish you were an ocean/So I could jump into you" and lines of that ilk before we get to gems such as "We're so close we can dispense with houses" from the superbly ironic We're So Close. The bitchy streak that made You're So Vain a great song is evident again in Pure Sin and in Vengeance, but Carly comes unstuck a little when she tackles social comment in the long, rambling and disjointed Memorial Day.

Still, as a songpoet she's a B plus verging on A minus. She lacks the subtlety of a Joni Mitchell, the vigor of a Laura Nyro, the killer instinct of a Dory Previn and even the infectiousness of a Carole King, but Carly has something special of her own. Oh, and David Sanborn's sax solos are very tasty, too.

•

James Taylor has been singing the same song for so long now that you would expect a polished performance, and this is exactly what he delivers on *Flag* (CBS). Twelve more very pleasant variations on Fire and Rain. It's a pity really that Taylor has never delivered the goods. He promised so much back in '69, and subsequent efforts such as Gorilla and JT showed sparks of true talent. But Taylor seems to be quite happy playing out his role as rock's answer to Andy Williams while wife Carly Simon gets the creative rocks off for both of them.

Flag is a hard album to knock because it just doesn't inspire that much reaction. There's your happy-go-lucky, up-tempo road number, your downbeat, low-key autobiographical statement, your Beatles revival, your ethnic number and your sons of the soil routine. To say it's a formula album is to understate to the point of absurdity. James Taylor is a formula person, so what would you expect? But really, two cuts into Flag and it's all over. You find yourself humming the tunes before you've even heard them. To give him his dues, Taylor does a fair job on the old Goffin/King number Up On

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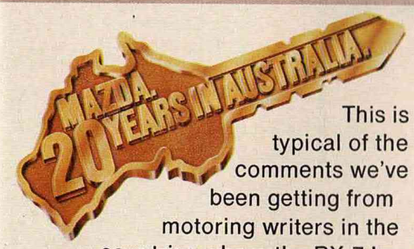

This is typical of the comments we've been getting from motoring writers in the countries where the RX-7 has been introduced. Now the RX-7 is here in Australia and we predict sports car enthusiasts will get their money's worth from this rotary engined beauty.

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Great style

Raffles Hotel in Singapore, as Somerset Maugham said, "...stands for all the fables of the exotic East." And in the "Palm Court Gardens" guests still enjoy the style and taste of Black & White Scotch.

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168 countries, great events
deserve the great taste
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The Roof, and Brother Trucker will be big in roadhouse juke boxes.

And so to the cover. Now what this is all about I just don't know. Outside it's a flag, which given the title of the album is fair enough. But inside there is a rather large picture of James Taylor looking like he's just had a frontal lobotomy. Okay, the man's had a few tough spells, but surely his fans don't deserve this.

•

New album, new label, new direction for John Mayall. Hardly a front page headline. In 20 years Mayall has had more "new directions" than we've had prime ministers, but while his earlier switches (such as 1969's *Turning Point)* were mere flirtations with new forms, *Bottom Line* (DJM) represents a radical departure from his blues base.

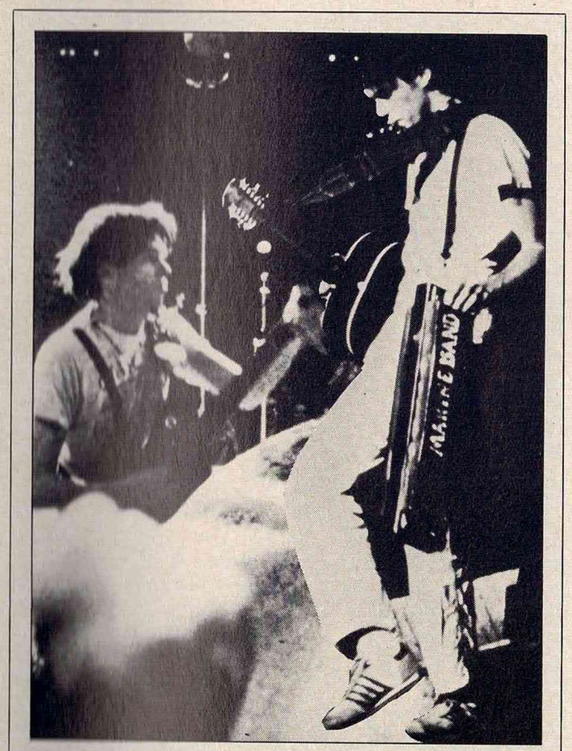
Mayall has leapt, boots and all, into funk and brought out – of all things – a dance record. And, what's more, he's pulled it off; gone disco with style. Producer Bob Johnston wisely has surrounded Mayall with the best session players in the business and allowed the sidemen a fair degree of freedom. Mayall, of course, still calls the shots but virtuosi such as the Brecker brothers on horns, and guitarists Cornell Dupree and Lee Ritenour are not hamstrung by the disciplined Mayall sound of earlier albums. It's as if the legendary bluesman has said: "Here I am. I sing, play harmonica and write a few songs. Take me into the 1980s."

The songs, penned by Mayall, Johnston and luminaries such as Dickie Betts and Jim Capaldi, are uncomplicated showcases for Mayall's thin but spellbinding vocals, and the musicianship of at least a dozen hot soloists. Toto drummer Jeff Porcaro holds it all together with a tight, pounding line reminiscent of Ginger Baker's best work.

Right from the start – the title cut, as it happens – Mayall and his studio line-up make no bones about where they stand: squarely on the disco floor. But where other veteran artists – notably the Beach Boys – have tackled disco with much uncertainty and orchestration, Mayall adopts the tough approach. He doesn't pussyfoot around with his boompadoompdoomp. It is as raw and gutsy as you can be when you are trying to learn sophistication. Almost pre-disco, in fact, owing more to Booker T than to Donna Summer. There are failures here, of course. Dickie Betts' Revival doesn't quite come off and Come With Me is not the climax it might have been. But *Bottom Line* is a good record.

•

The union of country songwriter Eric Kaz and veteran session guitarist and singer Craig Fuller could have been just another soft-rock non-event. Both men have credentials as long as your arm and won critical acclaim together in the short-lived American Flyer band, but what with Crosby, Stills and Nash, McGuinn, Clark and Hillman and the various other combinations of country rock veterans currently doing the rounds, was there room for Fuller and Kaz? *Fuller/Kaz* (CBS) should resolve the issue in the affirmative. This is an album of hauntingly sweet music.



Neil Young: his live performances remind us of the strength of his song-writing skills as he teams up with his backing band to present acoustic poetry.

Kaz, who has penned such classics as Love Has No Pride and Cry Like A Rainstorm, wrote six of the 10 songs offered here and co-wrote (with Fuller) two more. They all bear the stamp of quality which has made him such a sought-after writer. Fuller, who was leading Pure Prairie League when the Eagles were still in nappies, is both a fine guitarist and an authoritative vocalist. Fuller and Kaz preside over a beautiful blend of acoustic and electric instruments and arrangements which make a virtue of understatement.

This is an emotion-charged album. It won't set the world on fire but it is sure to occupy a prominent position in many collections, handy to the turntable for winter nights when all you really want to do is "let the fire burn all night". –PHIL JARRATT

•

Live performances rarely present the popular and highly talented Neil Young at his best, but there are enough good tracks on his concert compilation, *Rust Never Sleeps* (Reprise), to remind us of the strength of the crazy Canadian's song-writing skills. He teams again with the durable Crazy Horse as his backing band to present an A side of acoustic poetry, and then backs up with an electric dessert of tasty lead over a layer of juicy backing from his band.

The album was produced as the soundtrack for Young's new film of the same name, which is drawn from a reference in the Young and Jeff Blackburn tune, My, My, Hey, Hey, in which NY wails: "The king is gone but he's not forgotten/This is the story of Johnny Rotten/It's better to burn out than it is to rust." It's the old rock and roll death wish which prefers self destruction to a lingering public demise. On Thrasher, the song-writer dips his pen deep into his lyrical ink well to provide five minutes of escapism. But the electric cut that really grabs the imagination is Powderfinger, with the singer's poetic imagery promoting his pacifist bent in a manner deliberately innocent yet underscored with numbing violence. The music leaps from Young's guitar through rhythm and solo break in a fashion which nominates the track as one of the cleanest on the album. Unfortunately, the crudities of live recording do not portray Young's aggressive electric lead in the best manner, with the result that on several tracks bruising guitar and vocals compete rather than combine. A saving grace is that most audience responses, an annoying facet of many live works, have been off the master tape.

•

The fifth solo album from trans-Atlantic performer Robert Palmer

sounds an unlikely work for a Yorkshire-born lad but his history explains why *Secrets* (Island) has such a solid soul feel. The ex-member of Vinegar Joe cites Otis Redding and Marvin Gaye as two of his early influences and he appears very comfortable with a horn section brassing away in the background. *Secrets* was produced by Palmer and, though well short of Phil Spector's Motown slickness or the cleverness of the Philly sound, it conveys enough to project the mood.

Palmer hasn't trusted his own songwriting skills but has opted for a blend of his own and other people's tunes. Todd Rundgren's Can We Still Be Friends? is the most familiar and Palmer's relaxed vocals inject a mellow warmth which at first sounds lightly rough but later grows in appeal. The backing is provided by his tour band and the understanding which comes from prolonged spells on the road has added a tightness that is thorough, if not necessarily brilliant. Kenny Mazur has loaded his guitar with an element of humor and the dual keyboard contribution of Steve Robbins and Jack Waldman puts heaps of beef into the rhythm line.

Palmer's concert appeal has never been better and his on-stage presence, supported by his good looks, won't hurt his hopes of taking the album on the road with great success. Thankfully, Palmer's brand of funk doesn't stampede everybody towards the dance floor. Instead, it revives memories of that old Otis magic which prevailed before soul meant something more than disco tights and flashing lights. —NEIL JAMESON

•

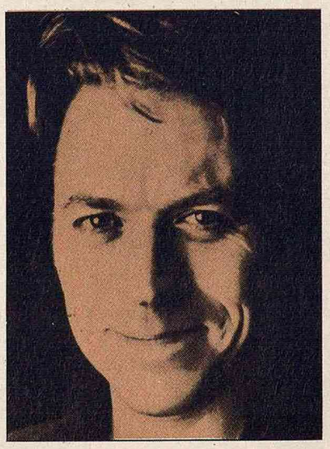
The music of Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers has not changed greatly in the past 20 years. It is still that virile mix of gutsy solos against a driving rhythm section headed by one of the most propulsive drummers in the history of jazz. Over the years this group has been a stepping stone for many of the stars of the future, while drummer Blakey has never achieved anything like his just financial rewards or recognition.

The Sonet release *In Walked Sonny* features the inspired tenor and alto playing of Sonny Stitt, undoubtedly the musician who most followed on in the style and sound of Charlie "Bird" Parker. This particular line up, recorded in New York in 1975, also reunited the two former Giants of Jazz (who toured Australia back in 1971) with a veteran of vintage Messengers in trumpeter Bill Hardman, whose boppish playing I find constantly exciting.

Sonny has a couple of features in It Might As Well Be Spring (on tenor), and I Can't Get Started (on alto). At other times he trades breaks with another tenor player, Dave Schnitter. The pianist is Walter Davis Jr and the full, no-nonsense bass comes from Japanese Chin Suzuki, who derives his revs without indulging in too-often-heard pyrotechnics. It's an evergreen jazz sound played with the customary panache one expects from Art Blakey.

•

You have to be a dyed in the wool oldie to go for the music of trumpeter Kid Thomas Valentine and his Creole Jazz Band. Thomas, together with tenor player Emanuel Paul and trombonist Louis Nelson, formed the front line of the Preservation Hall Band that I brought here with the Giants of Jazz under a package title of History of Jazz. A greater group of old gentlemen it would be hard to imagine. With the exception of the drummer (who was 52) they were all more than 70 years of age and today, eight years later, they are still active in New Orleans.



Robert Palmer: his relaxed vocals inject a mellow warmth which at first sounds "lightly rough".

In the flesh they are a delight to see and hear. On record I find them less enchanting. But, no doubt about it, they play the real music of the South just as it was played in the earliest days of jazz. This Arhoolie release, *Kid Thomas Jazz,* was recorded originally 20 years ago and is now re-issued in Australia. Included are such evergreens as Closer Walk with Thee, Maryland, Eh la Bas and When My Dreamboat Comes Home. Not everyone's cup of tea, but the real New Orleans sound that will live forever.

•

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than the music of Kid Thomas and that of fellow trumpeter Art Farmer, who quit America some years back to settle in Vienna. His Sonet LP *A Sleeping Bee* finds him accompanied by fellow countryman Red Mitchell on bass and some talented Europeans, especially pianist Goran Strandberg, who shines on the album title tune.

It was recorded in Stockholm in 1974 and among the high spots is a particularly soulful reading of It Might As Well Be Spring, the tune Farmer featured during his Australian tour with Jimmy Smith's Jam Session. Farmer's predominant use of the flugelhorn gives an often bland sound to his music which seems more at home on ballads than the up-tempo tracks such as Come Rain Or Come Shine. Good quality jazz but perhaps lacking that extra fire that would raise it to greater heights.

•

An important release on Jazz Archives is *Lester Young and Charlie Christian, 1939-1940.* You need to be a collector to go for this. The sound quality is not good, but the importance of the music may outweigh this disadvantage. Christian died in 1942 after a couple of history-making years with Benny Goodman that were to alter forever the sound of the guitar in jazz. Lester Young was only slightly less influential during his years with Count Basie and left a legacy of fine recordings.

This LP comprises cuts from clubs and radio shows as well as some extremely rare rehearsals by a Goodman band when both Christian and Young were members of an all-star recording group that comprised Buck Clayton on trumpet and the best rhythm section in jazz — Basie on piano, Freddie Green, guitar, Walter Page, bass, and Jo Jones, drums. By today's high fidelity standards the sound is poor, but the music is transcendingly marvellous.

•

The best release of the month undoubtedly is a new double from that admirable label, Concord, of a live performance of the *Super Band in Tokyo.* Beautifully recorded in September, 1978, it features six top Los Angeles studio men in Scott Hamilton, tenor (one of Lester Young's most illustrious disciples); Warren Vache, trumpet; Ross Tompkins, piano; Cal Collins, guitar; Monty Budwig, bass; and the tasteful drummer, Jake Hanna. Mainstream jazz of the '70s comes no better. —KYM BONYTHON

•

SHORT CUT

Patti Smith, *Wave* (Arista): Some of the tracks are just flat-out great. At the right volume they will give you chills up your spine.

Toyota Land Cruiser: Once you've driven it, you're hooked.

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Feet First (Page 135): 1900 stool, Kerry Trollope Antiques; 1920s man's outfit, Gary Wolfe; 1940s lingerie, 1970s shoes and shoes of the future, Raymond Castles; tights, Blocks.

NEXT MONTH

SEX IN AFRICA

GUTENDORF

BOOKIES

DIAMONDS

SQUEEZING THE BOOKIES — PUNTERS **RICHARD FARMER** AND **MURRAY DWYER** SHOW HOW TO TURN THE ODDS YOUR WAY IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE KINGS OF THE BETTING RING

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MAN'S AFFAIR WITH LIQUEURS — HUMORIST **RON SAW** FIXES HIS UNSTEADY GAZE ON THE SPIRIT WORLD — AND COMES UP WITH A MOST UNUSUAL HISTORY

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